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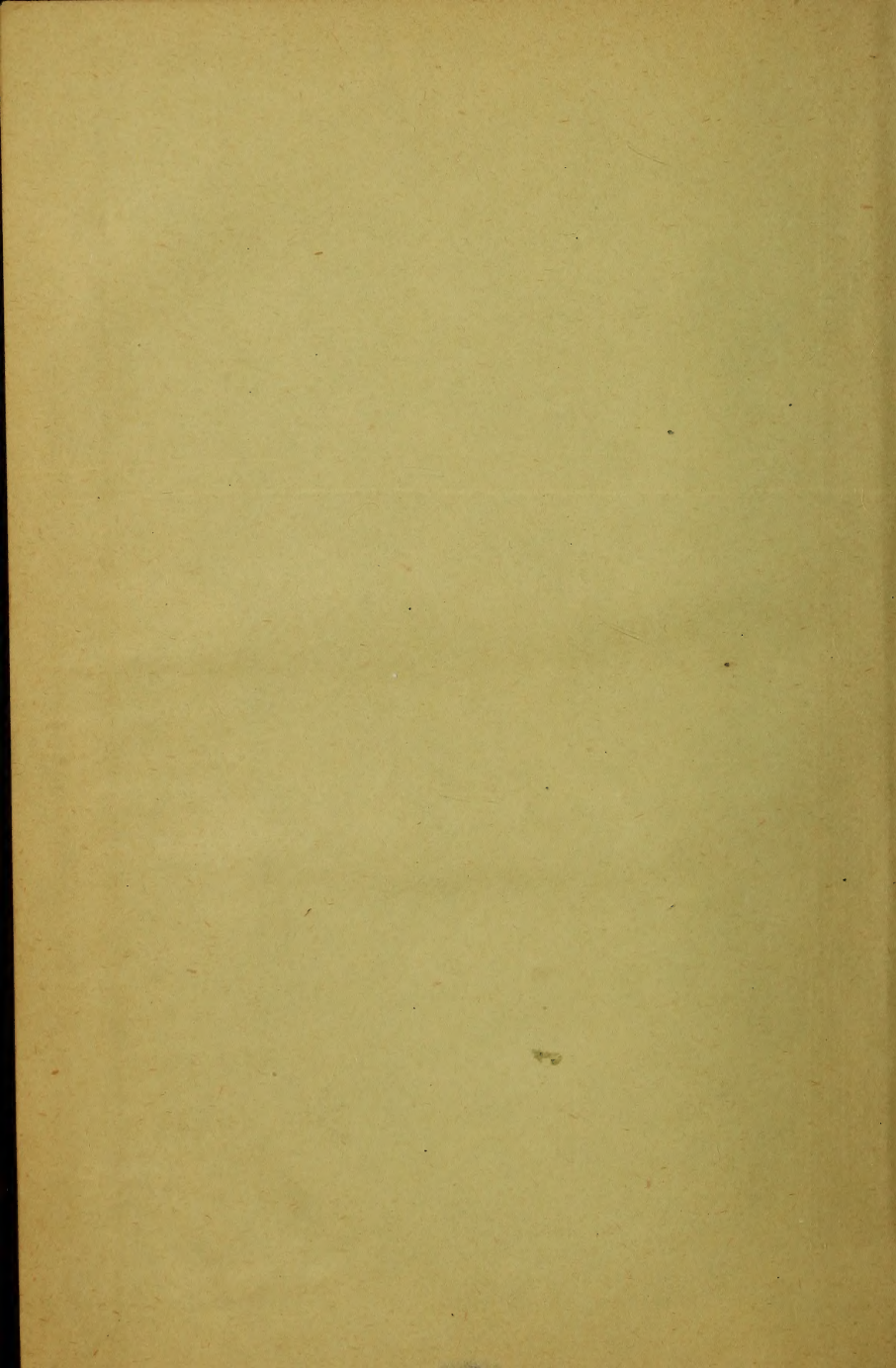
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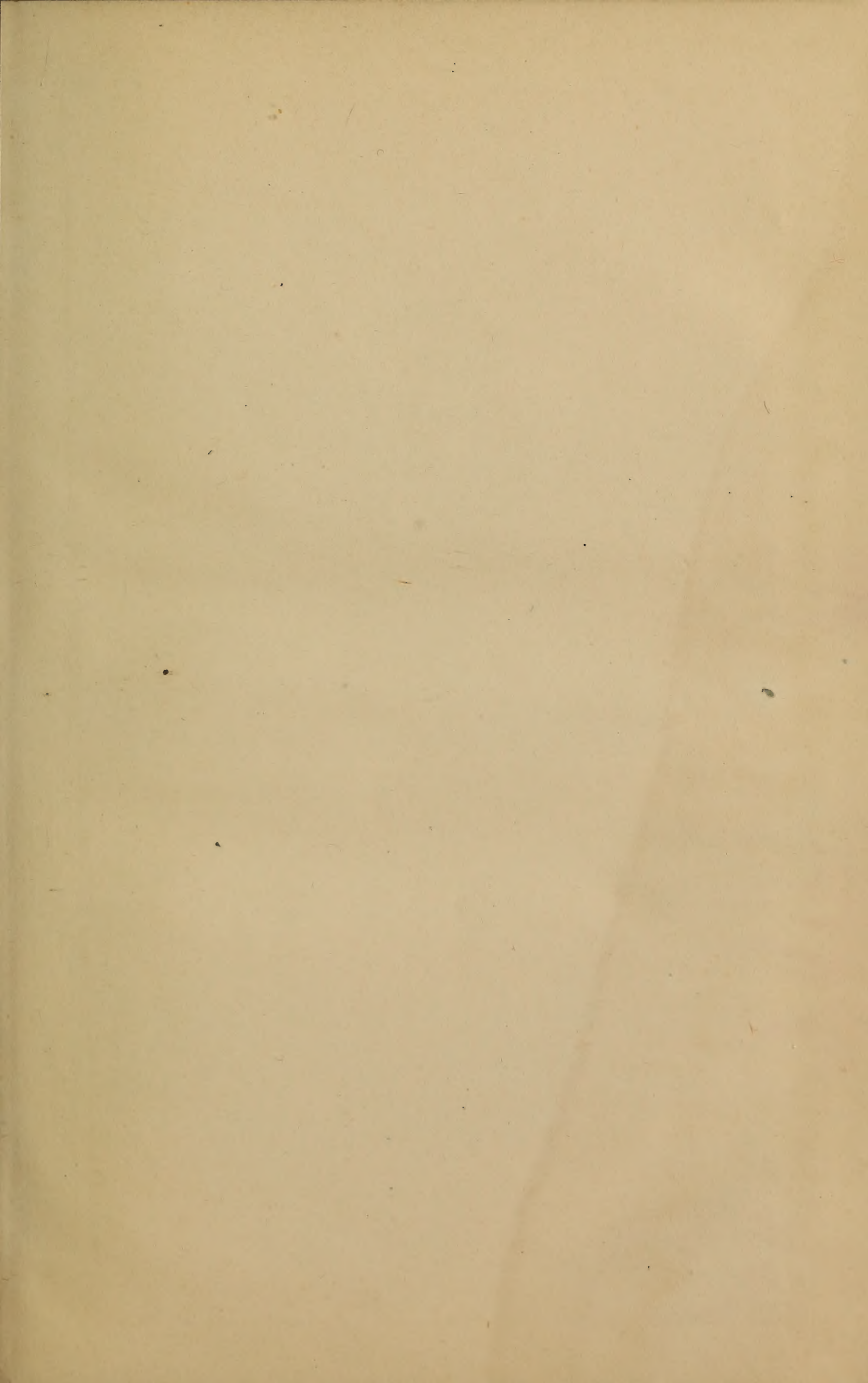
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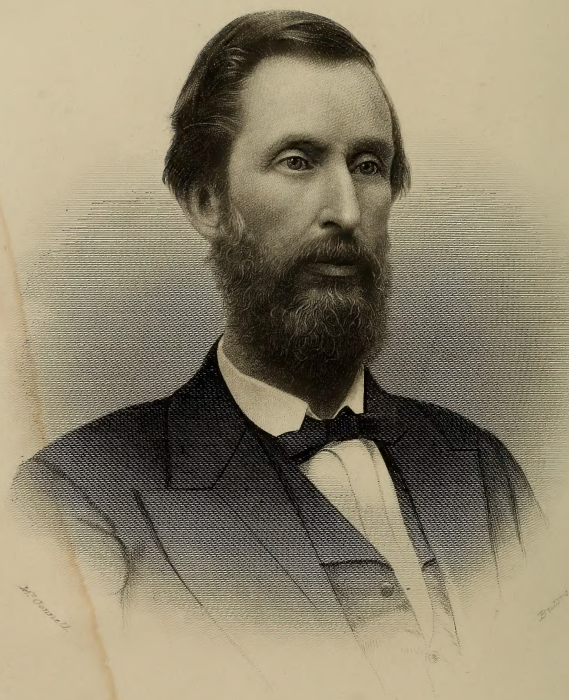












*E. M. Marvin*

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TO

# THE EAST

BY WAY OF

# THE WEST.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT THE AUTHOR SAW IN HEATHEN LANDS  
DURING HIS LATE MISSIONARY VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD; ALSO  
GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF TRAVEL AND SIGHT-SEEING IN  
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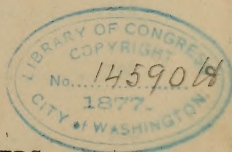
BY THE LATE  
BISHOP E. M. MARVIN, D.D.;

WITH  
BIOGRAPHICAL SERMON,  
By BISHOP H. N. McTYEIRE, D.D.,

AND  
INTRODUCTION,  
By REV. T. O. SUMMERS, D.D.

ILLUSTRATED.

ST. LOUIS:  
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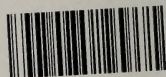
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# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE.
INTRODUCTION, . . . . .	5
CHAPTER I.	
THE VOYAGE, . . . . .	13
CHAPTER II.	
DAI NIPPON, . . . . .	21
CHAPTER III.	
A SUNDAY IN DAI NIPPON, . . . . .	30
CHAPTER IV.	
THE REVOLUTION OF 1868 IN DAI NIPPON, . . . . .	40
CHAPTER V.	
FROM YOKOHAMA TO NAGASAKI, . . . . .	54
CHAPTER VI.	
LIFE IN DAI NIPPON, . . . . .	66
CHAPTER VII.	
RELIGION IN DAI NIPPON, . . . . .	77
CHAPTER VIII.	
CHINA, . . . . .	87
CHAPTER IX.	
ORDINATION OF THE NATIVE HELPERS, . . . . .	99
CHAPTER X.	
BY CANAL TO SOOCHOW AND HANGCHOW, . . . . .	110
CHAPTER XI.	
LAST DAYS IN CHINA, . . . . .	126
CHAPTER XII.	
IN MEMORIAM, . . . . .	135
CHAPTER XIII.	
FROM SHANGHAI TO CANTON, . . . . .	138

	CHAPTER XIV.	
SINGAPORE, . . . . .		153
	CHAPTER XV.	
TEN DAYS IN CEYLON, . . . . .		169
	CHAPTER XVI.	
CEYLON, MADRAS, CALCUTTA, . . . . .		189
	CHAPTER XVII.	
CALCUTTA, . . . . .		206
	CHAPTER XVIII.	
FROM CALCUTTA TO BENARES, . . . . .		219
	CHAPTER XIX.	
LUCKNOW AND CAWNPORE, . . . . .		231
	CHAPTER XX.	
SHAHJEHANABAD, AKBARABAD, ALLAHABAD, . . . . .		245
	CHAPTER XXI.	
ODDS AND ENDS, . . . . .		263
	CHAPTER XXII.	
FROM INDIA TO EGYPT, . . . . .		280
	CHAPTER XXIII.	
SUEZ—CAIRO, . . . . .		293
	CHAPTER XXIV.	
MEMPHIS—SIKKARAH—GHIZEH, . . . . .		310
	CHAPTER XXV.	
FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM, . . . . .		325
	CHAPTER XXVI.	
A WEEK IN JERUSALEM, . . . . .		340
	CHAPTER XXVII.	
JERUSALEM, . . . . .		357
	CHAPTER XXVIII.	
IN THE SADDLE AND IN THE TENT, . . . . .		373
	CHAPTER XXIX.	
BETHEL—SHILOH—NABLOUS, . . . . .		390
	CHAPTER XXX.	
FROM NABLOUS TO TIBERIAS, . . . . .		406

# CONTENTS.

iii

## CHAPTER XXXI.

SEA OF GALILEE,	.	.	.	.	.	426
-----------------	---	---	---	---	---	-----

## CHAPTER XXXII.

THE WONDERS OF THE JORDAN,	.	.	.	.	439
----------------------------	---	---	---	---	-----

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

DAMASCUS AND THE BARADA,	.	.	.	.	454
--------------------------	---	---	---	---	-----

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

BAALBEC—ZALEH—BEYROOT,	.	.	.	.	468
------------------------	---	---	---	---	-----

## CHAPTER XXXV.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER ESPERO,	.	.	.	.	484
------------------------------	---	---	---	---	-----

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONSTANTINOPLE,	.	.	.	.	499
-----------------	---	---	---	---	-----

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

ATHENS,	.	.	.	.	514
---------	---	---	---	---	-----

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ITALY,	.	.	.	.	533
--------	---	---	---	---	-----

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

CONCLUSION,	.	.	.	.	565
-------------	---	---	---	---	-----

APPENDIX,	.	.	.	.	581
-----------	---	---	---	---	-----



## INTRODUCTION.

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THE LAMENTED author of this book died before its publication, so that it may be called a *posthumous* work. He was passing the last sheets through the press when his Divine Master called him from labor to reward. As the Letters of Bishop Marvin had been written at my earnest solicitation, and had been first published under my editorial supervision, and as there was a strong affection between him and me, the Publishers requested me to write a Biographical Sketch of the Bishop for the work--which I consented to do. But after hearing Bishop McTyeire's Memorial Discourse, which comprises the main points in Bishop Marvin's life, I thought it would be like gilding refined gold to write the sketch, as the Discourse was kindly permitted to appear in the volume. But this does not preclude a brief Introduction, which it affords me pleasure to furnish.

When the General Conference of 1874 requested one of the Bishops to visit China, in the interest of our Missionary work, and when the College of Bishops appointed Bishop Marvin to perform this service, as the President of the Board of Missions, I heartily approved of the suggestion that the Bishop should extend his tour, inspect the operations of the various Missionary Societies in other parts of the world, and attend the session of the British Conference to represent our connection before that venerable body. In the address of that Conference to the General Conference of the M. E.

Church, South, to be presented at its next session, the British brethren say that the visit of the Bishop and his traveling companion, the Rev. E. R. Hendrix, "afforded them no ordinary pleasure," which we can well believe.

I requested him to furnish me a letter every week during his tour; and he did so. All his letters came safely to hand, so that they appeared regularly in successive numbers of the *Christian Advocate*. They were written on ship-board, in tents, and in khans—*currente calamo*—sometimes on coarse paper with a pencil; and yet they required but a comparatively small amount of revision. Some slips in facts and dates, names of persons and places, and slight inaccuracies of expression, were unavoidable—but it was a labor of love to prepare them for the public eye. It may be safely said that few such letters from the Orient were ever written, and few men could write any like them.

He saw, as it were, with our eyes—or we saw with his—the very things which we wanted to see. His faculty of description and delineation was wonderful. Then he saw so much, and he rarely fails to make a full and sharply defined impression on the mind of the reader in regard to every thing which he describes. The magnetic power which he had in personal intercourse with men, is carried into his letters. There is a wonderful fascination in his style. No one ever wearies with it. The learned and the unlearned are alike entertained by it. He saw things "in a dry light," and he reports them without prejudice or exaggeration.

He went on his tour with a special object, and he never forgot it—he studied every thing in relation to it; and acted as "ever in his great Taskmaster's eye." His traveling companion, the Rev. E. R. Hendrix, bears a strong testimony to this in his

excellent work, just published, being his account of the same missionary tour.

Bishop Marvin could not have produced a work like this, if he had not possessed a mind of unusually clear perceptions, a sound judgment, poetic and imaginative powers of a high order, indomitable energy, and unquenchable zeal in the cause of Christ.

The benefit conferred upon the Church by this missionary tour, thus faithfully and picturesquely reported, is incalculable. It has made the pulse of the Church beat higher—it has enlarged our view of the mission field, and suggested plans for its cultivation—it has greatly strengthened the hands and comforted the hearts of our little band of missionaries in China, and those of other Churches in the lands visited by him, and the publication of his letters will do much to fan the flame of missionary zeal in the widespread Connection of which he was so bright an ornament and in which he labored with so much zeal and success.

Bishop Marvin was a wonder unto many, including himself. Though descended from a pious and learned ancestry—the world-renowned Puritans, Increase and Cotton Mather—he did not enjoy the advantage of much Christian culture in his early life. He was unprepossessing in his appearance and uncouth in his manners; but there was “a gem of purest ray serene” hidden within the rough exterior—and it could not be hidden long. The lapidary who brought the tints to view, was, under God, *himself*. He could not, indeed, have become the man he did become, if the Church had not afforded him the opportunity of developing himself; but many have as good opportunity without improving it. He was devout, consecrated, laborious. By God’s blessing, trials, toils, and prayer, made him what he be-

came. The vessel may have retained some *tang* of what it first held ; but where shall we find a man who developed like him—so beautifully and so fast ?

When his name was proposed for the Episcopacy at the General Conference of 1866—of which he was not a member—many were astonished at the nomination—who was Marvin ? But they were not more astonished than he was, when he heard of his election to that high office. Time has well vindicated the wisdom of the choice. Who is there like him on whom his mantle may fall ?

He possessed great administrative ability, a keen insight into men, broad views and the power of rapid generalization—like “the children of Issachar that had understanding of the times, and knew what Israel ought to do”—he was easy to be entreated, yet firm as a rock—no one more fully combining the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*—the very man for a Methodist Bishop ! He might have sat for the portrait Paul drew of a Bishop in Titus i—especially was he “a lover of good men”—and he was “a good hater” too—as David has it in Ps. xv : “In whose eyes a vile person is contemned, but he honoreth them that fear the Lord.”

He was no “unpreaching prelate.” He could preach, he did preach, he loved to preach. He did not wait for doors to open of their own accord—he pushed them open. He said with Paul, “Wo is unto me if I preach not the gospel !”—and like Paul, he felt it to be the highest honor conferred upon men to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, and he did preach it ! As he preached so often, and frequently with but little opportunity for preparation, there was considerable inequality in his pulpit performances—this indeed appears in his volume of Sermons. Sometimes his language was paradoxical, his method discursive, his speculations daring ; but

he never soared so high that he could not readily come down to the sinner's heart, nor wandered so far that he was not speedily drawn back to the cross of Christ. With a slight modification, what Walton said of Donne may be said of Marvin: "A preacher in earnest, weeping sometimes for his audience, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself like an angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives; here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practiced it, and a virtue so as to make it beloved even by those that loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace and an inexpressible addition of comeliness." Some of his sermons will compare favorably with the chief performances of the English pulpit—*e. g.*, his sermon on Christ and the Church, with Jeremy Taylor's sermon on "The Marriage Ring;" the latter has more learning in it—indeed, a superabundance of it; a great fault in Taylor's works—but Marvin's is exquisitely beautiful, powerful, and edifying—as are several others of his sermons.

He carried his magnetic power with him into the pulpit, but he did not leave it there. He drew all hearts to him wherever he went. In the Pauline sense, he was made all things to all men, that he might by all means save some. We heard a Professor in a University say that when he made it a visit, he modestly inquired into matters of science and learning when with the Faculty, conversed kindly and familiarly with the students, mingled with them in social religious services, preached like an angel in the pulpit, and encouraged all, gentle and simple, rich and poor, learned and rude, to lead a life of piety and virtue—thus making an impression upon all which time can never erase. Thus did he wherever he went.

His course as a minister of Christ was so successful, because of his spirit of entire consecration to God, and his incorrupt and holy life. He did not, like so many "ungracious pastors," preachers and prelates,

"Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,  
Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And recks not his own rede."

He was severe in his censures on himself, as he was liberal in his judgment of others—perhaps he was a thought too scrupulous in regard to his own conduct—his self-introspection at times seemed to be somewhat morbid. But his strong, abiding faith in the atonement and intercession of Christ—themes on which he loved to dwell—and his firm hold on the sanctifying, strengthening, and comforting grace of the Divine Paraclete—and his habits of prayer and unremitting labor, made him one of the most joyous, as he was one of the most holy and useful men of the age in which he lived.

How mysterious that he should be called away "in all his glorious prime"—that his "sun should go down while it was yet day"—that he should be summoned from labor, when he was "in full activity of zeal and power!" But then we know that the "*Nunc dimittis*" comes at the proper period.

"A Christian cannot die before his time,  
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour."

For several years I have expected him to die at an early date. The autopsy—the report of which I have before me—confirms my judgment concerning him. If he had not performed that excessive service on Sunday, a week before his death—if he had not by exposure contracted pneumonia which "hurried him hence"—his physicians assure us that his days were numbered, and they would not have

been many. He was evidently ripening in every sense for that celestial city whose glory he so enchantingly described in the last sermon which he preached, exulting in the prospect of entering into that "city so holy and clean."

"The New Jerusalem on high,  
Hath one pervading sanctity;  
No sin to mourn, no grief to mar,  
God and the Lamb its temple are!"

He has entered through the gates into the city. Our "Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him"—and he is "ever with the Lord" he loved so much, and served so well.

Donne quaintly but strikingly says, "We beg one baptism with another, a sacrament of tears; and we come into a world that lasts many ages, but we last not. *In domo Patris* (says our blessed Saviour, speaking of heaven) *multæ mansiones*. There are many, and mansions divers and durable; so that if a man cannot possess a martyr's house (he hath shed no blood for Christ), yet he may have a confessor's—he hath been ready to glorify God, in the shedding of his blood." So was it with our Marvin: if he did not belong to "the noble army of martyrs," he had a confessor's spirit, and will wear a confessor's crown—which is scarcely less brilliant (sometimes more so) than a martyr's—as it requires, in some instances, more faith and love to live for Christ than to die for him.

It seems strange that when by his previous labors, and especially his late missionary tour, he was so eminently equipped and qualified for his work he should be so suddenly taken from it. But God makes no mistakes. When Herod "killed James the brother of John with the sword"—thus breaking again the sacred number of the apostolic college before they had hardly begun their great work of evangelizing

the world, the Head of the Church had "a chosen vessel" that he was preparing for the apostolic office—one who became equal in ability and service to the chief of the apostles—in labors more abundant and more successful, we may well believe, than the martyred apostle whose place he filled could have been, had his life been spared. Devout men have carried Marvin to his burial, and the Church all over the land has made great lamentation over him—and well it might, for "there is a prince and a great man fallen in Israel." Now let us do as the disciples of John did, when he was martyred by Herod Antipas—they "took up the body, and buried it, and went *and told Jesus.*" Let us tell him how poignantly we feel our loss—though he knows all about it—and let us ask him to fill the place of our fallen chief, by one of whom it may be said, "The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha!"

The publication of this book, in an attractive style, it is devoutly hoped, will greatly promote the cause in which its author spent his life. It is commended to a wide circulation. Let it be put into every family and Sunday-school library, that its perusal may excite both old and young to emulate the zeal and devotion of its now glorified author.

THOS. O. SUMMERS.

*Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 10, 1877.*

## CHAPTER I.

### THE VOYAGE.

ON WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1, 1876, I left the house of Mr. Goad, "mine host" in San Francisco, and made my way to the good ship *Alaska*, on board of which, by the thoughtful foresight of my traveling companion, one of the best state-rooms had been secured. He and I had each a room, and the two rooms opened into each other.

Several brethren, some of whom had come fifty miles for the purpose, came on board to take leave of us. We had had the "communion of the body and blood of the Lord" together the evening before, and now with prayer and a tender love, like that of apostolic times, they dismissed us to our distant work, and we parted from them not without emotion.

On board we wrote "good-by" postal cards to our families, and promptly at the hour advertised, our ropes were unfastened, the signal was given, a steam-tug was fastened to our bow, and we were towed out into the Bay. Soon our motion was arrested, and we stopped in the middle of the Bay for the mails. The post-master had been a trifle slow, and our prompt captain would not wait, but was about to be off, mail or no mail. A signal arrested him, however, and he waited until a tug brought it out and delivered it on board.

As we drifted from the wharf our friends stood waving us their final adieus. We noted the spot where they stood, and long after their features were lost, and as long as a white handkerchief was visible, they still signaled us their love and their prayers. One lady had notified us that she would have a white flag afloat for us on her house, which commands the Bay almost to the ocean. We did our best, with a good glass, to discover it, but it was too far away. But we knew it was there, and that was sufficient. So it is with many of the best things—we know they are there, though we see them not. The divinest things are beyond the range of vision, but *we know they are there*, and that sufficeth for our joy.

The white flag! It was an appropriate symbol of our mission, which was that of our Master. Our voyage to the East was on a mission of peace to the nations—peace and purity. We go in the name of the King of Salem. Righteousness and peace are the fruit of his dominion, and the white banner dismisses his messengers upon their enterprises of love.

We soon steamed past Goat Island and Alcatraz, and passed out through the Golden Gate into the “wide, wide sea.” In a short time the shore-line began to sink, and the Farralone Islands came in sight. These we passed just at sunset, and we shall see no more land until we get to the shores of Japan. After dinner we went on deck to take our last view of our “native land.” We could see nothing but the revolving light of the light-house on the islands—for it was night. The last we saw of our country was a blaze of light. We took joy from that. Will the

God of our fathers bring us back in peace? His will be done!

I count myself happy in that I go not upon this journey alone. My traveling companion is the Rev. Eugene R. Hendrix, of the Missouri Conference. His education and instincts alike prepare him for the tour, which he has been contemplating for several years. He has read much with a view to it, and is my *vade mecum*—a most convenient and complete one. This is not a trip for pleasure, merely, with him, nor one of curiosity; but prompted mainly by a desire to see the battle as it rages along the front lines of the army of invasion and occupation, by which the Son of God is going forward to the conquest of the world. He has been greatly instrumental in the recent enlargement of our work in China, and is profoundly concerned for the glory and kingdom of Christ. This is the chief source of his desire to see the world. It is in the world, as it belongs to the Lord of life and glory, that he is interested—a world that belongs to Christ, but is yet alienated from him, and which he has commissioned his people to recover to himself.

When he learned of my contemplated tour, he immediately proposed to be my companion of the way. I had known him from his boyhood, and received the proposal with delight. His presence will contribute much to the objects of the tour, will be a great pleasure to me, will afford me much of that deep and hallowed experience which is realized in the "fellowship of saints," and be helpful to me in many ways:

We have not a great many first-class passengers—

only about twenty-five or thirty, and I am glad to see that we are not to be troubled much with the class so expressively denominated snobs. For the most part they seem to be sensible, well-disposed, and well-behaved people.

Among them is the Rev. William Dean, of the Baptist Mission at Bangkok, Siam. He is a venerable man, who has been for forty years and more engaged in missionary labors in Siam and Southern China. He is full of information that will be very valuable to me, has a clear view and strong sense of all the difficulties in the way of the conversion of the heathen, and yet rejoices in the inspiration of an assured faith in the ultimate and early subjugation of these nations to Christ. Even from a rational and human stand-point he thinks the indications are all of a most assuring character.

There is also a young lady, a Miss Thompson, on her way to China to labor as a teacher in connection with the Baptist Mission. She is under a contract with the Board not to marry for five years.

There are also on board four Japanese in American costume. They are good-looking men, and of a complexion not too dark to be agreeable. One of them, especially, impresses me very favorably. He looks for all the world just like Dr. Summers, if you can imagine the Doctor of an orange color—no, not orange, that is too yellow, but of the complexion of my ascended friend, Alejo Hernandez, who was the first-fruits of Mexico. This Jap is like Dr. S. in the shape of the head, the forehead, the nose, the face, the mouth, the eyes—except the color—the expres-

sion, and even the spectacles. He is also evidently a student and a scholar.

I intend to become acquainted with these men, and find out what manner of spirit they are of. They have very much the air of intelligent American citizens in their pantaloons and frock coats. I suppose they have been attending some college, as they speak English very well.

The preceding was written two days ago. I have since learned that one of the four Japs—the one who resembles Dr. S.—has been five years at Amherst College, and has become a very intelligent and earnest Christian. The other three have been at school in Germany, and are returning home *infidels*.

Tall Wuyesugi—pronounced Weeyasuge—is the name of the Amherst student. He says the Japanese are becoming infidels rapidly. They have outgrown Sintooism, and have no other religion to take its place. He hopes that when the word of God becomes widely disseminated they will embrace it, but the almost universal tendency now is to infidelity. From a ridiculous and absurd faith the drift is to no faith. Is not this the opportune moment for the Church?

Our ship is rather an old one, but very sound and solidly built. Being a side-wheeler, it does not roll so much as the screw propellers. It is in fact the most steady-going ship I have ever traveled upon. The motion is so slight that there is very little sea-sickness on board. The weather favors us too—yet the ground-swell is as great as when I came down from Portland to San Francisco, and on that trip one-half the passengers were laid aside.

Captain Howard is a gentleman of large intelli-

gence, affable, communicative, accommodating. We are beginning to be quite at home with him and all the officers, who conspire to render our voyage agreeable.

All the crew are Chinese. The Captain is a great admirer of the Chinese. He affirms that they are the most efficient servants in the world. As sailors they have no superiors, and as cooks and waiters no equals. I must say that an experience of three days now goes far to confirm this opinion with me, so far as the pantry and dining-room are concerned. I have never seen this service so perfectly done. They are polite, alert, expert, attentive, and noiseless. Any call is instantly attended to, and all is done without confusion. It is admirable!

There are five hundred and seventy-one Chinese steerage passengers returning home. As to cleanliness and general good conduct I do not see that they rank below the average of laboring men in the great cities. But they are gambling almost constantly. Look down into the steerage when you will, they are throwing dice, in groups, seated on the floor, and exchanging counters.

Wednesday we set sail on a beautiful day, Thursday the sky was overspread with thin clouds, Friday it rained the greater part of the day, and Saturday—to-day—there are clouds about, but the sun is out the greater part of the time. Under these varying conditions of the sky, I have been greatly interested in studying the various aspects of the water. I have often heard of the green sea and the deep-blue sea. In shallow water the sea is green, in deep water blue, under a clear sky. But the hue changes under

changing skies, and the tints of the water respond to all the varying shades of reflected light that fall upon it. I despair of giving any one who never saw it any idea of the almost infinite varieties of coloring I have seen in the morning, at mid-day, at sunset, under a clear sky, under broken clouds, under thin clouds, under heavy clouds, at night, under the moon, without a moon—blue, brown, gray, purple, cinnamon, orange, russet, lead-color, steel, opal, and a thousand nameless tints, all shading into each other and modifying each other as the light shifts in the clouds, and all rendered into expressions of heightened beauty by the agitation of the waves. Sometimes in heavy shadings a section of the water will look like ink, while within the sweep of vision a score of lighter tints will greet the eye. When the sun is out, as you look seaward at a certain angle every wavelet is tipped with diamond.

Last night, when the moon was at an angle of ten degrees with the eastern horizon, a broad pathway of pearl strewed the ocean under her smile, while both to the northward and southward heavy clouds frowned upon the water, and the darkness, in contrast with the glow toward the east, seemed not mere darkness, but something more positive. This immediate vicinity and contrast of glow and gloom produced a strange effect upon me. It was a fascination. There was a subdued sense of exaltation. Existence seemed to come into a new expression, and infinite mysteries to be half disclosed, but yet concealed; and to offer their import at just the distance to tantalize you most deeply.

The gulls that followed us two days are all gone

now, but they are replaced by a more graceful bird—the gannet. Three or four of them float along on their long, narrow wings, often so near the surface of the water that, turning one wing downward, the tip of it actually grazes the water, and so they skim along for some distance. They seem really to relish this quiet sort of sport.

After the lapse of two days, I resume again. The Sabbath is passed. By invitation of the Captain I preached in the social hall at half-past ten. The venerable Dr. Dean concluded the service. The greater part of the passengers attended devoutly. There was a solemn sense of the presence of God among us. A subdued spirit pervaded the vessel during the remainder of the day. After dinner—which is at six—there was sacred music, and several hymns were sung in the social hall. I have never passed a Sunday on ship-board which was so Sabbath-like. At lunch the Captain entered freely and seriously into conversation with me. He spoke of his Methodist wife training her children in the fear of the Lord, and of his aged Baptist father joyfully waiting for his change, with tears in his eyes. He was deeply touched by the service.

Brother H. and I are reading the Bible in both Testaments, in course, with conversational comment in connection with our morning prayers. For this our double state-room is very convenient. In these readings and prayers we come very near to God.

We are likely to have a long voyage, as the Alaska is one of the slowest of the line, and the weather, though pleasant, is not very favorable to speed.

## CHAPTER II.

### DAI NIPPON.

ON THURSDAY morning, Nov. 30, when we went out on deck, a little before sunrise, we saw ahead the low mountain-ranges on the coast of Dai Nippon.

On our maps at home the principal one of the islands of the Japan group is named Nippon. The native word here is Nippon; and this is the name, not simply of this one island, but of the whole country. Japan is the name given to it by foreigners, not by the natives themselves.

As we steamed up toward the entrance to the Gulf of Yeddo, Fuji Ama soon came into view. It is a beautiful elevation, conical, and, at this season of the year, covered with snow. It is 12,000 feet high, and dominates the landscape in every direction for a hundred miles. But my recent familiarity with Mount Hood, in Oregon, had in some degree disqualified me for the enthusiasm expected of every one on his first view of this peerless monarch of the great Nippon range.

It was one o'clock when we came in sight of Yokohama; but we had already seen much of Japan before we went ashore. Native towns stand thick all along the coasts of the bay, and with our glasses we got a good view of them. Besides that, the bay was cov-

ered with little fishing boats, and here and there we saw a junk. We also passed a native war steamer—very small—intended, I suppose, for police duty in the bay. But it had a trim look and bounded along over the waters very gracefully. The government has a few really formidable ships in its nascent navy, which have been purchased of European or American governments. Among others, I had pointed out to me the great Confederate iron-clad, Stonewall. The name has been changed, and she now wears some unpronounceable Japanese name. She has a formidable, stubborn look, worthy of her history and her former name.

We steamed up the bay against a headwind that was almost a gale. For four weeks we had seen no life except that which was on board with us. Not one sail did we sight on the entire voyage, and the few gannets that followed us for our crumbs were the only living creatures that showed themselves. But now, at the end of a month, here we are in this populous bay, covered with white sail, and fringed with towns. It was a pleasant sensation that arose upon our sudden advent into the world of human life again, and we could scarcely realize that it was a *heathen* world.

It was near two o'clock when we came to anchor, half a mile out from the wharves. Already a fleet of little boats crowded about the place, eager for a job. Among them were a few more pretentious ones, representing the hotels of the city, which come, like omnibuses, to convey the guests to their destination. These floated their flags and names—"Grand Hotel," "International," "Oriental," and I believe there was

a fourth, the name of which I do not recall. The runners came on board, and offered their tickets in a polite way, that contrasted very pleasantly with the rude and boisterous urgency of those you often meet at home.

So soon as the ladder was lowered, the scramble of the boats began. A little craft, propelled by steam, and carrying American colors, came in first for the mails, and after that it was a free fight. The strongest and most persistent got in first.

Soon a young man greeted me, and although he had grown up from mere boyhood since I had seen him, he need not have announced his name; I knew him instantly. It was young Merriman, formerly of St. Louis. He was followed in a short time by the Rev. R. S. Maclay, of the M. E. Church, who is the Superintendent of the Mission in Japan. We had been already invited to the hospitalities of his house. So soon as we could get through the press we got ourselves and our baggage on board of a little native boat, and started for the shore. Our boat would be called a skiff, though it differed in shape and general appearance from an American skiff, and, as all Japanese crafts of its class are, was propelled by *sculling* instead of rowing.

Once landed, we were in a strange world—we were among the Orientals. Our baggage was submitted to inspection at the Custom-House, and then we were invited by Dr. M. to take our choice of *jin-rik i-sha*. These little carriages on two wheels have a stand at this convenient place, and were there in great numbers, waiting for a job. The word *jinrikisha* means, literally, a *man-power carriage*. They are a recent in-

vention—the product, in fact, of American civilization in Japan. The bed is constructed somewhat after the model of a buggy, and has a top that may be raised or lowered as that of a buggy is. Each one is designed to carry one man; but when the native Japs take a ride, two often crowd in. One man between the shafts constitutes the team. Imagine my feelings, to be drawn by a man in shafts, as if he were a horse! I was literally ashamed of myself. Talk about Southern slavery! The average negro in the South was a lord, compared with the coolie of the East.

It was Thanksgiving day, and our friends had been invited to dine with the Rev. Mr. Ballagh, of the Dutch Reformed Church. He was one of the first, if not the very first, missionary in Japan. We could scarcely realize that we were on a foreign shore. Here we were, dining with Americans, in a house of the American style, with genial, cultivated American people, and on the American Thanksgiving day! But it was in the *East*, and our ride in the *jinrikisha* had fairly introduced us into it. I think no man can lose sight of the fact that he is in another world, after having taken a ride by man-power.

Soon after dinner, as the night fell, we repaired to the pleasant home of Dr. Maclay, where we had a welcome as warm as if it had been among our kindred.

As we had less than a week to appropriate to Japan, we must needs bestir ourselves to see what was to be seen, and so we arranged to go, in company with our host, to Kamakura. This was at one time the capital of the empire; but that was two or three hundred

years ago. There still remain, however, sufficient relics of its former glory to make it a locality of great interest. So, after an early breakfast, our carriages were at the door—three of them—with a team of two men to each; for the ride was to be a long one, and so we must have an adequate team—one in the shafts, and one to push from behind.

The morning was frosty, the air crisp and bracing, and our teams struck a trot. Away we went, through the suburbs, and out through the rice-fields, by roads that were never made for carriages, over bridges that were not made for horses—on and on, until I felt the most painful sense of compassion for our men. See how the perspiration pours out this frosty morning, until their scanty clothing is as wet as that of a harvest hand in July! But on they go—on and on—still in a trot. Indeed it was a team of admirable spirit. Think of your horses looking back to see that they were placing your wheels on the safe places, as you cross over the unsafe bridges. What stupid brutes your American horses are!

The country through which we passed fairly swarms with villages; every inch of available soil is in cultivation, and the amount of labor expended on every acre is something wonderful. Even wheat is planted by the hand, in rows, and cultivated with the hoe. Along the roadside we found rice spread out on mats to dry; for the harvest is just over. Indeed we saw one man cutting the last corner of his patch. Some were threshing it—that is, drawing it through long iron teeth projecting from the end of a board, to remove the grains; some were cleaning it with their primitive fans; some were beating it in mortars, to

hull it; and some were putting it up in the coarse sacks of matting used for that purpose.

Twelve miles soon passed away amid these new scenes, and we found ourselves whirling through the old capital. Emerging again into the country, we stopped, and entered the precincts of an old temple, or what seemed to have been several temples. It lay in a cove in the low mountains, in a setting of natural scenery that was very picturesque. There are a good many buildings which I cannot describe, many of them falling into decay. Some, however, are kept in repair by a few Buddhist priests that seem to haunt the grounds like ghosts. Indeed I have been half tempted since to believe they must be ghosts; for they were the only priests we saw who did not have some contrivance for collecting fees. But there was a deserted air about the whole place. The objects of greatest interest were some caves and niches, cut into the solid rock in the side of the mountain, in which there were some images; and a monster bell. This bell is upon the summit of the loftiest hill around the cove. You ascend to it by a long flight of stone steps, laid upon the steep ascent, and when you reach the top you overlook the entire cove and all the buildings below. The bell is suspended under a mere shed, upon a very massive frame. It is of a peculiar shape—that is, peculiar to the eye of a foreigner—though all the large bells I have seen here are of the same pattern. The peculiarity is, they are unusually deep from top to bottom, as they hang. This one is fourteen feet in girth and seven feet high, and being oval at the top, it soon reaches its full size, and has very much the shape of an inverted goblet. It is cov-

ered over with inscriptions from sacred books, in the Chinese character. The metal is five inches thick. It has no clapper, but is rung on this wise: A log of wood, six or eight inches in diameter and about eight feet long, is suspended in a horizontal position, by two chains—one near each end—one end being, as it hangs in rest, about eighteen inches from the side of the bell, and opposite to a round section of the surface, raised a little to receive the blow. The bell is rung by raising this battering-ram, or rather drawing it back from the bell as far as the chains will allow, and suddenly letting it go. The impulse brings the end against the bell, and the stroke wakes the echoes. It was rung for us several times, and I thought the tone very impressive.

As we descended from the bell, returning to the place where we had left our *jinrikishas*, we passed by an old temple, now used as a school-house, in which there is a public school taught—one of the many supported by the government all over the empire. We turned aside to see how a Japanese school is managed. An usher met us at the door, and soon the master, a very young man, appeared. He was delighted with our visit. Nothing would do but we must come in. Two of the larger children were sent off for chairs for us to sit on. Dr. Maclay explained to us that the text-books, which he examined, were all recent translations of American books. The teacher must needs have us to witness some of the exercises of his pupils, and so he rubbed out the Chinese characters that covered the blackboard, and set down some examples in arithmetic, all in Arabic numerals, with the minus, plus, and other signs, taken

from the American books so lately introduced. These public schools are one of the many signs of the times in this singular nation. I shall have more to say of them hereafter.

From this point we went on about a mile to another and more magnificent temple, to which we ascended by a flight of fifty stone steps, at the end of a beautiful paved avenue. The matters of principal interest here are relics of the old Shoguns, who were the actual emperors, although they did everything in the name of the Mikado. There are massive helmets and coats of mail, worn by those military chieftains over five hundred years ago. There are also the most elegant swords and other implements of warfare, as well as the writing apparatus of one of the most distinguished of the old heroes. All this was shown for a small fee, by the Buddhist priest in attendance.

We soon saw all of this display that we cared to see, and took to our man-carriages again, to be trotted off two miles to see the celebrated Dai Butsu—pronounced here Di Bootz. Butsu is the Japanese name of Buddha, and Dai means great. Dai Butsu—the great Buddha. It is a colossal image, forty-four feet high, and at the largest part twenty feet in diameter from front to rear, and twenty-five feet from side to side. It is of fine bronze, cast in sections, the metal not being more than two or three inches thick, so that the image is perfectly hollow. It rests on a foundation of stone about five feet high, a door opening through the foundation to the interior. Half way up the back, or a little more, are two small windows, and just below the windows there is a rude platform, reached by a ladder. Mounting this we

were fairly in the bosom of Buddha—which is Nirvāna, the Buddhist heaven. So you see in what celestial regions we have been!

Returning to the outside, we got a ladder, ascended to the hands, found the thumbs to be three feet in circumference, and the nails of the thumbs four inches by six. The image is seated, with the feet under the body, and, like most of the images of Buddha, rests in a lotus flower, there being a popular tradition that he came across the ocean from India to Japan on a lotus-blossom. Massive as this figure is, the proportions are well preserved, every part being in keeping with the rest, and it is certainly a marvel of art. The pose of the body, the set of the head, and, above all, the expression of the face, combine to realize the ideal of perfect repose. I never saw any ideal more palpably or fully realized. Perfect tranquillity of spirit is in every feature of the face and in the posture of the body. In nearly all of the images here there is something grotesque, something unnatural, but not so with Dai Butsu. Every thing is natural and comely, the proportions and attitude being exactly in keeping with the ideal.

We extended our trip from Dai Butsu along the shore of the Bay, to visit the island of Enoshema, which is accessible on foot when the tide is low. But the tide was up now, and we were not disposed to wade. Three Japs, with powerful frames, offered us their shoulders for a ride. But it was getting late, and we determined to retrace our steps. Soon striking the Tokaido, we had an excellent road back to Yokohama, seventeen miles. We started at eight o'clock in the morning, got back at seven in the even-

ing, took full four hours for sight-seeing, and traveled thirty-seven or eight miles. How will that do for a man-team?

The Tokaido is the great National road.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### A SUNDAY IN DAI NIPPON.

IT SO happened that the Sunday after our arrival at Yokohama was the time of the quarterly-meeting of the Methodist Mission at that place.

On Saturday the Quarterly Conference met at Dr. Maclay's residence. The members present were Mr. Hattori, Mr. Makino, Mr. Kosugi, Mr. Kudo, and Mr. Kurimura—five in all. There was one absent, having been called away to Tokio to look after some relatives who had been burnt out in the recent great fire in that place. Conference was opened with prayer in Japanese, by Dr. Maclay. Brother Hattori was elected Secretary. The routine of Quarterly Conference business laid down in the Discipline was not followed, for the reason that the organization of the Church is not yet so complete as to require it.

The first item of business was reports from the native helpers. These helpers are exhorters only, none having yet been licensed to preach. All the members of the Conference were exhorters, except Kurimura, who was a steward. The helpers reported, 1. The number of times they had preached during the quarter; 2. The number of places at which they had preached; 3. The distances traveled by them in reaching their appointments; 4. The number of probationers at their several stations; and, 5. The number of new inquirers since the last Quarterly Conference. One had preached only in his own neighborhood once or twice a Sunday; but one other had preached *ninety times*. The people had taken to coming to him of their own accord every evening, and he always delivered them a discourse. Some of them had traveled considerable distances, always on foot. Only the wealthy can travel in any other way.

The reports for the quarter were very encouraging. Quite a number of probationers were reported, and several new inquirers, and the heart of the missionaries was full of hope.

One other point was reported upon by the helpers—what portions of the Scriptures they had studied during the quarter. Most of them had studied two or three books of the New Testament, usually one of the Gospels and one or two of the Epistles. But one of them—I believe it was Kudo, though I have the names a little mixed—had read the New Testament through twice. This brother had the advantage of being a very good Chinese scholar to begin with.

Miscellaneous business was then taken up, and one of the brethren proposed Brother Kurimura for

license to exhort. The brother was called upon to give some account of his experience, whereupon he rose to his feet and made some remarks with an air of modesty and sincerity that pleased me much. The substance of it, as given me by Dr. Maclay, was, that he knew but little of the Scriptures as yet, but what he did know had filled him with the desire to bring others to the same knowledge. I had met him already a day or two before and had some conversation with him through an interpreter. This man interested me much. He is a born gentleman. The Japanese are all polite, but there was a mingled dignity and affability in this young man that took me captive. Then there was such propriety and good sense in all he said, and such delicacy, both of perception and feeling, as marked him a man of high order. He has been in the service of the Government, but resigns it that he may serve in the gospel. He reminded me of Alejo Hernandez, the first-fruits of Mexico.

Then came a question that our home Churches had been troubled with sometimes—a question which is already a practical one here. One of the helpers reported an inquirer who had been baptized by the Roman Catholics. Is this baptism valid? Some other matters of local interest were talked over, and the Conference was dismissed with the benediction by the visiting brother from America.

The morning of the Lord's-day dawned brightly upon Dai Nippon, and the love-feast was to begin at half-past eight. This was half an hour earlier than usual, and the brethren were not on time. They were *slow*. This is one trouble our brethren have. The

people have not been trained to punctuality, and it seems impossible to impress them with the importance of it. Besides, they have no time-pieces, and cannot therefore be very precise. But by nine o'clock the little Church had got together, a lesson out of the Scriptures was read, a hymn was sung, prayer was offered, and the bread and water distributed.

Then came my first address to the native Church—my first utterance in God's name in the Eastern Hemisphere. It was brief, practical, and from the heart, and was well rendered into Japanese by Mr. Soper, of Tokio. There were four missionaries present, new arrivals from the Evangelical Association—two men and two women. Dr. Maclay thought it well to ask them to speak, which they did in excellent spirit, what they said being interpreted by the older missionaries. The lateness of the hour made it necessary to close without giving the native brethren any opportunity to speak, which I regretted; for although I should not have understood a word of what was said, I should have been able to observe the manner and spirit of it.

At eleven o'clock I preached in the Union Church, to a rather small but exceptionally intelligent congregation of English-speaking people, with good liberty, and at good *length*. Having but this one opportunity for a life-time to deliver a message from God to them, I could not afford to bind myself down to the orthodox thirty-five or forty minutes—and the people listened with exemplary patience, at least, and, indeed, with apparent interest. I felt that the word was spoken not in vain. Was it a weakness in me to feel a profound sense of satisfaction in

preaching the gospel on the other side of the world? How infinite has been the goodness of God to me, that I should have this mercy!

At three o'clock the native Church assembled again for a most interesting service. The approved probationers of six months were to be baptized. Mr. Soper of Tokio preached an earnest sermon, and fluent, I thought, considering that it is but three years since he commenced the study of this very peculiar language. Then the candidates for baptism—nine in number, seven men and two women—were called to the altar. They evidently understood the gravity of the occasion. They understood the “vow of repentance, faith, and obedience,” which they were assuming. For six months, or more, they had been carefully taught the Christian doctrine and morality, and now, after time for deliberation, they were publicly and in this solemn manner giving themselves to God. One of them was a man who had visited Europe in one of the Government Embassies. The Methodist Church in Yokohama was organized less than two years ago, and now numbers twenty-eight, mostly of an intelligent and influential class. It might have been larger, but that the brethren wisely hold applicants as probationers until they seem to be well prepared to take the vows. Inquirers are appearing in increasing numbers all the while, and the outlook is inspiring.

After the baptism the sacrament of the Lord's-supper was administered, Dr. Maclay officiating. With what joy I met these men, so recently in the darkness of Sintoism and Buddhism, now kneeling at the cross of Christ! While we broke the bread together,

God himself was present, and we did eat of angels' food; and while we drank the wine we had already a foretaste of that juice of the vine which the Lord will drink new with his people in his Father's kingdom.

At night Mr. Hattori preached an expository sermon, dwelling with special emphasis on the "bed undefiled"—a point that is to be strongly guarded by the infant Church here. The brother, in this instance, told them plainly that the defiled bed does not mean unwashed bedclothes, but adultery, which is infinitely more unclean. This is putting the matter strongly to a native, for anything filthy about their houses is held to be intolerable. Even the poorest of them are scrupulously given to bathing, and the very floors of their houses, where they are not covered with nice, clean mats, fairly shine from under the industrious hand of the housekeeper. Already the Japs have this associate of godliness, according to Mr. Wesley—cleanliness.

Only one thing marred my enjoyment of the day. Going down town to the Union Church, I passed through a crowded part of the city, and saw the toiling thousands who have no Sunday. It was a heart-sickening sight. I suppose that human muscle is nowhere more severely taxed than in Japan, and it has no Sunday, but the exacting toil goes on until death brings the final release. There is an immense amount of work done, and human muscle does it nearly all. In Tokio there are now a few vehicles drawn by horses, but only a very few. In Yokohama I did not see one, except a few buggies owned by foreign residents. Two carts I saw drawn by a single

ox each; but the clumsy-wheeled vehicles loaded with lumber, earth, stone—every thing, in short, required in a growing city—and drawn by *men*, were abundant; and they were loaded so heavy that the utmost muscular strain was requisite to move them. In the country, with the exception of the great Tokaido, the roads will admit of no vehicle but the narrow jinrikisha, so that the produce of the country goes to market either on the shoulders of men or on the backs of pack-horses; and judging from what I saw, I should say that by far the greater part is carried by men. A pole with baskets, boxes or packages suspended from each end is balanced on the shoulder, whereupon the bearer trots off, it may be many miles, to his market town. Then what he purchases is carried home the same way. Happy is the farmer who has a pack-horse to relieve him of this heavy burden. A good many, indeed, have horses, but multitudes have none. The soil is prepared for planting by the spade, and the cultivated portions are generally flat—not always. But for *rice*, if a naturally flat surface is not *found*, it is *made* by terracing the slope. Over this water is run from ditches, and the rice, first sown in beds, is transplanted by the hand in overflowed ground, the laborer standing often knee-deep in mud and water. It is planted in bunches, and they in straight rows. The ditches are kept all the time in perfect repair, and every square yard of ground is cultivated with as much care as the best gardens at home. In the regions through which I passed every available foot was in cultivation. Every little strip and patch by the road-side was spaded up and planted, either in

rice or vegetables. This incessant labor and burden-bearing has had its effect on the muscles of the men. One of the first things a foreigner notices is the enormous size of the muscles in their legs, which even now in December are often naked. And all this toil is so poorly remunerated that it must be incessantly kept up only to keep soul and body together. Happy is the poor fellow who gets employment with a foreigner at five or six dollars a month, and feeds himself. Even the domestic servants feed themselves. They cook sumptuous dinners for their masters, and then go and consume their rice with their families, and their five dollars a month must feed and clothe them and their families. Rice is their principal food, though now they are beginning to eat a little flesh. Heretofore they have abstained from animal food under the influence of Buddhism partly, and partly from poverty. Now Buddhism is losing its hold, but poverty is not. Does the future offer anything better? I shall have something to say on that subject further on. But at present the laboring classes are ground down to the earth, and they have no Sunday, no Lord's-day, no hallowed pause between periods of incessant toil. Life is all one unbroken period of toil. There are, indeed, many holidays, but they do not bring rest to the laborer. They are gala days on which those who can afford it go to the temples and have a good time; but traffic goes on all the same, and I saw no signs of intermitted labor in the city.

I had seen it stated in the papers, before I left home, that the Japanese Government had adopted the Christian Sabbath. It is true that it is made a

holiday for all who are in Government employment. This has come about by the influence of European and American employes of the Government. Many of these, especially Americans, refused to work on that day. But these men are indispensable to the Government in this new epoch, and so this concession was made to them; but it has brought no Sabbath to the people. In fact, it makes more business in some lines, especially with shop-keepers. The soldiers and other employes of the Government who have it for a holiday, do their shopping on that day. Indeed, the want of a Sabbath is one great obstacle in the way of the gospel. Already one of the most influential of the converts of the Methodist Mission at Tokio has been expelled for persistent violation of the Sabbath. He pleads necessity. The laborers he employs, he says, will not remain with him unless he will give them employment every day. His customers come in to settle their bills that day, and will not come another day. His friends, he said, would forsake him entirely, and he would be ruined. But the missionaries felt that they must take a firm stand on this point, and although this was perhaps the most influential man they had received in all Japan, with one exception, they have cut him off.

The one exception I speak of is a Mr. Tsuda, who lives in a suburb of Tokio. He is perhaps the most widely known of any private man in the empire. He is a scientific agriculturist, and under the new *rigime*, has charge of an experimental farm under the auspices of the Government. He also publishes an agricultural journal, a monthly, in pamphlet-form. So wide-spread is his correspondence over the whole

Empire that he has to employ a private secretary to answer letters.

This man Tsuda puts out a sign at his gate every Sunday morning: "No business transacted here to-day."

He is the only private citizen of the Empire who has ever received any attention from the Mikado. His Majesty had him to dine with him one day, as a mark of appreciation of the great service he is doing in improving the agricultural condition of the country. If he retains his simplicity of character in the midst of all the honors he is receiving he will no doubt be a very useful man in the young Church in Japan.

Apropos of my Sunday experiences in Yokohama, I may add that the official members whose names I have given, gave me many tokens of affection. The last was very unexpected to me. When I was leaving them they were on the Bund, in a body, to bid me an affectionate farewell. I had time only for a few affectionate words, and then parted with them until the last day. Noble men!—pioneers of the Church in a new Empire which the Son of God is just now invading! I shall never forget them.

I would envy these missionaries, if I would allow myself to envy anybody. True, there are many crosses, many discouragements, many trials; but there is no other field so glorious as theirs; they are in the forefront of the battle, and see the advancing lines of occupation as the Lord of hosts moves on in the conquest of the world.

I have said that the ground in this country is prepared for planting by the spade. It is not to be in-

ferred that there is *no* plowing. A great deal of the ground is broken up by the plow, but a great deal of it, again, never sees a plow. And even when the plow has done its work the whole surface is gone over again with hoe and rake, so that the amount of labor is incalculable. The only plowing I have seen is with a single ox, hitched with ropes, the plow being small, and having only one handle. The fact is, as I have put it—human muscle is depended on for almost every thing, and there is neither labor-saving contrivance nor the relief of any Sabbath. What a boon, even for this life, the gospel would be to Japan!

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE REVOLUTION OF 1868 IN DIA NIPPON.

ACCORDING to the Japanese Mythology, the Mikado, or Emperor, is descended from the gods. The line of descent has been preserved with the greatest care, so that to this day the blood is pure and sacred. The Emperor, from the beginning, was absolute, ruling with God-given authority. Of course it came about in the run of ages that weak

men were born to the scepter, and nothing was more inevitable than that in such a crisis powerful ministers should come to be the real rulers, and that factions and wars should arise between ambitious rivals. To give an account of all the strifes and changes of the early times would require a volume. It is sufficient to my purpose to say that in course of time a powerful military chieftain became ascendant, and established himself as the recognized executive of the empire, taking the title of Shogun (pronounced Shong-un). But he ruled in the name of the Mikado, who was universally venerated as the sacred ruler. The Shogun, however, acquired such a hold of power as to make it hereditary. This state of things commenced, say, eight centuries ago—not to be accurate, for I have not the means at hand to verify the date—and continued, with the exception of a short interval, until 1868. But the Shogunate was not in the same family during this entire period, there having been several revolutions, changing it from one family of the great nobles to another. Three powerful families seem to have held it from first to last—the Taira, the Hajo, and the Tokugawa. Iyeyasu, one of the greatest names of Japanese history, of the Tokugawa family, was at the head of the last line. He became Shogun in 1598, and organized the Government with consummate sagacity, on a basis that secured the tranquillity of the empire until 1868, a period of nearly three hundred years. The study of his policy will well repay the time of any one who takes pleasure in that sort of reading.

During the period of the Shogunate the people became divided into several classes—a division which

began to appear even earlier. But the principal division was between the military and other classes. The military class were called samuri, a title that has great significance in the present history of the country. The samuri, or soldier class, was the product of the incessant wars of the early periods, and in course of time, if not from the beginning, it came to embrace all the official personages of the nation, and was hereditary. The samuri blood was never contaminated by inter-marriage with farmers, laborers, mechanics, or merchants. Indeed, the merchant, I understand, was held in greater contempt than any other class.

The samuri were supported at public cost, on this wise: The whole of Japan was divided into districts, each one of which belonged to a Daimio—pronounced Di-me-o. The territory of some of the Daimios was very large; others, again, had but a small domain. These Daimios were lords of the soil, and in the local administration were absolute, collecting such rents as they pleased from the land and the laboring classes. The samuri residents in the domain of any Daimio were his *retainers*, bound to respond to any call for military service, and dependent on him for subsistence. Sometimes the Daimios were at war with each other, and sometimes they were called upon by the Shogun to join him in his military enterprises. These enterprises generally had to do with rebellion in some part of the empire. Very rarely there was a little foreign embroilment with Formosa or Corea, or the conquest of some small group of islands.

It will be seen that this was all much the same as

the feudal system of Europe in the Middle Ages. The lord and his vassals were in nearly the same relations to each other, and the common people were taken no account of only as they could be taxed.

The samuri always wore his sword at his belt, and was quick to take and to avenge an indignity. Much blood was shed among themselves, and as for the cringing laborer or farmer, he knew it was as much as his life was worth to offer any show of self-defense against the domineering demands of his armed and knightly oppressor. Accustomed to it from infancy, he no doubt believed himself to belong to an inferior race, and accepted it as a part of the constitution of things.

But there was not always war, and especially from the times of the great Iyeyasu to the present, peace had been the rule. The samuri were then an idle class, nor could the "standing army" be reduced to a peace footing, for all the sons of samuri were samuri, and their daughters were of the same class. Their subsistence was sure, but often rather scant. But they could resort to no ordinary avocation to increase their wealth. Many just lived in idleness, while many others devoted themselves to literature, and some became teachers. In this way a native literature has been maintained, and, as a class, the samuri are to a considerable degree cultivated, both in native and Chinese learning. It is not in any proper sense of the word, however, a *scientific*, but only a *literary*, culture. Many have devoted themselves to the elucidation of their own history and mythology, and there is, I believe, a considerable extent of literature in the line of romance.

The policy of the Shoguns was to keep the Mikado as an inaccessible sacred object, in whose name they could govern the people. He lived in voluptuous idleness, with every opportunity of sensual indulgence. With no responsibilities to arouse a manly nature, and a precedent of ages to justify his indulgences, he was a mere sensualist, enfeebled by excesses, imagining himself a god superior to the vulgar cares of life, and made of better stuff than other men. He was never seen but by the personal servants of the palace and the higher nobles, and by these last only at a distance, seated immovable in gorgeous robes, hung round by magnificent tapestry and canopied with gold. To the ear of the common people there came only rumors of the divine splendor of the son of the gods.

But during all this time it seems that there existed a latent feeling in many of the Mikadoes that they ought to reign in fact as they did in name, and that amongst the samuri there was always a greater or less degree of restiveness under the power of a man who was only one of their own class. In the long reign of peace, as literature was more and more cultivated, a knowledge of the earlier history of the country became diffused, and the feeling became wide-spread that the Shogun was a usurper. The desire to restore the Mikado to his rightful place as the actual Emperor—for he was always the nominal one—grew to be general and deep.

It so fell out that the Government of the United States of America furnished the occasion of bringing on a crisis. The Shogun had for two hundred years kept Japan secluded from any intercourse with

foreign nations. I believe there is a wide-spread belief that this had always been the case. Not so. Up to the beginning of seventeenth century they had shown no disposition of jealousy toward foreigners. That jealousy was brought about by the Jesuits. In 1542 this enterprising Order entered the country from Portugal—at least the greater number were from Portugal—the very first was Loyola himself. These missionaries met with marvelous success. They made converts by the thousand. They built churches, cathedrals, and monasteries. Several great Daimios being proselyted, compelled the people of their Daimiates to embrace the new religion on pain of banishment. The good fathers chuckled over this wholesale and bloody-handed dispensation of grace, and in the course of seventy years they boasted a native Church of between two and three hundred thousand members, if my memory is correct. They became proud and insolent, and began to feel that the country belonged to them. They undertook to meddle with public affairs. The Government took the alarm, but found that it could secure itself against their open or secret influence only by their expulsion. The policy of extermination was resolved upon. The priests were sent out of the country, thus having to take their own medicine. The native Christians were compelled to recant. Thousands were put to death. It was one of the bloodiest and most effectual persecutions in the history of the world. It was supposed that the Christian name had been obliterated, but it has recently come to light that, after two hundred years, there were still several thousand who secretly held the faith of the missionaries.

After this bitter experience with *Christians*, the Government became convinced that it could have nothing to do with Christian people with any safety. This originated the insular policy that prevailed for more than two hundred years. But when the western coast of America became settled, and our commerce with the "East by the way of the West" became an established fact, we found ourselves face to face with Japan. The advantages of an unrestricted commerce with this rich insular region were too great to be overlooked. The Dutch had been allowed a little trading-post ever since the expulsion of the Jesuits. It was known that many curious articles were manufactured here, and that the possibilities of the tea and silk products of the country were very great.

Accordingly, Commodore Perry, of the U. S. Navy, was directed to open communications with the Government of Japan, with a view to a treaty of commerce. Accordingly, in 1853, he steamed into the Bay of Yeddo, and opened negotiations with the Shogun, whose capital was at Yeddo, the Mikado's capital being at Kioto, two hundred miles away. In these negotiations the Shogun styled himself Ti-Kun, which foreigners wrote Tycoon, so that he became known to Europe and America by that pretentious title, Ti-Kun—the Great Ruler. The assumption of so grand a title by the Shogun, the affectation of imperial dignities, in addition to the usurpation of imperial powers, filled up the measure of the national discontent. The history is long and somewhat intricate. I cannot follow it. It is sufficient for my purpose to say that it all culminated in the revolution of

1868, in which, after considerable fighting, the Shogun was defeated in a final and decisive battle at Yeddo, in which the Shogunate perished forever.

The Mikado who had recently succeeded to the empire was a youth of only seventeen, isolated from his infancy from all affairs, and so both immature and inexperienced. But he was taken possession of by the men who had made the revolution, and he had either the good sense or the weakness to give himself up to their direction. They are remarkable men—this is universally conceded. By their advice he removed his residence from Kioto, the nominal, to Yeddo, the actual capital, at the same time changing the name of Yeddo to Tokio; which means the *Eastern Capital*.

But now the revolution was but just begun. All great revolutions are marked by significant coincidents. The concurrent advent of Perry, with the growing opposition to the Shogun, involved a great deal, only a little of which I can give in this chapter.

To begin with: The restoration of the Mikado was coeval with the new problems that arose in the Japanese Government as incidental to its new foreign relations. The treaty of the United States must of necessity be followed by treaties with the various States of Europe. This involved the residence of Ministers and Consuls at the capital and the ports. It involved Embassies from Japan to the various courts of Europe and America. It involved, also, the opening of an active commerce; and all this involved the influx of new ideas. Indeed, the coming and going of steamships alone gave the more thoughtful Japanese a suggestion of forms of civili-

zation that were, at least in some respects, vastly superior to their own, and so already, before the revolution came, some of the more sagacious Daimios had sent young men from their provinces to America to be educated, some of whom returned about the time of that event, all full of the wonders of the foreign civilization.

Then came the necessity of organizing the Government on a footing that would enable it to deal with other Governments. It must have an army and a navy, and it must have revenues adequate to all this. It must be able to concentrate its forces. It must have statesmen versed in international law. It must have every thing, in short, that constitutes a civilized Government.

It would be impossible to introduce all these changes without having, sooner or later, a stable code of laws to take the place of mere personal government, ruling the people by proclamations posted in public places.

All this would involve the most radical changes, and the men who guided the revolution saw at once how inevitable and how difficult their task was.

In the first place, the feudal system must be broken up. But this system involved the very organization of society. It would break up the samuri class, the proudest and most formidable class of people in the empire. The traditions of ages would be suddenly and violently broken in upon. But the matter was entered upon firmly. Many of the Daimios, seeing the necessity of the case, were forward to surrender their great dignities and privileges, and all of them acquiesced with a good grace. Perhaps it was the

grandest instance in history of a privileged class giving up its position for the welfare of the country. The plan was that every Daimio should surrender his territories and revenues to the Government, receive a pension, and make his residence at Tokio, the capital. This was all done at once; I believe it was in 1871. These great nobles all simultaneously took leave of their retainers, and repaired with their families to the capital, many of them voluntarily, and some, perhaps, because they were powerless to resist the movement of the majority.

Then there must be an army created. The French model was determined upon, and French officers were imported to organize and drill it. A navy must be created, and who but the English could do that? So Englishmen were imported to do it. Railroads must be built, and the English were brought in to do that.

No less important was it to improve the education of the people, and especially in the exact and practical sciences, and Americans, chiefly, were called on for that. American text-books were translated, an American was placed at the head of the Bureau of Education, and on his suggestion a system of public schools was created, embracing the whole empire, and culminating in a university at Tokio, in which four of the leading Professors are Americans, and the instructions are carried on in the English language, the students having first to pass through an English school to prepare them for its classes,

Now the whole empire is consolidated; all its revenues are administered by the central Government, which appoints the governors of provinces, and provides for the internal police in every part. A written

code of laws—the “Code Napoleon,” so far as it is applicable—has been adopted, the army and navy organized, and a nascent system of education set on foot. Besides that, the Gregorian calendar has been adopted, only the era dates from the restoration of the Mikado, so that this is the year 8 instead of 1876. But the year begins, as with us, and has the same division of months and even of weeks, for they have taken Sunday as a day of rest for all Government employes, though it is considered only in the light of a holiday, and is not in vogue among the people at large.

Now, is not this a wonderful revolution to have been effected in eight years?

Is it permanent? What may be hoped for in the future? I confess I do not know.

It would be folly to deny that there are grave occasions of alarm, and it is scarcely possible that discontent, and even open rebellion, should be wanting. Indeed there is grave discontent already. The taxpayers are ground down by a more oppressive levy than the rents they paid to the old Daimios. The Daimios measured only the land in actual cultivation, but the present Government measures the ditches and terrace-work, adding a good deal to the area. The tax, I was told, is five dollars an acre for rice-lands, and half that amount for all other. But it *must* have money to pay the pensions of the Daimios, and to buy ships for the navy, and to organize it and the army, and to pay high salaries to its foreign officers and teachers. These foreign employes are first-rate men, who would have high salaries at home, and who demand higher here, because they look upon

this employment as temporary and of uncertain duration. The Professors in the university have four thousand dollars, and teachers in lower schools from fifteen hundred to two thousand. I do not know what the officers in the army and navy are paid; but the American Minister of Education receives ten thousand dollars.

But many of these expenses are extraordinary, and they hope to be able to reduce the revenue in a short time.

It is proposed also to compound with the Daimios for their pensions, paying them a given amount once for all and have done with it. Thus a heavy expense will be got rid of. But the Government is building railroads, which it owns and runs. This, it is believed, will be a source of revenue. It is putting up lines of telegraph throughout the empire. It has also bought a line of steamships from Yokohama to Shanghai. All this adds to its burdens just now, but it is hoped it will lighten them after a while. It has also organized and is carrying an extensive postal service.

It is to be feared that this Government-ownership of a merchant-marine, railroads, and telegraph lines, may open the way to speculation—though I have heard of no rings as yet. The main trouble, so far, is, that coming all at once, it costs immense sums of money to get it on foot, and so involves oppressive taxation and discontent with the new order of things among the people.

Then there is much discontent among the samuri, and they are a class not to be despised. "Othello's occupation is gone," and the samuri, heretofore fed

from the public crib, and trained to no occupation, are really in a bad case. To be sure, the new army is made up of them, as well as the very large police force in the cities, teachers in the public schools, and Government employes generally. The Government does all it can to find them employment. But still there remains a large number of them unemployed, and angry with the new order of things that has dealt so hardly with them. They are ready for stratagems. Already two efforts at rebellion have occurred, one very recently. The first was somewhat formidable, and the last was widely organized and well-conceived, but was discovered, by accident only, just in time to prevent a sanguinary, and perhaps disastrous, conflict.

Besides all this, the Government is not settled upon any constitutional basis. If the Mikado should become dissatisfied with his Ministers, and appoint less capable men, or if he should die, and his successor fall under the influence of men inimical to the new order, and surround himself with a reactionary ministry, all of which may happen, no one can tell what the effect may be. But so long as the present Emperor lives, it is believed the present order will be maintained. He has changed all his habits, has adopted the European costume—a wonderful thing—appears in public, a still more wonderful thing, and either has very good sense, or is under the influence of men who have, and the friends of Japan are full of hope. The Mikado is young and in good health, and if God should give him health and long life, by the time his end comes the Government may be so consolidated as to be tolerably safe, and a new gen-

eration, educated and prepared for it, may constitute a background of popular influence that will secure good government for the generations to come.

The Mikado took an oath when he came into power to introduce a representative system of government. He has been reminded of this since, and seems altogether disposed to keep his pledge. But his counselors are of opinion that the country is not yet ready for the elective franchise, and intelligent foreigners, long resident in the country, are all of the same opinion. The masses of the people are scarcely better prepared for the ballot than the so recently liberated slaves of America. But the grand outlay of money and effort in the education of the people looks to a preparation of them for a popular form of government. It is hoped that Japanese already born, and perhaps even now in early manhood, may yet be in the Upper and Lower Houses, under a limited, constitutional monarchy. If things go on as they have begun this may well be.

There is one ground of apprehension as to the near future that I omitted to mention. Some of the Mikado's advisers, perhaps the majority of them, are looked upon by the powerful families who have been so long at the head of affairs as *parvenus*. They are new men and of obscure families. These old clansmen can scarcely bear to be put aside by the intruders. Nor is their influence to be despised. Perhaps it was at the bottom of the late rebellion.

But, in any event, much that has been done must stand. It is impossible for the old feudal system to be restored. The spirit of progress is abroad. The

new ideas have taken root. Seed-thoughts have been scattered broadcast, and cannot die. They must germinate. Public schools are taught in deserted pagan temples. This I have seen with my own eyes. The same is true of at least one Mission-school. America and Europe are in vital communication with the country. The civilization of the nineteenth century is entering at a thousand doors and there can be no permanent retrogression. Rebellion there may be, with bloodshed and violent displacement of men, but the new movement is a tidal-wave that will bear all before it. There may be breakwaters to check it for a moment, but in the end it will overwhelm all that shall get in its way. It is the product of irrepressible creative forces, and the issue must be a new Dai Nippon.

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## CHAPTER V.

### FROM YOKOHAMA TO NAGASAKI.

LEAVING Yokohama on Wednesday, Dec. 6, we steamed down the east coast to the Bay of Osaka, and on Friday morning awoke at Kobe, having run a distance of two hundred and

forty-six miles, and succeeded in getting ashore in time to take the early train for Osaka. Here we took the ever-present jinrikisha, showed our team a paper with written directions to the residence of Dr. Gordon, and the very sprightly trotters delivered us promptly at the right gate. Dr. Gordon is of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, but is here under the auspices of the American Board. This Board is doing, indeed, the greater part of the work in this region. We had the good fortune to find, also, Dr. Adams, who is the medical missionary here. After a long and very satisfactory conversation with these gentlemen, we had tiffin with our host, who then accompanied us on a sight-seeing expedition through the city. The first place we visited was the castle, which is indeed the place of principal interest here. There is an outer and an inner wall, and then the citadel in the center. The outer wall surrounds a mound of considerable elevation, and is itself surrounded by a very deep and wide moat. The moat is walled with stone on both sides, the walls resting against the earth, and the inner one rising many feet above the outer. The second line of defense, within this, and higher up the mound, consists also of a moat—which is now dry, however—and walls as already described. Then comes the citadel, crowning the summit of the mound. The works are all extremely massive, the stone being granite, and the walls very thick. I should say that with only the weapons of attack in vogue here three centuries ago, when it was built, these works were absolutely impregnable.

But the most remarkable thing about them is the

size of many of the stones used in the walls. The length of one of these enormous blocks, as measured by a tape-line, was thirty-nine feet and more—near forty, in fact. We could not measure the elevation, as we had no means of getting up the wall; but it could not have been less than fifteen feet; nor could we tell the thickness of it, as the wall stood against the earth on the other side; but at the end of the wall we saw stones eight feet thick, and this was probably not less. Another one of these huge pieces of granite was thirty-one feet long, and we judged it to be not less than twenty, perhaps twenty-five feet high. It constituted the whole elevation of the wall at the place, and was probably sunk, by its great weight, several feet into the ground. These stones are dressed true on the faces, but the edges to which other stones are fitted in building the walls are of the most irregular contour, as no stone was wasted in trimming; yet the joints are made to fit closely, so that after the lapse of near three centuries the structure is about as solid as at first.

The old question of Egyptian and Chaldean masonry must be repeated here. How were these great stones brought from the distant quarry, and by what contrivance raised to their places in this wall? The quarry is two hundred miles distant. It is said that they were brought by water, but the natives have now no vessel that one of them would not sink. It is suggested that several junks were lashed together; but, even then, *how* were they loaded? The mass is probably equal to Cleopatra's Needle; and the great English Government, commanding the

greatest amount of engineering genius now to be found in the world, and the most massive ships that have ever been afloat, found the removal of Cleopatra's Needle a difficult operation.

The citadel commands the whole city, and we should have had a magnificent view if it had not been cloudy and raining. But we could not stop for the rain, so we mounted our jinrikishas, and whirled off to the Normal School. The buildings are very neat, the situation commanding, and the grounds beautiful. It is another one of the many wonderful fruits of the revolution. I doubt if any nation has ever done so much in so short a time. But we could not go in, for want of time. Off we trotted to one of the two principal temples of the place, in connection with which is the Osaca Hospital. Into this hospital Dr. Gordon proposed to take us, that we might see the queer structure of the flimsy and rambling edifice. I could see no plan at all in it, and I gave the Doctor great credit for topographical sagacity in going through it, right, left, advance, retreat, in, out, up, up, and then returning by the same tortuous way. He made but one mistake. Opening a sliding door, we came upon a part of the temple where a Buddhist priest was preaching to a congregation of about two hundred people. We stood a few minutes listening, and I observed that occasionally the congregation responded. At one point we came out on to a veranda at the rear of the building, and found an open space of irregular area, not more than forty feet in diameter at the widest point, but which displayed a fine instance of the genius for landscape gardening, for which the

Japanese are famous. There was an arrangement of walks, mound, shrubbery, and a little bit of running water, that was exquisite; and, in contrast with the dingy back-buildings surrounding it, the effect was delightful.

The hospital itself affords a good instance of the cleanliness everywhere seen in the houses of these people. We saw one of the wards in which there was but one patient, with three nurses to look after him. I believe, however, that they had several wards in charge, and only happened at the moment to be together in this room. The Doctor spoke highly of the general management of the institution, which he had visited a good many times.

After that we visited the Dispensary of Dr. Adams, the very cultivated missionary-physician of the American Board, where treatment and medicines are provided for the indigent natives. Here a supply of Christian literature is kept on hand for distribution, and a room is fitted up for a reading-room and chapel, where there is preaching at stated times. This establishment pleased us much.

Having seen and heard what we could command time for at Osaka, we took the four-o'clock train for Kobe, to meet an engagement we had made in the morning to dine with Dr. Berry, at half-past five. The Doctor, like Dr. Adams, is a layman in the service of the American Board, and is in charge of a Dispensary at Kobe, as the former is at Osaka. He is a member of the M. E. Church, is a scholarly and influential man, and has contributed to the advancement of civilization here in several respects—notably in being authorized to inspect the prisons,

with a view to improve their condition, both in a sanitary and moral point of view. He made an elaborate report to the Government, which was so highly regarded that it was published as an official document, and with that prestige, circulated throughout the Empire.

We were pained to find the Doctor and his wife in deep affliction, looking hourly for the death of an only surviving child. He is also under personal affliction of a painful character, being threatened with the loss of his eyes. He can bear only a very subdued light, and fears that he may even have to give up his work and return to America. Dr. Gordon is suffering a good deal in the same way. Dr. Berry does not attribute this to the climate in either case, but to nervous exhaustion from over-work; yet it is true, and is notorious, that blindness is much more common here than in America.

At Dr. Berry's house we met with the Rev. Mr. Atkinson, who is in charge of the Mission proper at this place. He invited us to attend the prayer-meeting at the Mission-school. This school is in charge of ladies sent out by the Board. It was night; but, so far as we could see, the building is spacious and well-arranged. Two rooms were thrown into one by means of sliding doors. The attendance was larger than I expected to see, both of men and women. Mr. Atkinson opened the meeting with singing, prayer, and reading a chapter from the Gospels, upon which he commented. The meeting was then left to take care of itself, which it did very well. One of the lady-teachers made a short talk, after which there was a pause—not long—then a native convert pro-

posed prayer, which he led, all kneeling. At the close of his prayer all remained kneeling, and, after a brief pause, another native prayed, and so on, until five prayers were offered before we arose. Then a paper was handed in by a man, a little talk was indulged in, and a vote taken by lifting the hand. Then a little more talk, then a hymn, and the meeting was at an end. The paper handed in was a request of two members to be transferred to another Church more convenient to them, and the vote granted the request. I ought to explain that there are three or four Churches already organized in Kobe. The talk that followed the vote was occasioned by a statement of one of the native helpers that he had met with strong and determined opposition in a neighborhood in the mountains where he and another had been endeavoring to establish preaching. The result of the conference on the matter was the determination to press the effort to a successful issue.

The whole spirit of this meeting was delightful, so much so, that though I could not understand a word that was said, I *felt* the effect of manner and tone, and that subtle something which you can neither account for nor misunderstand, the sense of a presence that is divine.

It was now near nine o'clock, and at midnight our ship would weigh anchor. A servant with a lantern was sent with us half a mile to the Bund, where he bowed politely, and left us with the pleasant native, "Say-o-nara." We called a boat to take us out to where our ship lay at anchor, and had but one phrase by which we could communicate with our oarsman—

*Mitsu Bishi.* But that was all we needed. A few minutes' easy sculling landed us at the foot of our ladder, and we were soon in our berths, and in a few minutes fast asleep.

Waking up on Sunday morning, we found ourselves in the famous Inland Sea, steaming vigorously ahead. Unfortunately, the day was raw, the piercing north-west wind keeping us indoors nearly all the time. But we *could* not keep still, so varied was the scene.

You are to understand that all Japan is of volcanic origin. The main Island itself consists of a backbone of precipitous mountains of volcanic rock, with ridges straggling irregularly toward the sea, and valleys of alluvial earth between, made of the washings of disintegrated rocks. Not over one-third part of the surface is tillable. Besides the main Island there are three others of good size, Yesso on the north, and at the south and south-east, Sekok and Kiusiu. Besides these, the small islands are numbered by the *thousand*. Of these a very large proportion are in this wonderful Inland Sea. This sea is the strip of water that separates the large islands of Sekok and Kiusiu from the main land. It is literally full of little islands, some of which are of a few miles' extent, and some only a few yards of naked rock, just jutting above the surface of the water. But all of them that are of any size rise precipitously from the water, or, at least, at a sharp angle, and you find yourself gliding through a wilderness of them throughout the whole extent of this sea, and even beyond it, out in the great ocean bordering Kiusiu on the west.

All up the slopes of these islands, wherever there is soil sufficient to sprout turnips, it is terraced, and in cultivation. There are many little patches between ridges of rocks of apparently only a few square yards in extent, that are made to yield all they can to the imperious demand of an over-crowded population. Some of the mountain-sides are literally covered with terraces and little bits of fields to the very summit, and on some others a straggling cultivation insinuates itself here and there wherever it can maintain an obstinate foothold among surrounding rocks. Some of them must be mere patches by which the fishermen supplement the precarious supply of the waters. It is amazing by what toil these people compel a scanty subsistence from the reluctant nature upon which they have been cast—for nature here seems but a beautiful step-mother whose heart is adamant, and who opens no generous hand to her foster-children. She seems to say to them all as they come, "Root, pig, or die." If the reader is not charmed with the elegance of this classical quotation, I hope he will appreciate its expressiveness. I can think of nothing else that comes up to the exact state of the case.

So straitened are the people for room that they select sites for villages apparently where the ground is unavailable for cultivation, and even the cemeteries are located where they will not trench upon valuable soil. Not only is this the case here, but in the great valley between Kobe and Osaka we found the inner slope of a levee thrown up along a river to protect the fields from overflow, used for a burying-ground. Thus even the dead are crowded off into

unsightly corners to make room for the living. And all that care and labor can do to make the earth yield her increase is done. Every thing that can be used for compost to fatten the soil is saved and made the most of. Neither from the house nor stable is any thing allowed to go to waste. Any gill of stuff, no matter what, that will contribute to the larger growth of a few rice, or wheat, or cotton-stalks, is sedulously preserved for use at the right moment. Nor is any labor spared. Every clod is pulverized as if for an ornamental garden. Every weed is exterminated the moment it shows its head. We saw fields made where the soil had all been taken off for the grading of the railroad, and a new and excellent soil had been made.

In this Inland Sea every island of one or two miles in extent has its villages, its cemeteries, its fishing-boats, and its little fields. On one, which we judged to be not over two miles, or at the most two and a half in length, and which at the highest point was at least five hundred feet above the level of the sea, I counted three villages. Its population could not have been less than one thousand on the side next to us, and what was on the other side I do not know.

The scenery is picturesque in the highest degree, but in early summer, when all the fields are waving with the growing crops, these hill-sides must be inexpressibly beautiful. Even now there are green fields of turnips and radishes to break the monotony and cheer the eye. Two crops, one of cereals and one of vegetables, are produced on the same land. Indeed there is often a crop of cotton or rice made

after one of wheat. The cotton is planted in rows between the rows of wheat—every thing is in rows as straight as a line—a month before harvest, so that when the wheat is taken off the cotton will be three or four inches high. If rice is to follow, it is in beds ready for transplanting, and so soon as the wheat is removed the ground is prepared and flooded, and the rice set out.

The sea yields abundantly after its kind. Fish nowhere abounds more than in Japanese waters, and everything is eaten. I saw whale and shark meat in the market at Nagasaki—yes, and for that matter, an *eagle*; and the old market-woman whom we questioned as to the eating of eagles, gave an unmentionable reason why the *men* eat them.

Thus the people compel reluctant nature, and manage to wring from the chary step-dame food for the millions that crowd her rocky bosom.

So passed our Sabbath in the Inland sea, alternately reading the Scriptures and looking out upon the mingled scenes of natural beauty and human toil, unrelieved by any hallowed day. On them was the primal curse of labor, unrelieved by our blessed Sabbath light. How my heart yearned toward them! O my blessed Lord, when will thy sluggish Church send its message of peace to every one of these villages?

After stopping once on Monday morning at a town, the name of which escapes me, we steamed out into the Pacific and rounded the southern point of Kinsin, all the while among thick islands, and on Tuesday morning awoke at Nagasaki. Soon after breakfast, Mr. Davidson, of the M. E. Church, came on

board, and as our ship was to remain here till mid-night, we went ashore with him to spend the day. It turned out to be a rainy day, but we walked through the dirtiest streets we had seen in Japan for two or three hours. We saw many things that I cannot now describe. We saw the manufacture of tortoise-shell, which was perhaps the only thing done here which we had not seen in the cities farther north. There was another thing we took a moment's interest in. Passing along a street we heard a sound which I supposed to be that of some sort of simple instrument of music, but upon going in we found half a dozen men preparing cotton-lint with the violent vibration of a stretched cord, as I used to see hatters prepare felt for making hats.

After lunch, in the pleasant family of our friend, we called on Mr. Mangum, the U. S. Consul at this port, to whom I had a letter from his relative, Professor Mangum, of the University of North Carolina. We spent a pleasant half-hour with him, and then took our leave of Japan.

We are now fifty miles out on our way to China, but the ocean on our right is still strewn with Japanese islands, some of them quite extensive and populous. We hope to reach Shanghai on Thursday morning.

## CHAPTER VI.

### LIFE IN DAI NIPPON.

**I**T WILL be difficult to convey to the American any accurate idea of the actual life of the people of this country; nevertheless, I will make some effort in that line.

To begin with the houses: The first thing a foreigner will notice is that the farmers live in villages, that the houses are generally only of one story, except in the larger towns and cities, where they are often two stories, the second being scarcely more than a half-story. They are almost invariably destitute of paint, both inside and out, which gives them a very dingy appearance. They are constructed sometimes of plank set upright, the edges fitting square against each other; sometimes of mud, supported by a frame of timbers, and sometimes only of matting. In the day-time almost the whole front is open, or else partially closed by sliding windows, which consist of a sort of thin paper, very tough and semi-transparent, which is pasted upon a sash with small squares. Often there are several frames of these sash, which slide back and forth, so that they may be entirely closed, or partially or wholly opened, at will. At night a sliding door is put in, outside of the paper window, and all is snugly closed. A floor covers only a part of the area inside, usually the greater

part, there always being a space inside in which there is only the bare ground. The floor is a neat platform about two feet high, and is always covered with matting, except that often on the front edge there is a strip of naked plank. This matting is always as clean as clean can be, and the naked part of the floor not only clean, but polished until it fairly glistens. The roof is sometimes of thatch, very thick, often eighteen inches, with the edges at the eaves cut accurately upon a horizontal line, which gives it a very neat aspect; sometimes of tiles, very heavy, the joints often covered with ridges of white cement, giving the roof a singular striped appearance; and sometimes, though very rarely, of shingles, which are extremely thin, almost as thin as a very heavy shaving.

In the houses there is no furniture—no table, no chairs, no bedsteads. The people sit on the clean mats, and be it known, no shoe ever comes upon the mat, these always being dropped on the naked piece of ground already mentioned. The shoe, as I shall describe hereafter, is so made that there is no difficulty in dropping or resuming it. In sitting down, they drop on their knees and then back on their heels, the ankle joint being bent so that the instep lies upon the floor. Accustomed from childhood to this posture, the knee and ankle-joints seem to have become adapted to it. They sleep either on the naked mat, covering themselves with cotton-stuffed quilts, or at best have a quilt under as well as over them. As for eating, they either hold a dish in their hands, or set it on the floor, or on a little fixture no larger than a stool, and serving only for one person.

No Japanese house has a chimney. For fire, sometimes there is a square opening in the floor, and sometimes a brazier sitting on the floor. In either case the fire-bed is half filled with ashes, and the fire made of a handful of charcoal. I never saw a fire in a Japanese house made of any thing else, or in any other way. A few instances I saw of a separate fire under a shed for cooking, but as a rule the fire that warms their fingers cooks their food also. The bed of live coals is half covered with ashes, and it is astonishing how long one handful will last. On a cold day you will see the people hovering round the brazier and holding their fingers close down over the fire, and upon approaching you will find quite a degree of warmth within a few inches, but the general temperature of the room is not affected.

In the towns, and even the large cities, the stores are mere shops, and very small at that. One country store in America will keep a stock worth a half-dozen of the average shops of Tokio or Yokohama. I saw a few exceptions—notably, the porcelain bazaar on the Desima at Nagasaki, the establishment that sent of its wares to the Centennial. The proprietor told us he sent over too much—more than his agent had been able to sell. Usually, one shop in the cities deals only in a certain line of goods. There are no great factories in Japan; nothing is made by machinery; and you will often see the manufacture of goods and their sale in the same house. We saw baskets, shoes, needles, tortoise-shell work, and other things, being made by hand in the shops where they were sold. The shops are very small, and have little back-rooms to accommodate the

family, the wife often waiting on customers when there is a press of business, she being in easy call.

A vast amount of hard work is done in a sitting posture. The blacksmith has his furnace very low, and his anvil sits, like himself, on the ground. I saw a number at their work in this way, and they work very efficiently, too, seated on their knees and heels. Of course, there are some sorts of work that bring them to their feet, but the greater part is done as I have described. I have seen a carpenter sitting in like manner planing lumber, and sliding the board along instead of moving himself. By the way, they handle their tools differently from us. Both in sawing and planing, they *draw the tool toward them*, instead of pushing it. The saw is short, and becomes wider in the direction in which ours becomes narrow, terminating abruptly, or at a slight angle. The stock of the plane is not more than an inch and a half thick, and is grasped by the hands, having no handle at all. This mode of sawing and planing, drawing the implement towards you, is said to be very efficient when the sleight is once acquired; but I must confess it seems very odd to me. Nor are these the only things they do the wrong way. The tailor holds his needle stationary in his left hand, and wriggles his seam upon the point of it, working the cloth with his right hand. They also mount their horses from the right instead of the left side. I have heard it said here that they laugh when we weep, and do not laugh on the same occasions as we. But that is to be classed with the hasty and extravagant things you will always hear among foreigners. I have never failed to see them laugh heartily and spontaneously

at the very things which amuse us; and they seem to me to be as quick to see the point where there is any fun.

The costume of the sexes is the same, or was until foreign suggestion came in, which has effected some changes about the cities; still the old style prevails. There is a loose garment, open in front, but lapping over largely, so as to conceal the person effectually, fastened around the waist with a sash, or girdle, and reaching to the feet. Over this there is another shorter garment, a sort of blouse, with large sleeves. This is generally left loose, though it is sometimes fastened about the waist by a belt. These garments are of thin cotton goods generally, but the well-to-do have them of better stuff, and if the wearer is rich, they are sometimes of very costly silks.

Sometimes the cooly wears only the blouse, with a bandage about the loins, which does not always serve the ends of decency. The lower limbs, in that case, are naked from the hips down. I saw a good many instances of that sort, and before the advent of foreigners they were much more common. Since the revolution, the laws forbid the public exposure of the person—since that time, especially in the cities frequented by foreigners, there has been quite an innovation in the style of dress among the coolies. They have a style of pantaloons that fit as close as the skin—so that you wonder how they ever get out or in. But I discovered, upon close observation, that there was a slit at the ankle, and the edges lapped and fastened, perhaps by a stitch. This garment I thought very becoming. As Dr. Anderson would say, the men seem as if they might have been

melted and poured in. Over these the blouse is worn, and the effect is as becoming as any cheap dress I ever saw. A lady told me at Tokio that the whole suit of her jinrikisha man, breeches and blouse, did not cost above fifty cents. It was of blue cotton goods, and decidedly neat. This new style of dress is more worn among jinrikisha men than any other class of laborers, for two reasons: one is that foreigners, especially ladies, will not ride after naked lower limbs; and the other, that these breeches do not embarrass rapid motion as the long, loose garments of the natives do. This new style has the additional advantage of distinguishing between the sexes.

In the native dress the chief distinction of costume, as between the men and women, is in the style of the hair. The men shave a strip of scalp, from the forehead to the crown of the head, from one and a half to three inches wide. Then the hair is combed up all round, and collected into a mass at the crown, being treated heavily to oil, so that it adheres and makes a round handful, which is turned back sharp and tied with a string, then turned forward sharp and tied again, so as to lie pointing forward on the shaven scalp, about midway of which it is cut off square. Nothing could be more arbitrary or unartistic. The women dress their hair in a much more becoming way, parting it in the middle, and making one or two round puffs on the back very smooth, and often quite pretty. But I have seen very few women here who would be called handsome, and the married ones make themselves unnecessarily ugly by shaving the eyebrows and blacking the teeth. To my eye it is really disgusting.

Neither men nor women dress their own hair, but even the poorest of them employ the professional hair-dresser. His services are in demand, however, only once or twice a week. They sleep with the neck resting on a small roll on a little block of wood, so that the hair is not disturbed, and the oil-dressing keeps it smooth several days. But now a good many of them are falling into the foreign mode, especially the men.

The unadulterated native goes bare-headed, except occasionally a broad bamboo head-shade may be seen. Nearly all, however, are wholly uncovered.

The Japanese shoe is a wonderful thing. It is sometimes a sandal, sometimes a clog. The sandal is made of wheat or rice-straw, and is much more durable than a foreigner would believe. Occasionally you will see them with a leather sole adhering to the underside; but they are generally all straw. The clog is a piece of board, cut the size of the foot, and elevated from the ground by other pieces of board, one near the heel and one near the toe, inserted tight in grooves, and glued. These pieces raise the foot two, three, and I have seen them as much as four inches. Both clogs and sandals are secured upon the foot by a cord coming up between the big and second toes and coming back over the sides of the foot. They are often worn on the bare foot, but sometimes with a short stocking, knit with a separate place for the big toe, like the thumb of a glove, to make a place for the cord which holds the shoe in place. By a momentary movement the shoe is released from the foot, and it is always left off at the entrance of temples, churches, and school-houses,

and in the uncovered space of dwellings, so that no dust nor mud is taken in upon the carpet, or, more properly, the mat.

Would you believe that horses are shod with rice-straw? Believe it or not, as you please, I affirm it, being an eye-witness—and not horses only, but oxen, too, for that matter.

Only a few wealthy people ride on horseback. Often in the mountains men are carried on the shoulders of coolies, by a very simple contrivance; and this was the case everywhere until the jinrikisha was introduced. There are no native wheeled vehicles, except a very rude sort of cart or wagon, all of wood, the wheels being made of two layers of plank nailed together, having a rim of a species of very tough timber. The jinrikisha is the invention of a foreigner, within the last six or seven years, and is believed really to have lightened the task of those who were accustomed to carry travelers. The Empire owes it to a missionary.

You see children everywhere in swarms, and there is the queerest mode of carrying them. The blouse, or loose upper garment of the nurse, is drawn down and back from the back part of the neck, making it very loose on the back, and it is then made fast at the waist by a belt. This makes a sack into which the babe may be dropped on the back of its nurse. Girls too young for heavy work are put to this service. I have seen some who could not have been more than six or seven years old, cruelly burdened in this way. Often the old grandmother, and sometimes old men, are thus employed, and at Tokio I saw a boy ten or twelve years old with a baby on his back.

The women not unfrequently do out-of-doors work. At Nagasaki they assisted in coaling our ship. You often see them at the loom or wheel, sitting on the floor or a low stool, hard at work. I wish I could describe one of the looms, but I despair. It is very small, but used with great dexterity. In fact, everybody that is big enough, and not too old, is at work, or engaged in the traffic of the country. I presume there are as few idlers as are to be found anywhere, and many are greatly overtasked; but they must do what offers, or else starve; and, indeed, it almost seems the next thing to starvation with the poor. They live on rice, fish, and vegetables—often on rice and vegetables alone, and it is said that the vegetables they use are mostly various species of turnips and radishes, very tasteless, and containing but little nutrition; yet I believe there is no actual starvation, and they all seem to get sufficient to keep them in vigorous working condition.

In the middle and southern portions of the Empire the country is about as thickly settled, it seems to me, as it will bear; but in the extreme northern part, and particularly in the Island of Yesso, there is much excellent land that has never been appropriated. The inhabitants of Yesso seem to be of a race somewhat different from those farther south, and are in a much more barbarous condition, at least in the interior.

There are some beautiful traits of domestic life here. Filial duty is said to be almost universal, and the authority of parents is held sacred. Especially is the mother held in the highest veneration, and a

son is never so old as to feel himself free from her authority. Marriages are contracted in deference to her wishes, and the married son often makes his home with his widowed mother, in which case the wife and all are under her authority.

The class of abandoned women is very large, but the wife, it is believed, is almost always virtuous; and it is not unfrequently the case that women pass out of the class of prostitutes to become wives and mothers. A woman who is the cast-off mistress of a foreigner seems to be at no disadvantage as to her chances of an honorable marriage. Young women who are in their homes are believed to be generally virtuous. But it is not unfrequently the case that a man straitened for money will *sell* his daughter to a foreigner to be his concubine, or to the keeper of a house of ill-fame for the most infamous life. What a blunted moral sensibility there must be where such a thing as that may be done in the face of day! It is plain to me that there can be no high degree of moral feeling where there is no gospel. No form of religious belief but the Christian raises the sense of shame and of virtue to any thing like a normal state.

It is not to be supposed that these people are free from domestic infelicity. It seems incredible to them that foreigners never whip their wives. A native recently asked a missionary at Osaka how in the world Americans managed to make their women behave without beating them. O women of my country! will ye not bestir yourselves to give these humiliated wives the gospel, to which you owe all your elevation and refinement?

One-half the money spent by the women of the

Southern Methodist Church for gewgaws would support a hundred missionaries in Japan. How long, O how long, thou Son of God! until thy Church shall be baptized with thy own spirit of love? When will the day come when every man and every woman who bears thy name will come to the help of the Lord—to the help of the Lord against the mighty?

The Japanese are as capable of reaching the highest type of Christian character as the European or American. Many beautiful traits of character appear among them—traits which show a very high susceptibility to noble impulses. They are polite, even to excess. Some of the most exquisite and delicate forms of intercourse mark their social customs. What among us can equal the phrase they use at parting, *Say-o-nara*? The meaning of it is, "Since it must be so." It shows an actual genius in this line—it is the very poetry of elegant manners. No doubt, there is a little hypocrisy in it sometimes, but then what form of good breeding is there that is not liable to that abuse?

## CHAPTER VII.

### RELIGION IN DAI NIPPON.

WHAT a man *sees*, he can report with confidence, and no man can pass through this country without seeing temples and shrines and images until his very eyes will be bewildered. St. Paul would have classed them with the Athenians. It is not to be supposed that the temples are all great and costly structures. Far from it. There are a few such in the cities, but scattered through the country there are many that are mere shells, having no beauty, either of design or execution. Nor are the images all found in temples. There are a great many scattered by the wayside, generally, I believe, in connection with burial places. But very often the grave has disappeared, and the traveler will see nothing but the row of images. These exposed images are all small, at least so far as I saw, and cut in high relief on slabs of what seemed to be a hard sandstone, or gray granite. One thing I observed particularly—they were all old. I saw but *one* that looked fresh. They were in various stages of decay. I saw some more pretentious deities standing out in the neighborhood of temples, not in relief, but full figures, of the same material. Some were well preserved, some with mutilated limbs, some with noses crumbled off, and some that had lost their heads.

Truly, these gods are in a bad way, and if they represent the religion of Japan, it needs revamping beyond doubt.

The primitive religion of the country was Sintooism. What this religion is specifically, I can hardly say. The word Sinto, or Shinto, means simply the doctrine concerning God. This form of religion still exists in the country, and has a good many temples. Its priests claim that they use no images in their worship; but the only Sintoo temple of any note that I visited contained some life-size figures. The priests, however, explained to us that they were only statues of men distinguished in Japanese history. One invariable piece of furniture is a large, circular mirror of polished metal. The one I saw was about three feet in diameter. This mirror commemorates a great event in Sintoo mythology. It seems that a very powerful goddess became offended on some occasion, and falling into a sulky mood went off and hid herself, whereupon great calamities impended, and I know not what extremity poor mortals were driven to, until they bethought themselves to place a mirror somewhere in a position in which the celestial beauty would come upon it unawares. The expedient was successful, for when she saw herself she was so delighted with her own beauty that she at once came out in the best possible humor with herself and everything else.

A silly mythology of this sort makes up, so far as I could learn, the body of Sintoo teaching as it is current in Japan. It goes back to the beginning of things, when the first god and goddess were evolved out of the primary elements, and gods and goddesses

multiplied, and out of their fecundity the family of the Mikadoes sprung, so that the Mikado is the representative of the divine presence on earth. It represents that the whole mass of the elements was divided, so that one part constituted heaven and the other the earth, and that these were so near together at first that there was a bridge between them, over which the gods had easy passage back and forth. But the separation became greater, and the heavens lifted, until intercourse became impossible, at least on the mortal side, and the Mikado was the only divine object left below. All this the simple people seem to have taken with implicit credulity, and it certainly served the ends of kingcraft effectually, for to this day the Emperor is regarded with superstitious awe by the great mass of the people—so much so that when he goes out many of them conceal themselves, thinking it wrong to look upon his sacred person.

In the sixth century of the Christian era Buddhism entered Japan from China and Corea, and soon met with popular favor. But, in becoming naturalized in its new home, it became greatly modified in many respects. Indeed, not less than five or six great sects were formed, all differing in important respects. I have no minute knowledge of these modifications, and in this chapter I can speak of its general aspects only.

The moral code of the Buddhists, in Japan as in India, is above criticism; but as a religion, both its tenets and its practice are evil, and only evil, continually; at least in its Japanese developments. It is idolatrous and superstitious in the last degree, and

many of its rites and superstitions are as silly as they are abominable. It has its images and shrines everywhere, and you would be astonished to see the similarity of it in many respects to Roman Catholicism.

First, it is similar in its modes of worship. This similarity appears, in the first place, in the general fact that in both the public services are designed for dramatic effect. I happened to witness a service at the celebrated temple of Shiba, in Tokio. There was a sermon by the priest, which was followed by a service in which different parts were performed by various priests, some of whom were concealed in recesses, and the intoning, with occasional ringing of bells, of various sizes, and posturing and genuflections, the whole of which was contrived with a good deal of skill, and appealed to the imagination in a very effective way. Besides this, there are many points of exact correspondence, suggesting that either the Buddhists or the Romanists must have borrowed, the one from the other, or both from a common source. There is the "holy water," used for the same purposes, and much in the same way; there is the burning of incense; there are the lighted tapers; there are the images and the prostrations; there are the beads, and I know not what all. In the presence of these things you can scarcely keep from feeling that you are witnessing the carryings on of the priests of Rome.

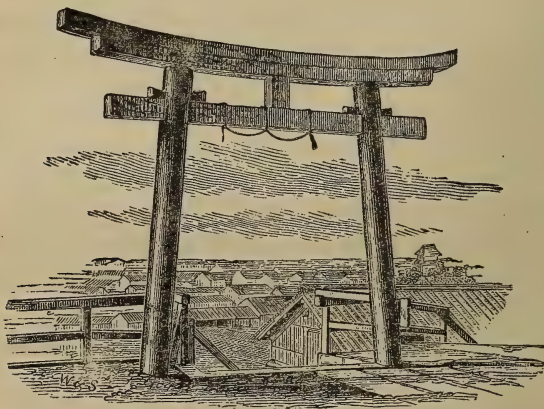
Nor has the popish priest a monopoly of purgatory, for his Buddhist rival manages this institution as dexterously and profitably as he, and much in the same way, having his own methods of getting the soul

out of it—methods which he will ply with greater or less vigor, according to the amount of the fee. A man whose surviving relatives are sufficiently rich and liberal may have all the machinery put into operation, and get through quick; but woe to the trifling scamp who dies poor, and has no rich nor generous kin to come to his relief. He must lag through the full period of his torments. So you see that purgatory is no richer source of revenue to the Roman hierarchy than it is to the Buddhist priests.

Of course there are some superstitions that are peculiar to the latter. There is, for instance, a wooden god in the temple at Asakusa, Tokio, who is supposed to have the power of healing diseases on this wise: the sufferer rubs his hand over that part of the deity which corresponds to the diseased organ, and then rubs it upon the seat of the pain. It seems incredible, but it is a fact, that by the mere friction of human hands this good divinity has had his nose rubbed down even with his cheeks; the cheeks are worn flat; the forehead and brows have suffered no little, and there scarcely remains any trace of the eyes; and my traveling companion remarked that, from the condition of another part of his body, it was evident that colic must be a prevalent disease in Japan. This fragment of a god I myself saw, and I saw several persons do the prescribed rubbing.

At the entrance of the great temples there are two huge figures, generally of wood, one on each side, called the "guardians of the temple." They are benevolent deities, though all that I saw had grotesque faces. One is supposed to welcome the good, and the other to repel the evil. Prayers are offered

to them after a singular fashion. The *prayer* writes his petition on a piece of paper, reduces it, in his mouth, to the condition of stiff pulp, which he makes into a ball, and this he throws at the *prayee*. If the ball sticks, the petition is favorably received; otherwise, it is denied. Those that I saw had a great number of these little balls adhering to them—in fact, they were peppered all over.



SINGULAR GATEWAY BEFORE HEATHEN TEMPLES.

(A gateway, similar to the one represented in the above illustration, stands in front of nearly every heathen temple in Japan. Its meaning is unknown.)

There are one or more Sintoo shrines which are visited by people from all parts of the empire. I was told that poor people sometimes make a journey of hundreds of miles on foot, and upon arriving they cast a few coppers into the treasure-box of the shrine. This is all. No other worship is offered,

but so soon as they cast in their offering they return. In all the temples, so far as I saw or could learn, an offering of money, commonly a small sum, accompanies every act of worship, but at these particular shrines it constitutes the only service rendered.

It were, indeed, an endless task to describe the follies of this idolatry, and the reader would be out of patience with it if called upon to go through with the one-hundredth part of it.

I have said that the moral precepts of the Buddhists are above criticism, and no doubt there are some who are more or less influenced by them, but the general tone of morals is very low. Impurity abounds. A missionary physician, in charge of a dispensary, told me that he had a very large practice, and that at least *nine-tenths* of all the cases that he treated were diseases which were the direct effect of licentiousness. He stated further, that in proportion to their numbers as large a proportion of these cases were of the *Buddhist priests* as of any other class. These priests, you will remember—and this is another point in the parallel already suggested—are *celibates*. Chastity, it may be safely said, is a virtue unknown among the *men* of Japan, and even the women, though many of them are free from actual prostitution, are restrained by causes very different from those supplied by the consciences of Christian women. That delicate inner purity which prevails in Europe and America, under the inspiration of the Christian civilization, is a fact unknown in the consciousness of these people. The vitalizing effect of the Christian faith and the ministration of the Holy Spirit, and these alone, can elevate human character.

to that sensitive delicacy of conscience which must be the ground of all real chastity.

But there seems to be no doubt that the old religions of Japan are losing their hold upon the faith of large classes of the people. The temples are not thronged as they once were, nor are their revenues so ample. The influx of new ideas and the presence of foreigners have produced their effect. It has been observed that the presence of foreigners restrains many from their devotions in the temples, and sometimes when they do perform any act of worship in the presence of a European or an American, that they may chance to be acquainted with, they explain and apologize. They seem to be conscious that the whole business is silly and worthless. Even on the occasion of a festival at Shiba, when great pains were taken to bring the people together, and a celebrated priest was officiating, the attendance was small, and a large portion of those present were priests. While yet the service was going on, we saw a priest in one corner of the house exposing trinkets, and when we proposed to purchase some for curiosities, he was very ready to sell; and, more than that, he asked us if we did not desire to rent a house, as he had a very good temple to rent on easy terms. In fact a good many temples in Tokio are in use by foreigners, either for residence or business, and a Mission-school of the M. E. Church is domiciled in one. The public school we visited at Kamakura was taught in an unused temple, and, so far as I could learn, this state of things obtains widely, but more especially in those regions which are frequented by foreigners. Yet, no doubt, the great mass of the people are still

sincere adherents of the faith of their fathers. But the revolution of thought is all the while spreading and becoming more extensive; and it may be safely said that the days of idolatry are numbered.

What then? Will the Christian faith be accepted in its stead? On this point there is ground of hope; there is also ground of apprehension.

The European and American civilization is universally admired, and its superiority felt; and, as has appeared in former communications, a great effort is now made, both by the Government and the more intelligent of the people, to introduce it. Along with this there is the conviction in the minds of many, that the Christian faith is at the bottom of this higher civilization. Along with this conviction, again, is the disposition to regard this religion with favor. But this all does not indicate any positive faith, at least not necessarily so, and there are no doubt many who are well-disposed toward Christianity in view of the worldly advantage which they hope to derive from it. Because it will make Japan great and prosperous, they welcome it, and it is believed that this feeling is entertained by many who have no real faith in its divine truth, and realize no interest in its saving mercies—many who, indeed, know little or nothing of its doctrines. But this favorable attitude of the public mind toward the Christian religion, it is hoped, will give its teachers access to the people, and serve as an open door, which, if the Church is true to her high calling, she may enter by effectual means. Thus, the responsibility comes upon the Church, so that if she fails the sin and shame must lie upon her conscience.

The profound respect in which foreigners are held, as representatives of a higher civilization, also gives the missionary great power. In no nation of the East, perhaps, is this advantage realized in so high a degree. Foreigners are the professors in her great University, and teachers of many of her schools. Four or five of the professors in the University are ministers of the gospel, and others are earnest Christian men. Some of them, however, are men who are not religious.

The text-books in the schools are translations of American school-books, and one of the Readers gives a summary of Bible-history, while in several other books there is such incidental and reverent reference to Christianity as cannot but give it a great influence with the pupils.

To all this is to be added the fact that missionary labor has met with a greater measure of actual success than in any other field. It is only since the revolution that the field has been at all open. Not more than five years have elapsed since the first Church was organized, and only a very few have existed over two years. The greater part of the men in the field have come so lately as scarcely yet to have got sufficient mastery of the language for efficient service. Yet, even now, already one thousand converted Japanese have been brought into the fold, and a constantly and rapidly-increasing number of catechumens await admission. Many of the missionaries here are men who have had long experience in China and India, and with one voice they testify that they have labored in no field before which was so white to the harvest.

But let it not be supposed that the victory is won. The conquest of an empire to Christ is not the work of a day, nor the easy achievement of a thoughtless hand. The detail of labor and self-denial by which the millions of Japan may be brought to an intelligent faith and a state of godly discipline, is something almost appalling. Every new convert must have all his ideas of life revolutionized. What a task even such a man as St. Paul had to reduce the Churches, made up of new converts from among the heathen, to a proper moral condition!

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### CHINA.

WE HAVE been in China now five or six days, and have seen and heard what might fill a volume. In undertaking to communicate to friends the facts which are of principal interest, I feel oppressed by the consciousness that no adequate representation can be made—at least by

me. Several things conspire to render this impossible. No rapid survey of conditions so new can give a stranger the accurate knowledge which will secure him against mistake; and if a writer blunders, he must, of course, mislead his readers. Then, what he sees is so unlike anything his readers know of, it is difficult to state facts so fully and perspicuously as to give a distinct and well-defined view of them; but I will do the best I can, and feel assured, at least, that my readers will have information that is as accurate as a stranger can gather.

As our steamer approached the wharf, our eyes were cheered by the sight of Rev. J. W. Lambuth and his little son Willie approaching to welcome us and conduct us to their hospitable home. Mounted in the "trap," we passed up the Bund, crossed a canal, and trotted on until we came to the "tsunka-mook-ja," and found ourselves at the gate of the residence which was to be our *home* in this distant region—this strange world. Ah! what an old-time, Methodist welcome was in the face and voice of our dear Sister Lambuth, as she greeted us on the veranda, and how fully has the first tone of the greeting been followed up from that moment of meeting until now! Blessed be the name of God for all the sweet charities and endearments of Christian life and hospitality! Our Saviour promised to those who should forsake houses and lands and homes for the gospel's sake, that they should have a hundred-fold, even in this present time—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, *homes*—and I hereby testify that he has kept his word to me. In America, in Japan, in China, he has made the promise good. He pur-

sues me with his mercies even to the ends of the earth.

On entering China from Japan one is struck with the difference in several particulars. You approach Shanghai through the mouth of the Yang Tse river, one of the largest in the world. You feel at once that you are in the presence of a continent—not an island. In Japan you are confronted by bold mountains everywhere—here you see only a vast plain, elevated but a little above the level of the sea. At Shanghai, forty miles above the mouth of the river, the tide rises and falls several feet, so slight is the elevation of the land. The contrasts appear, also, in the first sight you get of the people. There is the most striking absence of the cleanliness of the Japanese. There even the coolies have the appearance of being washed, here they look filthy. There the little boats that ply about the harbor for chance jobs, though innocent of paint, are scoured every day, and have the inviting aspect of cleanliness—here they are dirty-looking, though some are painted. Here the clothing of many of the laborers is a mere mass of rags—while there the poorest, even if only half-clad, show an aspect of neatness in the scant garments they have.

But the contrasts are not all in favor of the Japanese. Many of the native boats are larger and of a better class than any you see in Japanese waters, and many of them are painted. But they have a foolish practice of painting an eye on each side of the bow of the boat. They say it could not see how to go without this. Whether this is a superstition, or a mere fancy and fashion, I am sure I do not know.

The foreign settlements are larger and more sightly than at Yokohama. Many of the business houses are massive and imposing.

As for the native city, what shall I say? There is nothing like it in Japan. After all I had heard and read of Oriental cities, this one had the advantage of absolute novelty to me on first sight. I had been betrayed into the expectation of finding all the houses here as low as those in the great cities of Japan, and did not think but that the streets would be about the same width; for those were narrow enough in all reason. The houses, indeed, are not very much higher here, but the streets are so excessively narrow as to make them seem so. Even the principal streets are not above eight or ten feet wide, and in many of them a man can stand in the middle and touch the houses on both sides. Imagine a great city with all its going and coming in such thoroughfares. Even in the foreign concessions, outside of the walls, where the streets are much wider—though still very narrow to the eye of an American—the crowd is such that it is a task to get along. You are to remember that there are no vehicles possible in those crowded ways—that is, I mean in the walled part of the city. Every thing is borne on men's shoulders. All the goods that are sold, all the food that is eaten, all the water that is used, all the garbage and offal that are removed, are borne by men. If the burden is very great it is suspended from a bamboo-pole and carried by two men. Smaller weights are carried by one man, two buckets, boxes, or whatever it may be, being suspended, one upon each end of the pole, which is balanced

upon the shoulder. Thus the entire local transportation of a great city is carried on. The cargoes of great steamships and of innumerable junks are distributed in this way. Even in the wider streets of the concessions there is no vehicle larger than the wheelbarrow, propelled by one man, though foreigners drive around in traps drawn by one horse—occasionally by two. The jinrikisha has been introduced, also, from Japan; but the heavy work is done by overloaded men. Here, as in Japan, human muscle is the most abundant and cheapest thing in the market.

Every "trap" has a coolie perched behind, and keeping a lookout ahead, to shout to the crowd, warning them of danger, yet the driver trots ahead—and the wonder of wonders to me is that people are not run over. The pedestrian has to be constantly on the dodge to keep out of the way of traps, jinrikishas, and wheelbarrows, and they often brush his clothes; but mine host assured me that he had never upset a man yet. There are two standing miracles in the world—one is that any boy lives to be ten years old, and the other that men traverse the streets of a Chinese city without getting their necks broken. But *within the walls* of the city there are no traps, jinrikishas, or wheelbarrows—there is no space for them—and very rarely a man on horseback or donkey-back—still, progress is only a series of dodges. You dodge those you meet every two steps; you dodge to get ahead of slow walkers; you dodge the heavy loads that dangle from the bamboo-poles, many of them being open buckets brimful of the most offensive slops; you dodge the sedan chairs,

and thus literally wriggle along the streets. I always experience a sense of relief when I get indoors again, and find myself out of the hubbub.

The Chinese, like the Japanese, propel their small boats by *sculling*, instead of *rowing*. The skill of the Japanese in this interested me much, but the Chinese excel them, having a more efficient method. There is a rope attached to the upper end of the oar, and at the other extremity to the side of the boat; and while one hand grasps the oar the other aids the stroke by pulling backward and forward upon the rope. The force with which they move forward is something wonderful. We crossed a considerable river, in which the tide was running out with a pretty strong current, with eight passengers, and one man to work the oar. We crossed at a slight angle against the current, and the little craft actually made a bee-line to the point of landing. I am certain that if it had been a skiff, with two men to row it, it would have yielded perceptibly to the force of the stream. Another thing that surprises me about this sculling is the accuracy with which a man, with only one oar, worked backward and forward at the rear end of his boat, can direct its course. He drives to his point within a hair's-breadth. The Orientals do some things better than we.

But oh, the filth of a Chinese city! The smells! the smells! the smells! Ugh! I have no such mastery of language as will enable me to do justice to this subject—but if I had I would not attempt it, for a civilized man would have to hold his nose to read it.

We have just returned from a trip to Ningpo.

The "we" of my letters always includes Mr. Hendrix, and in this instance it includes also Mr. Parker, of Soochow. We were led to make this visit partly on account of the celebrity of the wood carvings of that place, but mainly because it is one of the oldest Protestant Mission-fields in China, having been occupied now, by the Presbyterians and Baptists, for some thirty-two or thirty-three years. We had an elegant steamboat, belonging to a native Chinese company. These boats, by special order of the company, take all ministers of the gospel at half-fare. What think you of that for a company of heathen steamboat owners? The captain, an American, was a most delightful gentleman, who made our trip as agreeable as possible. The Rev. Mr. Leyenberger, of the Presbyterian Mission, met us the moment the boat landed, and took us to his home for breakfast, where we met Mr. Butler, his colleague. These gentlemen, first one and then the other, devoted themselves to us during the day, and their kindness was as hearty as it was serviceable; for through them we were enabled to make the most of the one day we had for this place. Here, for the first time, we were taken into a "tea-hong," where they were preparing tea for the foreign market—that is, ruining it. It is subjected to a degree of heat as high as a man can bear his hand in for a short time; for which purpose it is put into iron vessels over furnaces. While in this process of heating it is stirred actively by men's hands, the man changing from one hand to the other at short intervals, the heat being too great to be borne long even by those accustomed to it. Into these vessels a handful of coloring matter is cast,

consisting of—what? I do not know what all. Prussian blue, we were told, enters into the compound, and with our eyes we saw indigo being pulverized for this purpose. I have never relished tea in America, and I think I shall never drink it there again. Here in China, where it is used pure, it is a delightful beverage. If I can't get it without indigo hereafter I think I shall not take it at all. You can get no respectable Chinaman to drink it after it has been doctored for the foreign market, and I feel altogether disposed to class myself with intelligent Chinamen on the tea question—that is, as to the tea itself—but for the water they use here in making it—excuse me. All the water the natives use in Shanghai—and I suppose in all other cities of the level parts of the country—is taken out of the canals. Come with me a moment to the bank of the canal. Do you see the mouth of that sewer pouring its filthy contents into it? Just below see that woman washing the foulest vessel. Below her there is a man washing his face and hands, the first time, may be, for a week. Below him, again, a man is dropping two buckets into the water, the buckets suspended, one from each end of a bamboo-pole. His buckets filled, he balances the pole on his shoulder and trots off along the narrow streets. Where is he going? To some Chinese gentleman's house, bearing the supply of water for cooking, making tea, drinking, and all other purposes for which water is used. For these domestic uses all foreigners save the water from their roofs, preserving it in huge earthen jars; but the natives, high and low, depend on the canal for all purposes. So delicately cultivated is the celestial palate!

In Ningpo we took tiffin, at one o'clock, with the Rev. Robert Swallow, missionary of the United Methodist Free Churches of England. He is a young man, and with him and his excellent wife we spent a most delightful hour. They are devoted to their work, and happy in it. What a delightful spirit of intelligence and piety was in the atmosphere of this English home in the heart of the walled city given so to idolatry!

We called, also, on Dr. Lord, of the Baptist Church, who is also the American Consul at Ningpo. We found him engaged in consular duties not of the most pleasant character, but he received us with the cordiality we have met with from the missionaries of all the Churches. He has a Mission-school for girls, and we learned one fact with peculiar satisfaction—it has been an inflexible rule of this school to require the girls to unbind their feet. In the outset this was in their way—the girls educated there could not be married because of the prejudice against women with big feet; but public opinion has been so completely conquered that the girls from the school have as fair a chance for honorable marriage and settlement as any. This is looked upon by all the missionaries as a wonderful instance of progress.

Having purchased a few choice specimens of the famous Ningpo wood-carving, we repaired to our boat, where we found the brethren present to take leave of us, and we parted from them after an acquaintance of a few hours, with regret, ready to say, with the Japanese, in good earnest, “sayonara” —“since it must be so.”

What I have said about the filth of Chinese cities,

and the stench that greets the nostrils almost everywhere, may lead to the inference that my estimate of the Chinese is very low in every respect; but this would be a great mistake. In many respects they are a great people, and they are certainly capable of the highest development. If Chinese life can be revolutionized in a few vital points, the grandest results must follow. I shall have a good deal to say on this subject hereafter.

Returning from Ningpo, we found ourselves at *home* again in the charming family of Brother Lambuth, where nearly all the missionaries met us in the evening. As in Tokio, so here, they have a meeting once a month, in which they take tea and worship God together, and then discuss some topic connected with their work. The topic for this evening was, "The discouragements and encouragements of the work in China." It was a grand opportunity for gaining insight into the real state of affairs, and was worth a month's observation in ordinary circumstances. The discussion was perfectly free and independent, and evinced just that agreement in essential points, and that diversity in many respects, that was most refreshing. Like the Conference at Tokio, it gave us an exalted opinion of the character and capacity of the men in the field here. Certainly the Churches have sent men of a high average, and God has put his seal upon them.

The Mission has two Quarterly Conferences, one comprised of the missionaries and native helpers, and the other of the missionaries alone. The latter is called the English Conference, for the reason that its minutes are kept in the English language. These

Conferences were both in session. The recommendation of the preachers for orders was made in the English Conference, of course, and made regular matter of record. The native Conference, including all the six helpers, with Mr. Hendrix and myself, were taken together in photograph, for we could not but feel that there was an historic importance connected with it that would give high interest—to *us* at least—to such a memorial of it. The event is an epoch in the history of the Church in China. It is felt to be so here in several respects.

1. It brings them into conscious and actual sympathy with the Church at home. In the United States, with all the machinery of the Church in perfect order, and in the midst of those habitual fellowships which give a support and courage that are so constant as to escape our thoughts, it will be impossible to realize the value and significance of an official visit here. To the missionaries it is the assurance of a thoughtful care on the part of the brethren from whom they are so far removed, and to the native Church it brings the fellowship of a distant people to whom they owe all the knowledge of God they have, into a form of expression that makes it near and real.

2. It raises the organization of the Church here out of an inchoate condition, and advances it toward completeness. Several native preachers can now baptize their own converts, and some can administer the holy communion, and so become pastors in the fullest sense of the word. Still their work will be held under the constant oversight of the superintendent, whose authority, as the representative of the Church, they feel to be supreme.

3. As a sign of progress, it gives the inspiration of hope, and this is a source of power that can scarcely be overrated.

For myself, I believe I never felt the grandeur of the kingdom of God so fully before. It is just now collecting its energies for the final campaign in the conquest of the world. The advance lines of the all-conquering host front the enemy where he is massed in his greatest strength, and intrenched in his most formidable defenses. The powers of darkness are enthroned, but the God of light already advances upon them, and they begin to be aware of the glory of his approach. No human destiny can be greater than that of participating in the labors and dangers of the deepening combat. It may involve martyrdom—I doubt not it will—but that blood which is shed for Christ is most precious in his sight. O Son of God! is it not a joy to die for thee?

## CHAPTER IX.

### ORDINATION OF THE NATIVE HELPERS.

THE great object of my visit to our Missions in China was to ordain the native helpers—such of them as might be considered worthy of such a trust. The occasion was one of very great interest. The native preachers, together with Mr. Parker, from Soochow, were brought down to Shanghai, and the religious services were opened by singing one hour, on Friday morning, commencing at 9 o'clock. At half-past 10 there was a prayer-meeting, led by Dsau. The business-meeting of the missionaries was held at half-past 3 P. M., at which the following persons were recommended for deacon's orders: Dsau, Dzung, Yung and See; and Dsau and Dzung were recommended for elder's orders.

In the evening, at 7 o'clock, there was preaching to the natives in the chapel, by the Rev. J. W. Lambuth. The text was John xiv:26. It was an exhortation to seek the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, especially in view of the solemn service of ordination, to which some of the preachers were looking. At half-past 8 there was preaching to foreigners, in the Temperance Hall, by the writer—text, John xv:1-8; subject, life and fruit-bearing in Christ. The native congregation was large and attentive—the foreign, fair for a week-night.

Saturday morning was devoted to fasting, with a prayer-meeting at half-past 10. In the afternoon the native Quarterly Conference was held.

I counted it a special mercy of God that at this time all the missionaries and native helpers, in connection with our Mission, were in health and permitted to be present. All felt the occasion to be one of great moment.

The programme of business was the usual one, as follows:

With what number of members did the quarter end?

How many have been added during the quarter?

Are there any probationers?

How many schools have you?

How many scholars?

How many scholars in Sunday-school?

How many persons do you preach to each day?

How many times do you preach each month?

Do you preach any on the street?

How many books have you sold?

How many books have you given away?

Do you visit from house to house?

Have you collected any missionary-money?

This finished, I propounded some questions as to the spirit and method of their work, and then made a formal address to them, on the vital relation they sustain to the work in China, having the foundation to lay for all time to come. I reminded them that they, the first laborers, would type the Church for coming ages, and that the work would partake largely of the personal character of the workmen. I urged them not to be content with a merely blameless life,

but to aim at holiness—the highest blessing, the richest fruit of the Spirit. Mr. Lambuth interpreted. This was followed by an address from Mr. Allen, who was so broken down by his emotions that it seemed as if he could never bring his first sentence to the point of utterance. His words penetrated me so that I felt, as I had never before done, the peculiar trials of our brethren here. Here, for years and years, these two men, Lambuth and Allen, had been standing together in this vast empire, eight thousand miles removed from their brethren, the sole representatives of their Church in the Eastern hemisphere, conscious of an imperfect sympathy at home. Recently they had been re-enforced by the arrival of Mr. Parker, which they had accepted as the augury of a larger movement. And now the heart of the *home Church* touched them in living fellowship through the presence of one of the Bishops and of a brother, voluntarily visiting them. The fountains of the great deep were broken up.

The following is the substance of Mr. Allen's address:

“I have inexpressible pleasure in this hour. As Simeon of old waited for the promised consolation of Israel, so have we waited, in long patience and prayer, for this event—to-wit: the coming of our chief pastor, and the setting apart of these native brethren to be ordained unto the ministry of God in China. Thank God, my eyes have seen it! But where are my predecessors in this work—Jenkins, Taylor, Cunyngham, Belton, Kelley, Lambuth and Wood—who also as earnestly desired and prayed for this consummation of their labors? Gone—all gone

from our midst, save one—our worthy, and I had almost said, our venerable Superintendent.

“ Brother Lambuth—I sincerely congratulate you and your noble, heroic companion, on the joy of this hour. Your long, faithful, devoted, earnest, persevering, patient labors have been crowned at last. You, sir, received me cordially, on my arrival in China, and it was by you that I was introduced to the missionary field and missionary labors. That is now nearly seventeen years ago, and I feel it becoming in me, and due to you, beloved Bishop, to bear for him this testimony of admiration and praise. He has always been a zealous missionary—preaching constantly, in season and out of season; indefatigable in promoting schools and instructing the young. The poor have ever found in him a friend, while his house has always been open to the wayfaring missionary, of whatever Church, nationality, or denomination. But that is not all. Latterly, as Superintendent, the burden of the work has rested heavily upon him. You have heard his reports. The preachers, teachers, and Bible-women, the schools, congregations, and stations, all look to him for instruction and management; books, tracts, and hymns have to be prepared and published. Yet, sir, all these things are required of, and done by, one man. Is it any wonder that his health, which was never robust, should quake and fail under such a load of cares? Yet, appalling and laborious as is the situation, our worthy Superintendent has never faltered—neither in his faith nor in his labors. What a lesson to the Church! And I appeal to you, beloved Bishop, and through you to every Southern Methodist heart in Amer-

ica, to say whether this state of things shall continue.

"We are all here, in this Conference—our numbers are few. You could take us all away in the compass of a photograph. But, sir, our hearts are large, and brave, and loyal; and we form, as we trust, the nucleus of that greater Conference which we hope ere long to see assembled to transact the business of a Mission, whose bounds have been enlarged, and whose labors have been abundantly owned of God in the conversion and salvation of souls.

"I repeat it—I have inexpressible joy in this hour, and devoutly thank God, beloved Bishop, that he has spared you and your companion, Brother Hendrix, to come to us in these ends of the earth, as the messengers of love and of God's grace. Your visit has cheered and encouraged us, and this baptism of tears is as the refreshing of the Lord. Glory be to God!"

At the close of this address Mr. Lambuth rose, and, with extreme modesty and propriety, gave all the praise to God. Then my companion, Mr. Hendrix, unable to resist the hallowed impulses of the hour, found himself on his feet, pouring out a torrent of tenderness and blessings upon these representative men of the Church in China. A pause followed, which might be likened to a moment of rapturous silence in heaven—when one of the native helpers, Mr. Yung, rising, stood speechless for a time, bathed in tears, and at last gave utterance to two explosive sentences of thanksgiving, with a long interval of silence between, and then could say no more. Mr. Dsau (C. K. Marshall) followed, speaking in English;

there were more tears than words. The scene was closed by the long-meter doxology, sung in unison by nine voices in Chinese, and two in English; and the East and West were mingled in praises to the Maker of us all, while the volume and tone of the melody were just like the triumph of worship in a Conference at home.

This was a new experience of the brethren here. There had been no such occasion before, in all their history, and no such breaking up of the fountains of love and sympathy. Oh, if the Church at home could only be put into vital sympathy with these men, in less than five years there would be twenty recruits in China! If every one who loves the Son of God in truth could see what I have seen here, the silver and gold, which are the Lord's, would be cast with eager hands into his treasury for the salvation of this vast Empire, and prayer, agonizing prayer, that the salvation of God might be known among the heathen, would rive the heavens continually. All the Church needs is a just knowledge of the facts. Brethren, *think!* Four hundred millions of immortal souls in China are perishing in their ignorance. They are under the dominion of Satan. Blood-bought souls, for whom Christ died, are led captive by the devil at his will, and for their relief and salvation three-quarters of a million of Methodists support two missionaries and six native helpers. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of men and women who look to Christ for salvation, and profess to love him above their chief good, will read this to be reminded that they have done *nothing* to spread the knowledge of His name among those who sit in darkness and in



FONG.

A. P. PARKER

YUNG KING SAN (*secretary*)

J. W. LAMBUTH

SEE TSE KIA (*father*)

BISHOP MARVIN.

V. J. ALLEN

DEUNG YOUNG CHANG (*father*)

C. R. MERRICK

DEAU TSE YEH (*father*)

TSUNG.

THE FIRST CONFERENCE IN CHINA



the shadow of death. On Saturday night Brother Yung preached to a crowded house, and, I think, with good effect.

Sunday was a high day. The love-feast was opened at 9 o'clock, and was an occasion of much interest. The tide of feeling was not so high as in the Quarterly Conference already described, and there was a little hesitancy at times, though very little time was lost, and the peace of God ruled all hearts. At my request, Mr. Parker made a synopsis of the experience of several of the brethren, which will give you an idea of the substance, but not of the spirit, of what was said. The spirit could not be known except in hearing their voices and seeing their faces.

#### EXPERIENCE OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS IN THE LOVE- FEAST.

Brother Dsau (C. K. M.) said: "We have met to-day, according to Christ's appointment. I am glad to be here. I feel that I need much more of the love of God and man in my heart. I want to live nearer to God from this time on. I will not say much now. I beg an interest in your prayers, that I may be faithful to the end."

Brother Fong said: "Before I heard the doctrine of Jesus I was ignorant and in the dark; but I am glad that I have learned the way of salvation. I trust in Jesus, and hope to gain a home in heaven. I hope you, my brethren and sisters, will pray for me, and help me to do the will of my Saviour."

Brother Yung said: "I am glad to meet you, brethren and sisters, in the love-feast. I am trying to serve God; but I am very weak. I am like a

little child amidst many and strong enemies. I ask you to pray for me and assist me, that in the dangers and trials to which I may be exposed hereafter, I may stand firm and overcome all my enemies, and, with you all, gain a home in heaven."

Brother Tsung said: "Before I heard the gospel I did not know true happiness; but since I believed in Jesus I have experienced great peace and joy in my heart. I love Jesus, and I know he loves me and will save me. Trusting in Jesus, I hope to gain a home in heaven. I hope to meet you all there. I ask you to pray for me, that I may be faithful."

Brother Dzung said: "Before I heard the doctrine of Jesus I thought I was very wise and good. I did not think I had done any thing very wrong or wicked; but when I heard the gospel, and believed it, I began to feel that I was a sinner, and the more I heard it the more I felt that I was a very great sinner. But I trusted in Jesus, and obtained the pardon of all my sins. I trust in the grace of Jesus, and want to do his will. I ask an interest in your prayers, that God will help me to do his will."

The old sexton said: "I am weak, very weak; but I trust in Jesus, and by the grace of God I am what I am."

An old Bible-woman said: "I have been trusting in Jesus for many years. I know that he loves me. Before I heard the gospel I worshiped many idols and false gods; but I am glad that I have learned to worship the true God, and to trust in my Saviour, Jesus Christ. I pray every day that the Heavenly Father would bless his Church, and add many to it, and make it very prosperous. I hope you will all

pray for me, that I may have the presence and grace of God, and that I may at last gain a home in Heaven."

Several others spoke, and gave experiences similar to the above.

At half-past ten the sermon was preached by the Rev. Young J. Allen—text, John xxi: 15-17. It was an earnest discourse, delivered to a crowded house, and was heard with interest. At the close of the sermon, Mr. Lambuth called Dsau Tse Yeh, Dzung Yoong Chung, Yung King San, and See Tse Kia, forward to the altar, and presented them to be ordained deacons in the Church of God. In the afternoon the first two named were also ordained elders. This new and solemn service produced a profound impression on the native Church. I never witnessed a more solemn awe upon an assembly.

I have great hope of these men. The first-named, Dsau, accompanied Mr. Lambuth to America in 1862, and was in the family of Dr. Kelley for several years. To Mrs. Kelley, the mother of the Doctor, he says he owes his salvation, under God. He was baptized by our ascended Bishop Andrew. About 1870, he returned to China, and soon entered upon the great work of his life. He is now thirty-one years old, in good health, and, so far as we can judge, promises to be a very useful man.

Dzung Yoong Chung was baptized by Mr. Lambuth in 1870, and was employed for about a year as sexton and colporteur at Naziang, after which, as our Mission was straitened for means, he was lent to the Presbyterians for several years. With them he did good service, and so soon as we were in circum-

stances to employ him he came back to us an intelligent Christian and well-trained preacher, but with a shattered voice, and I fear, an impaired constitution. His sermon on Christmas-day was spoken of by those who understood it as one of great merit. His wife is in charge of a school, and is intelligent, active, and full of zeal—a most useful little woman.

Yung King San is forty-three years old, was baptized by Mr. Lambuth in 1857, and has been preaching about five years. He is by trade a carpenter. His education is limited, but since his conversion he has been a diligent student of the word of God. He is a man of profound experience and of most stable and blameless life, and his preaching is very acceptable. The missionaries trust him implicitly.

See Tse Kia was trained in the Presbyterian school at Hang Chow, where he was converted and baptized. He comes to us highly recommended for depth and stability of character, and though he is not specially brilliant, yet he has the good sense and piety to make him a very valuable man. His name, which we write See in English, is really pronounced without any vowel sound. Write Szzz—s and three z's—and then exercise your powers of articulation upon it.

At six o'clock on Sunday night, I preached to the foreign congregation at the Union Church, and had the largest congregation I have met in Shanghai. At eight o'clock we were in the chapel again and heard Dsau. The congregation was large, and more than usually attentive.

Thus closed one of the richest Sundays I have ever enjoyed. The Mission premises had the aspect

of a hallowed place, under the rich glow of the Sunday sunlight. But, alas! no sooner did I pass out of the gate and cross the "tsun-ka-mook-ja," on my way to the Union Church, than I found myself in the midst of the crowd and rush of business and pleasure, and the Sunday was chopped off at a stroke. What an oasis in a Sabbathless desert in this little enclosure which contains the Mission buildings!

Christmas-day—Monday—dawned bright upon us, and the services connected with the occasion were closed by a sermon from Dzung. The text was in the Prophecy of Micah. The sermon, I am told, gave a very intelligent account of the prophetic office, a rapid and accurate survey of the history of Micah, some remarkably succinct and correct geographical descriptions, and then enlarged upon the coming and work of Christ. There was a quiet fervor that fixed the attention of all who understood the language, and even on us who occupied the seat of the unlearned, there was the sense of a gracious presence—the overshadowing of the Spirit of God.

## CHAPTER X.

BY CANAL TO SOOCHOW AND HANG CHOW.

JUST BEFORE nightfall, December 26, we went on board of our fleet of canal boats, for a trip to Soochow, the place where Mr. Parker is stationed, intending also to visit our principal out-stations on the way. The fleet consisted of three boats, one of which is the property of our Mission, one the private property of Mr. Lambuth, and the third lent us for the occasion by the Rev. Mr. Fitch, of the Presbyterian Mission at Soochow. These boats are all constructed upon the same general model, but with many differences of detail. I will describe the one which belongs to the Mission, and that will give an idea of them all. The boat is about thirty feet in length, and nine feet wide, including the poles that lie along on the outside of the upper part of the hull, making a sort of rim. On this boat a cabin is constructed, which is eighteen feet long, and seven feet wide at the widest part. There is a partition in the middle, dividing the cabin into two rooms of nine feet in length, the ceiling being six feet high. In each of these rooms there is a platform on one side for a bed, to accommodate one person. In one of them there is also a cot, placed for this voyage, to accommodate an extra passenger, thus furnishing sleeping accommodations for three. In one corner

there is a diminutive stove, with two lids on the top, like a cooking-stove, so that it serves very well for cooking a simple meal. The other two boats have real cooking-stoves. These boats are propelled by the scull, or by towing, alternating from one to the other. When the wind is favorable they hoist a sail, and then, with sail and scull, they go bravely, especially if the tide is favorable; for the tide extends inland some twenty-five miles from Shanghai, and in the smaller canals boats the size of ours can move only when the tide is in.

Our company consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Lambuth, and their son Willie, Mr. Allen and his son Edgar, Mr. Parker, Mr. Hendrix, and myself and Mr. Dsau. Parker, Hendrix, and myself, were on the Mission boat. We have no cooking done for ourselves. There is a place aft, where our coolies sleep, and have a Chinese cooking-furnace for their own provisions—a very simple affair.

About 7 o'clock we were called on board of Mr. Lambuth's boat for supper, and there, behold a table all set out with elegant dishes, produced from the snugest of little cupbords, and as the meal proceeded a little pantry-door opens, and behold the cream, and milk, and sugar, and things!—a succession of surprises for raw Americans like H. and myself. There we were, seated in small compass to be sure; but there were five of us at the table, amply provided, and then a little on one side were Willie and Dsau. The cosy and comfortable meal ended, the Bible was produced, and a song-book for each. How we enjoyed the worship of God together in these new circumstances!

About 9 o'clock we went on board of our own boat, which came alongside for that purpose, and soon retired; for what with business, and public services, and sight-seeing, with which we had been incessantly occupied ever since we landed at Shanghai, to say nothing of writing, we really felt the need of a good night's rest—and we got it. Our narrow beds were abundantly supplied with covering, and, for one, I, at least, slept through nine hours solid.

The weather, which had been cloudy and unpleasant during the greater part of our stay in Shanghai, cleared up beautifully, as if to give us the best possible conditions of travel and enjoyment. Our first morning was glorious. The dead grass was white with frost, the air was crisp and bracing, and the sun flooded the landscape. After breakfast and prayers on Mr. Lambuth's boat, we stepped on the bank, and indulged in one of the most delightful walks of two or three miles that mortals ever enjoyed. Wheat-fields, patches of turnips, cabbages, and other vegetables, and fields of cotton-stalks, spread abroad in every direction, on a dead level, as far as the eye can reach, with here and there a grove of bamboo dotting the landscape, and marking the sites of the villages; for the farmers all live in villages. You see no farmhouse on the farm, as with us.

The end of our walk brought us to the celebrated Wongdoo bridge, to which point our boats had preceded us. After a few minutes of silent prayer in the boats, we proceeded to the chapel, where both Brothers Lambuth and Allen delivered short sermons, or exhortations, and then sold several tracts,

and gave away some sheets, and had, in the main, a pleasant hour.

As we approached the town we saw the soldiers, perhaps fifteen hundred in number, out on drill. Their evolutions were accompanied by music of rather a stirring sort. They were too far away to enable us to judge of them; but as they marched into their quarters they came near to us, and we saw that, though the order was not broken up, yet the lines were extremely irregular. The uniform was of a dark ground, with broad trimming of bright colors, mostly red. The single uniform did not strike me as being well-designed; but the appearance was striking as you saw a thousand men marching together. Most of them were armed with muskets; but one company had spears, the heads fixed in bamboo-poles. Behind them, as they marched into their quarters, came four coolies, bearing the great drum on two poles.

At this place—Wongdoo—we have only a rented chapel, where our Brother Fong preaches once a week, his principal point being Naziang, eight miles distant. He met us here at the chapel. We had seen him before at Shanghai, and although it was not thought well to confer orders on him, yet I had formed a high opinion of him as a sensible and thoroughly good man.

From Wongdoo we proceeded to Naziang, a distance of not more than eight miles by land, but, I suppose, at least twice as much by the canal, the last half of the distance being by a small cross canal, in which boats the size of ours require the advantage of the tide, which now at best was but a neap-tide,

and was beginning to fall at that. So our men had a hard time of it, and we walked a good part of the way. We passed through several of the farming-villages, and found that while at a little distance the houses looked rather picturesque, a near view revealed a very miserable sort of life. The houses are, most of them, built of brick, of only one thickness, laid in a frame of wood, and covered with tile. They have no floor but the naked earth, no furniture, no cleanliness—nothing, absolutely nothing, that looks cheerful or home-like. Baskets containing rice, and all sorts of things that may happen to need shelter, are scattered about in the utmost confusion. The people are not cleanly in their persons; many of them are in rags, and things generally have a most squalid look. The stacks of straw are in front of their houses, and what few domestic animals they have are tied in the same place.

These canals are spanned with numerous bridges, which are all of stone, and the larger ones arched. The arch, on the under side, as it springs from pier to pier, often shows a beautiful arc, while the upper side comes up to a ridge like the roof of a house; for, be it known, that these bridges, though strong and massive enough to support a train of cars, were built only for pedestrians, and are rarely crossed even by a horse, never by any sort of vehicle.

We were an hour or two in advance of our boats at Naziang, and entered the town on foot, reaching the residence of Brother Fong at sunset. In connection with this parsonage, and part of the same building, is the girls' school. In front of it there is a pleasant little yard, fenced with wattled bamboo,

An inclosure in connection with a house in China is a rare thing. As we entered the gate, I heard a boy's voice behind me, saying, "Ha-la-va, ka-toh, se-sang"—How do you do, Mr. Bishop? or, How do you do, bishop-teacher? Looking round, I saw a very bright-looking and neatly-dressed boy, whose face was fairly beaming with pleasure. He was the son of the teacher of the boys'-school here, is nine or ten years old, and on probation for membership in the Church. His father had been at Shanghai at our meeting, and had been profoundly impressed. He had returned home the day before our arrival, and the son had been on the lookout for the ka-toh, with breathless expectation. Seeing me with Mr. Lambuth, he knew who I was. Fong had also preceded us, coming on foot across the country from Woosung. He received us with joy, and we were soon shown through the premises. The boats arrived about 6 o'clock, and we had dinner over in time for preaching in the chapel at 8, by Brother Dsau. The congregation was rather turbulent; but there were several who listened with apparent interest. In the morning we visited both the schools, there being two at Naziang—one for boys and one for girls. Both the teachers are Christian men, though they are not preachers. The teacher of the boys'-school has been in the Church only nine months, but seems to be soundly converted, and to be coming to a very advanced stage both of knowledge and experience. He is a man of excellent sense and a good deal of personal force. He is full of zeal, and promises great usefulness. In the boys'-school there are eighteen pupils, and several of them are in the habit of secret

prayer. The teacher has great hope of several of them. I noticed one of them, that is going to make a very superior man, and, I hope, a preacher. I could not restrain prayer in his behalf.

In the girls'-school there are eight, and two more promised. This school has been very recently opened, and is filling up as fast as was expected. It will, no doubt, soon have as many pupils as there is room for. I was delighted to find these premises so neat and well-kept.

While we were here the brethren were overflowing with love. They gave us tea and nuts, and observing that H. was shivering with cold, proposed to get a fur vest for him.

Our Sister Fong is a notable housewife, and carries on all sorts of domestic employment, being adept in spinning and weaving. We saw her at both these employments, and at the wheel she performed a feat not uncommon in China, but which seemed impossible to us. She turned the wheel, by a most simple contrivance, with her feet, using both of them—being in a sitting posture—and spun *three threads at once*, the wheel running three spindles.

All the goods worn by the common people are spun and woven at home—not only so, but generally also from cotton raised, gathered, ginned—I cannot say carded, for they have no cards, but made into rolls, spun, and woven by the same family. In traveling through the country, you will everywhere see pieces of thread in warp. This is done not as our mothers used to do it, on pegs in a frame, but stretched at full length, out in the highways or fields.

We have two good lots in Naziang, on one of which the chapel and boys'-school stand, and on the other the girls'-school and native parsonage.

Upon the whole, we returned to our boats, and took our leave of Naziang, well-pleased with our visit. But before we left we went to see the laughing Buddha. It is a colossal image, fat and jolly-looking, with the mouth spread as if in hearty laughter; but the jolly old god is a good deal dilapidated. His extremities are crumbling, and the end of the walking-stick of one of our company, in contact with his big toe, hastened the process. The old fellow's temple is as ruinous as he, a large part of the roof having already fallen in, and the rest seeming just ready to tumble, while a number of attendant gods and goddesses are in a most woful plight. But his godship laughs away as if nothing was going on—a most insensible deity, one would say. He is as heartless as Nero, who laughed and fiddled—or fiddled, at least—while Rome was burning.

It was after 10 o'clock when we left Naziang, and, with both wind and tide favorable, we reached Karding about 1. This is the principal appointment of our native Brother Tsung. We have only a rented house here. The preacher and his family live up stairs over the story that is used for a chapel. Here we had a crowd, who were brought together by seeing the foreigners on the streets. Tsung preached a short discourse and was followed by Mr. Allen. We then visited the boys'-school near by. There are, I believe, about a dozen pupils. The teacher is not a member of the Church, but shows a serious interest in the Scriptures. But Tsung gives the boys religious

instruction, and several of them show signs of the work of grace in their lives.

Three different pieces of property are offered us on good terms, and we ought by all means to have a chapel here, and both a boys' and girls' school.

Passing along the streets, we heard sounds on the right which were semi-musical, and through a narrow opening we saw candles burning, and turned aside to see what it might mean. Mr. Allen, who is an invaluable cicerone, soon saw that it was in a Tauist temple, and that the ceremonies going on were for the release of a soul from purgatory—for the Tauists, as well as the Buddhists and Romanists, have their purgatory, which yields a good revenue. In the hands of skillful priests, there is no better paying institution. Upon a little inquiry, we learned that the man for whose benefit these ceremonies were performed had been dead about six months; that his children had employed the priests to get him out of purgatory; that he had been out for three days, but that after his release from the lower regions, it required a further lift to get him up through the intervening spaces into paradise. This was what they were at now. The temple was gorgeously decorated with images, tablets and gilt hangings. One priest stood in an inner recess, and two others, with a servitor, were out in the larger space in front, the whole being confined to rather a small area, the temple not being a large one. Off on one side were some three others, one beating on a sort of bell, another on a metallic plate, which gave rather a short, dull sound, and the third playing on a flute. Occasionally a few sentences were intoned responsively. The robes of the priests

were very gorgeous; that of the one who seemed to be playing the chief part was of bright red ground, with a blue border, three or four inches wide, around the bottom of it, which extended down to the feet, and faced down the front, on each side, with white. On the red ground at the center of the back, or a little above the center, was the gilt figure of a pagoda, and scattered profusely over it were gilt spangles and dragons. He and another priest were generally *vis-a-vis* with each other, and often changed places as if they were dancing; indeed, they came together quite actively at times. One of them held in his hand a piece of wood, about six inches long, and an inch and a half square, hung about with pieces of paper covered with writing, on which his eyes were intently fixed. His *vis-a-vis* retired after a time, smoked his pipe for a few moments, and then seated himself with a flute, and helped the music. The principal actor continued gazing on his strips of paper, and posturing about on a piece of coarse cloth, which had a few mysterious characters on it, in a certain relation to which he seemed to place himself at every change of position, now and then bowing himself quite down to the earth, and touching his paper-covered wand with his forehead; and so the performance was still going on when we left.

During the whole scene, spectators came and went at pleasure, some even passing between the officiating priests, while children romped around unchecked. One man, who stood within four feet of the chief priest, gave Mr. Allen the history of the case in a very loud voice, while some of the priests looked

around curiously at the foreigners. I should have been filled with disgust at the nonsense of the whole affair if it had not been for the horror I felt, that the great enemy of God and man should have acquired such control of countless millions of our race, and that by means even of their religious instincts. How readily they spend their money under his inspirations, and how eagerly they accept the silliest theatricals by which he, through his priests, pretends to manage their eternal destinies! What slaves of superstition they are! and from this fearful bondage nothing can ever free them but the gospel of the grace of God.

It was late in the afternoon when we took boat again, and we saw nothing more during the afternoon except the villages along the banks of the canal, and one of these villages is like all the rest. After supper, and the worship of God, we tied up near a village for the night, and I came over into the boat in which we slept to spend an hour or two in writing. Soon my companions were in bed, and I felt a hallowed sense of the presence of God as I was writing. Here, at least, in our three boats, was a Christian atmosphere, in the midst of a vast region where Christ is not known. I felt how inadequate a representation of my own Church, for the work of evangelizing China, was contained in these three little boats, but faith triumphed in visions of the near future, when every man, woman and child in the M. E. Church, South, should be filled with holy ardor, and every Conference emulous to excel in the work. May God hasten the day, even in my time!

By five o'clock on Friday morning we were under

headway again. Breakfast over, and earnest prayer having been made for the blessing of God on our work, we found ourselves passing through a considerable village, from the rubbish of which the channel had been so filled up that all our men from the three boats had to join in shoving them over, one after the other. This wonderful system of artificial waterways, constructed centuries ago by a wise government and a public-spirited people, has now for ages been left in perfect neglect, and where a channel becomes choked so as to obstruct commerce and travel, though labor is so cheap that a few hundred dollars would put it in good order, nothing is ever done. The present government seems to care nothing for the people. They are for nothing but to be taxed, and there is not statesmanship sufficient to see that an administration looking to an active internal commerce and the promoting of the prosperity of the people would also increase the revenue.

We left the boats struggling through this shallow place; passed through the village on foot, passing by the houses and straw-stacks; saw the domestic water-buffalo, with his queer retreating horns, tied to a stake and taking his repose; entered a little barn where men were hulling rice by a primitive sort of machinery, run by the inevitable buffalo; met some dozens of cowardly dogs—they all bark furiously as you approach, but slink away in a sneaking manner as you come near to them—crossed a bridge made of stone slabs, at least twenty feet long, one end resting on each abutment; and, at the end of a delightful walk of a mile, perhaps, found ourselves on the margin

of the large canal leading direct to Soochow, where we waited for our fleet.

These stone slab bridges are something unique and remarkable. We saw similar ones in Japan, but nothing like so long. I have not measured them, but I am sure I have seen some that were twenty-five feet long. Abutments are built on each side of a ditch or narrow canal, and two or three of these long slabs, eighteen inches wide, and ten thick, are laid across the chasm. I doubt if any stone in America could be trusted to bear its own weight in the same circumstances.

Once on the large canal, we hoisted sail, and, making fine headway, soon reached the walled city of Kwung Shan. After especial prayer, we entered the city with copies of the Gospels and tracts, and sent our boats around to the west gate, where we would join them. Mrs. L. remaining in the boat with the boys, Mr. L. went through the most populous part of the city selling books and talking to the people, so far as his great hoarseness would allow, while the rest of us made a *detour*, and ascended the Kwung Shan, an elevation of about four hundred feet, I should think, within the walls of the city. It is a singular, solitary mound of granite in the midst of this vast alluvial region. The summit is crowned with a pagoda. From this point we saw over the whole city, which is not so populous as formerly, and presents rather a poor appearance. In a small cave in the rocks we saw several stone idols, all mutilated by the "rebels," all headless but one, and that one with half the face broken off. After the war, some devout man had collected them, placed

them in this nook, and protected them by a strong colonnade of stone. Mr. H. suggested that since his gods could not take care of him, he had generously endeavored to take care of them. Poor headless things—what a commentary on an idolatrous religion!

The whole summit is covered with the *debris* of demolished or decayed temples.

As we descended the precipitous western slope, we came upon another laughing Buddha, carved in stone. The figure is very rotund, as if full of rice, a Chinaman's ideal of comfort, and the mouth is fairly stretched with laughter. But he, too, is going to decay. His lips are largely worn away, as is the end of his nose, though he is a granite god. But never a bit does he seem to care, and his mouth is forever set for a big guffaw, even as he goes to destruction. H. could not forbear from thrusting the end of his bamboo cane into the gaping mouth of the rollicking, though decaying divinity, and so hastening, by a little, the process of disintegration.

Starting out again we soon met two boats, with about a dozen cormorants perched on projecting poles on each side. These birds are trained for fishing, as hawks were for fowling, formerly, in Europe. A ring is placed on the neck of each, which prevents him from swallowing a fish of any size. I am told they do their work very intelligently and efficiently. They dive and swim under the water with great rapidity. They also seem to understand their masters perfectly, and bring in the fish with great docility when they find they can't swallow it. They are a disgusting, buzzard-like looking bird.

On Saturday, at noon, we reached Soochow, having traveled eighty miles from Shanghai; indeed, the distance is greater by the route we came. Here we were received into the houses of our brethren of the Presbyterian Churches, North and South, with the most cordial hospitality. Mr. Parker being a bachelor, and having been now so long from home, was not in trim for entertaining guests at his house.

In this great city we have two chapels and a school, and are preparing room for a day school besides. In connection with one of the chapels is the residence of Dsau, and the boarding department of the boys of the school. The property is well adapted to its uses, and we found every thing neatly kept.

On Sunday morning we visited the Sunday-school, which is composed entirely of the boys of the boarding-school. They are fine-looking fellows; indeed, I thought exceptionally so. We proposed questions to them covering a very large range of Bible-history and doctrine. They were never at fault but once, and in that case I am satisfied they did not get the point of the question. I doubt if the same number in any Sunday-school in America would have answered so many questions of the same character.

Here Mr. Lambuth preached in the school-room, and administered the sacrament.

In the afternoon we went to the new chapel, in another part of the city, where we found every thing in excellent condition. Mr. L. preached to a large and very intelligent-looking congregation, and the most quiet and attentive of all the promiscuous congregations I have seen in China. At the same hour

Mr. Allen preached for Mr. Dubose, of the Southern Presbyterian Church.

At 4 o'clock P. M. the missionaries all met at Miss Safford's house, and heard a sermon by Mr. Hendrix—a very profitable discourse. Miss S. is in the employ of the Southern Presbyterian Board as a teacher. She is entirely consecrated, and, although she has suffered many trials, still rejoices in the work. At night they all met again at the house of the Rev. Mr. Fitch, of the Northern Presbyterian Church, for a sermon by myself. The only foreign residents at Soochow are the missionaries, and visitors are rare, so that our coming was hailed as a great event, and the Sunday we spent with the brethren was a high day. We shall never cease to pray for them.

From this place we went to Hangchow, and saw much and heard much; but I have no space for it. This is, perhaps, the largest, as it is the handsomest, city in this part of China. After spending a day with our brethren of the Southern Presbyterian Board here, we returned to Shanghai, arriving early on Sunday morning.

We had been gone less than two weeks, traveled 350 miles, and seen nine walled cities, besides towns and villages without number.

But the country we have seen is not what it was twenty-five years ago. It is the region so long occupied by the insurgents. The great cities are not over half their former size—some of them not that. Miles and miles of ruins greet the eye within the walls of Soochow, Hangchow, and other places. The stories they tell of death and devastation are harrowing to the last degree. By the side of it, the

devastations of our own civil war were as nothing. War in civilized and Christian countries is sufficiently awful, but here it is in the last degree horrible.

But the country is recovering, yet it will be a hundred years, or more, before it recovers fully from the shock.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### LAST DAYS IN CHINA.

THE TRAVELER in new regions will often find occasion to modify first impressions and opinions, and this I have done in several particulars since I landed in Shanghai. Every particular fact that I have written is true; but sometimes the particular fact is related to other facts so as to modify its significance. What I have said about the dreadful odors one meets with here is literally correct; but the universal filthiness of the Chinese, to be naturally inferred from this fact, is nothing like so bad as I at

first supposed. True, there is much dirt upon the person and in the home of the coolie, and, as compared with the Japanese, they are greatly at a disadvantage in this respect. But the *worst* is on the surface. The *street* of a Chinese city is the most odious part of it. The dwellings, especially of the well-to-do, are quite remote from the street, and in an atmosphere comparatively untainted. You pass from the street through two or three courts, and then upstairs, before you reach the apartments occupied by the family ; while on the street is the cooking-range, and all depositories of refuse substances, with the stench arising from them. The street is simply a very bad alley.

There is so much to write about in China that I am much at a loss to select, for ten thousand things must be omitted. But one of the most delightful things that occurred in our visit was connected with our leaving, which was by the P. and O. steamer of Friday, Jan. 12. On Thursday evening all the missionaries, together with Mr. Hendrix and myself, dined at Mr. Allen's. Perhaps the American reader ought to be informed that dinner in this country is the last meal of the day, the order being breakfast, tiffin, or lunch, and then, at seven or eight o'clock, P. M., dinner. As we could not all be together again, we held a prayer-meeting after dinner, and a season of grace it was. All hearts were melted, and all flowed together in love. It was 10 o'clock when we returned to the residence of Mr. Lambuth. There the native helpers awaited us—all but one, Dsau, of Soochow, who was too far away to make a special trip for the occasion. But Fong, from Naziang, had

come down fifteen miles to take leave of us. This was of his own suggestion. So, also, we were quite surprised to find Dsung, of Karding, from a distance of twenty-four miles. He said he had not been informed of the date of our departure, but the night before he suddenly felt a strong impulse to come down, lest he might see our faces no more. Late as it was, I could not forbear to worship God with these devoted men. After a solemn parting charge to them, I called on all of them, one after the other, to lead in prayer, and then, with a most solemn sense of the presence of God, I commended them to Him and to the word of His grace. After that Mr. Hendrix spoke some most appropriate words to them, which were interpreted by Mr. Lambuth. Then each one of them said a parting word to us. They desired us to remember that the foundations of the Church here were not yet strongly laid, but that they still needed the upholding hand of the Church in America. One of them said that the branches of this tree were not well grown, and had not yet struck down deep into the soil here, but must still look to the distant root out of which they had sprung at first. They desired us to be in prayers for them daily that God might confirm them in the way of life, and make their word effectual to the salvation of their countrymen, assuring us, at the same time, that they would pray for us, that we might have a prosperous journey, and reach our homes in peace. They requested us to be the bearers of messages of love to the Church in America, to which they were indebted for the word of God, which had enlightened their hearts and turned

them away from dumb idols to serve the living God; and to ask, in their name, that prayer should be made for them continually, that the Holy Spirit of God might rest upon them, and that they might be filled with His grace. Finally, they most affectionately requested us to visit them again, expressing the hope that should we do so we might find that the seed had produced a harvest of not only thirty or sixty, but an hundred-fold.

In all this there was a depth of feeling expressed in countenance and voice that touched us deeply. There is not, in my mind, the slightest doubt remaining that the Chinaman is as susceptible of Christian agencies as any other man, and as capable of taking on the highest type of Christian character. He is a man, though an idolator, and, when the subject of converting grace, he has as deep and rich a sense of God as human nature is capable of. His faith is as strong and commanding, his power of self-denial as great, his love as pure, and his life as devoted, as that of the European or American. It is true that the Chinese civilization, though elaborate, is decidedly low as compared with that of Europe or America; but the main cause of this, I am satisfied, is found in the false religion in which he has been bred for ages. I think it is also true that the sense of integrity in the average Chinaman is low, comparatively; but the same cause again has produced this result. The knowledge of God will bring out both the civilization and the average character of the Chinese, and raise them to the highest plane.

I am now going to state a proposition, of the truth of which I have no doubt, and one which is of the

greatest importance to the Church. My opinion in the premises is formed upon large inquiry and extended observation. It is this:

The Chinese are the most vital of all the Asiatic peoples, and naturally superior to all others, being at this time the most progressive, and, with the exception of the Japanese, the only progressive people of the East.

In justification of this statement, I adduce the following facts:

1. The Chinese are the only people of the East who go abroad in considerable numbers. The large irruption of them into America is a fact well-known. Nearer home they are more numerous. In all the islands and countries along the Straits of Malacca, and as far as Siam, they are found in great numbers.

2. They are the most industrious and prosperous people in all the regions invaded by them. In San Francisco they have almost monopolized certain industries; but in Asiatic countries this is true in a higher degree. There the most lucrative employments are in their hands. They are the mechanics and artisans, and, to a large extent, the merchants of the countries where they are found away from home. At Nagasaki, in Japan, they are competing strongly with Europeans and Americans for commercial supremacy, and at the leading Japanese ports they are the bankers. Indeed, the finances of Japan are largely controlled by them. In San Francisco, too, there are some princely Chinese merchants; and recently, I am told, they have established a great importing house in London.

3. The foreign business of the open ports in China

is passing more and more into Chinese hands. When the ports were at first opened the native merchants, ignorant of European business customs, allowed foreigners to monopolize the international commerce; but not so now. They have proved apt scholars, and are in active and successful competition with the world in every line of business. Even in the matter of steam-navigation they are coming to the front. At first steamboats and steamships on their waters were owned entirely by Americans and Englishmen; but now native companies are taking the lead; and if things continue to go on as they now promise to do, the foreigner will be rooted out in a few years. They are beginning actually to build steamships at home, and are even providing themselves with iron-clad men-of-war. They are getting up stupendous works at the arsenal, which we visited in company with Mr. Allen, who is a teacher in the Government school there. They are manufacturing fire-arms of the most approved American models, and the work is as neatly and thoroughly done as it is anywhere in the world.

It is true that in many respects they are at a disadvantage, and are inferior to the people of Europe and America. They are the slaves of immemorial tradition, not only in the matter of religion, but in regard to social customs, political economy, education, and every thing else. They are in many respects—in *most* respects—just what they have been for two or three thousand years. But, as I have already intimated, this is owing more to the dreadful tyranny of a false religion than to any natural incapacity for progress. As the true faith becomes

spread abroad more and more you will see Chinese mind bounding forward with a spring and vigor that will astonish the world.

At any rate, my statement remains true, that of all Asiatic nations they are the most vigorous. Indeed, they are the only people of the East who go abroad in such numbers as to affect the conditions of neighboring countries—the only people who are largely felt abroad.

What interest has the Church in this fact? This: the conversion of China would be, virtually, the conversion of all Eastern Asia, and that would, practically, complete the conquest of the world.

I rejoice, that though our Church has but one Mission across the ocean, that one is in China. It puts us into the midst of the campaign which is to be final and decisive in the enthronement of the Son of God over the nations. China conquered, the world will be virtually at the feet of Jesus. Here we are at the front. There are 400,000,000 souls in this Empire itself, and then, as we have seen, they influence vitally other regions. The Christian faith once dominant in China, it must, through the Chinese, move out with great vigor upon all neighboring peoples.

Let the Church, then, advance in full force upon China. It is the great strategic point now. We must mass our forces here. By this "we" I mean the whole Christian Church. But especially, now, I appeal to our own Church; for, if we are fortunate in having selected China as our field of operations in the Orient, we are fortunate, again, in the particular location we have chosen in the Empire. Shanghai, at

the mouth of the Yang Tse Kiang, and commanding the commerce of that great river, as well as the coast-commerce of a very extended and fertile region, is the great *entre-pot* of Central China. It is in a temperate climate, and in immediate connection with that wonderful system of canals, the like of which is not in all the world. Here, on an area as large as one of our larger States, we have in easy reach a population equal to that of the United States. It is an alluvial region and swarms with human souls.

Take a hundred and fifty miles square about the mouth of the Mississippi river; suppose all its swamps to have been drained, and canals running in every direction through it, not more than eight or ten miles apart; then suppose a family to every twenty acres of it, and four cities of from five to seven hundred thousand inhabitants in it; and then other towns and cities—I know not how many—of from five to seventy-five or one hundred thousand inhabitants, and you will have a picture of the country immediately accessible to Shanghai. There could be no better base of operations. We must have been guided by Providence in the selection. Then, in this immediate region, and covering a large area, there is no other Methodist Mission but ours.

What a compact Annual Conference might be formed here, with the easy communication of the canals for itinerating purposes. The preachers might come in to attend the session for a hundred miles in every direction, at a cost of from three to five dollars each, the round trip—and this would include eating and sleeping.

My plan is for our Church to keep to this field.

Go nowhere else outside of America. *Enlarge here*, instead of going to Japan, Siam, Persia, or anywhere else. *Enlarge here*, and make a Conference, so that our brethren may have all that great advantage there is in numbers and annual sessions, kindling enthusiasm and imparting courage. Put them in a condition that will create an *esprit de corps*. Let them have the inspiration there is in the fellowship of saints.

But is there any hope of large success? Practical men will ask this question. I answer first, the Lord has commanded us to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and go we must, irrespective of consequences, which we are to leave to him. I answer, also, secondly: YES! Up to this time our success has been all we had any right to expect, in view of our feeble and intermittent labors, and the prospect of success brightens with every year. With twenty missionaries in the field, and ten schools, we would soon have fifty native helpers and hundreds and thousands of converts.

But we cannot send twenty at once. No, certainly; but we can send two or three additional ones every year until we reach the number.

But Mexico calls for more money; Brazil calls for more; Key West calls for more; the West calls for more; China calls for more, and the collections are falling off, for the times are hard, money is scarce, and the Church feels but little interest for the souls of men. May God be merciful to us! O, my brethren, let us come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty!

We want \$100,000 for the American continent, and \$20,000 for China.

The Presbyterian Church, in addition to all its fields in other parts of the world, has forty missionaries in China alone, and we, with no other missions in this hemisphere, have—one, two, three—only three!

I rejoice in fraternity, I rejoice in a growing census, I rejoice in numerous and prosperous institutions of learning, I rejoice in church-building and parsonage-building at home; but I weep and mourn over the little we are doing for the salvation of the people that sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### IN MEMORIAM.

I COULD not think of leaving China until I had seen two graves.

In company with Mrs. Lambuth, I went this afternoon, first, to the new English cemetery. The grounds are beautifully ornamented and well-kept, being pleasantly situated in one of the best suburbs of the city. In one of the most eligible parts of the

grounds, on a principal avenue, we came upon an elegant marble monument, bearing the following inscription, which I give without preserving the form in which the lines are carved:

"Sacred to the memory of Benjamin Jenkins, D.D., born June 16, 1814; died March 13, 1871.

"He was fourteen years a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and seven years in the consular service of the United States of America, at this port.

"He was highly respected by a wide circle of friends, as a Christian of earnest and unassuming piety, a scholar of large and varied attainments, and a public officer, faithful and zealous in the discharge of his duties.

"'Absent from the body, present with the Lord.'

"'If a man die, shall he live again?'"

The Doctor was first buried in the old cemetery, but his widow had the remains removed to this one, and the monument was erected by his son. We contemplated the grave with tender interest, and felt that the Church was honored by the presence of one of her earliest messengers to China, who sleeps so far away from his brethren, consecrating the soil on which he came to preach Christ and the resurrection.

We then proceeded to the old cemetery, and found it full of monuments. But it is well-preserved and carefully kept. We soon found a massive granite monument in the form of a sarcophagus. On the slab are these words: "Helen Morphis Wood, wife of Rev. M. L. Wood, Missionary to China. Born in North Carolina, U. S. A., Jan. 7,

1836; departed this life in Shanghai, March 10, 1864. "To die is gain."

So for the love of Christ she came ten thousand miles from home, and died in a land of strangers. But what does it concern us where we die, if only we die in the Lord? I thought of the bereaved husband and motherless children, leaning on the arm of God where there was nothing else to lean upon. But it was an Almighty support, and "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" shone as full here as in America.

We saw, also, the graves of four of our Brother Allen's little ones, who just tasted life in a pagan land, to be removed to the Father's house and enter into life eternal.

Thus the Church is bound to China by the mysteries both of life and death. We have six bodies planted here for the resurrection. Besides these, there are several native Christians of our Communion sleeping here, among them two native helpers—the noble and lamented Liew (James O. Andrew he was named by us), and one whose name I do not recall.

In reflecting upon this, the great future sweeps into vision before me. Shall not our Zion have a host to come up at last from this Empire, the American missionary and the pagan convert rising together from the same dust, and hailing the descending Lord with a mingled shout, responding to his voice? for "the Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout" when He comes to gather His redeemed from the four corners of the earth.

O! the blessed toil of the missionary! What if he

is unheeded by tens of thousands of the blind heathen to whom he lifts up his voice? *Some* hear and are saved, and the number is swelled in an ever-increasing ratio. *China will turn to the Lord!* I feel it; I almost see it. What if he is half-forgotten at home? He is never forgotten in heaven. There is an eye that follows him with love by night and by day, the eye that never slumbers.

How I would love to labor and die here among these missionaries of the cross! How I would love to rise at the last day in the midst of a multitude of heathen converts!

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### FROM SHANGHAI TO CANTON.

ON FRIDAY, January 12, we had early breakfast, and went on board the steamer Geelong, accompanied to the Bund by Mr. Allen and the native preachers, where we took an affectionate leave of them. I have them daguerreotyped upon my memory still, as they stood there watching our departure. May the peace of God abide with them!

Mr. Lambuth and Mr. Parker accompanied us on board of our ship, which was anchored out in the

harbor. After affectionate leave-taking, they descended to their sampans, and we watched them, as they rowed away to the shore, with no little emotion. Our hearts were knit to them by the strongest ties.

Our anchor was soon raised, and we steamed down the Wongdoo, twelve miles, into the Yang Tse, and down that to the great ocean. We were favored by the north-east monsoon, and, with all sail up, what with wind and steam, we fairly split the waves, and dashed away southward, committing ourselves to the care of God.

Our ship is not a very large one, but staunch and trim, a first-rate sea-boat, and makes excellent headway. She is a screw-propeller—the first of her class we have been on. Her English officers are genuine gentlemen, communicative and accommodating in the highest degree. The “Lascars”—sailors—are East Indian Mohammedans. The coal is handled by unmitigated Zanzibar negroes. The steward and waiters are English. There are but few passengers, so that each one has a state-room to himself—a great comfort in sea-going vessels. By Sunday the waves were running briskly under a stiff breeze, and the top of one made a dash at my window, but did not quite break it, though quite a sprinkling of the brine got in through the cracks. No great damage done. Our ship behaves admirably. We were told we should be at Hong Kong by daylight.

In the afternoon of Sunday we saw our captain, with his eye-glasses, peering out to landward, anxiously. This went on so long as to excite attention, and we learned, on inquiry, that, according to the

ship's reckonings, land ought to be in sight, but was not. There had been some error, evidently, the result, probably, of ocean currents, which are very strong in these seas. Monday morning we were up early, hoping to catch the Canton boat at 8 o'clock, when, to our surprise, we were still out of sight of land. There was a heavy mist, and, to be certain to avoid some treacherous shoals, our captain had borne seaward during the night, and now did not know exactly where he was. So we were lost—just a little. However, some bold headlands soon showed themselves, our whereabouts was determined, and by noon we cast anchor in front of the city of "Victoria," commonly called Hong Kong.

It is built on an island, separated from the main land by a strip of water two or three miles wide. The island is not more than twelve or fifteen miles long, I believe, by seven or eight wide, and was ceded to Great Britain in 1842. Since then a strip of land across the channel, on the main land, has been ceded, also, for police purposes. The island is a mountain, seventeen or eighteen hundred feet high. On the slope between the water and the mountain the city is built, and contains some two thousand foreigners, and something less than two hundred thousand Chinese. It is a great commercial center, and adds not a little to the prestige of Great Britain in the East. In the style of its streets and buildings it is a cross between English and Chinese. As it lies on the slope, it presents an aspect of great beauty as seen from the sea, especially at night, when the streets and houses are all lighted up.

We soon got into a sampan and went ashore. Our

first point was the post-office, where letters from *home* were awaiting us. Over the door of the post-office these words greeted us, cut in stone: "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." So we found it, indeed. All well at home! God is merciful to us still, as in times past. Let His name be praised! From the post-office we called on the United States Consul, Mr. Bailey, a very pleasant gentleman, with whom we spent a half-hour most delightfully. He extended to us the courtesy of an invitation to call on his family, which we intended to do, but circumstances prevented it. We had letters, also, to Sir John Smale, Chief Justice of Hong Kong. Accordingly, we called, but found him out, to our regret, as we had every reason to entertain a high regard for him.

A long walk through the business parts of the city revealed a scene of wonderful activity, which I cannot describe. It is to be borne in mind that there is no such thing in this country as manufacturing by machinery. Every thing is made by hand, and the shops, all open in front, are upon the edge of the narrow street. When I say *all open*, I do not mean that there is an open door into them, but that the *entire front* is open. In the region of shops, where carpenters, cabinet-makers, blacksmiths, copper-smiths, brass-smiths, tinnerns, shoemakers, and many others are in full blast, the racket is almost deafening. They are huddled close, only a thin partition separating two shops, so that within a small compass, on each side of the narrow street, many diverse employments and noises greet the eye and ear.

A circuitous road has been made which makes the

ascent of the steep mountain, in the rear of the city, very practicable, and we should have climbed to the summit but that the atmosphere was obscured by fogs, so that the view would have been very limited.

The return walk we made along the Bund, for the purpose of making inquiry about the Canton boat, for our ship was to remain at this port long enough to enable us to visit that city. There was a countless multitude of junks and native boats lying near the shore, and several large men-of-war, of various nations, with merchant steamers not a few, anchored farther out. As we walked slowly along we saw a great steamer swing from her moorings, and move grandly away. It was the Tokio, bound for San Francisco. By the courtesy of the Consul we had been able to get letters on board of her at the last moment. She was, therefore, a link between us and our loved ones, and our eyes followed her with affection.

We found that there were two boats for Canton, maintaining a sharp competition. First-class passage had been reduced from five dollars to one, and steerage from one dollar to ten cents. The Chinese nearly all go steerage, and while rates are so low they go in crowds—as many as can crowd in. The government of Hong Kong has had to interfere, and limit the number to seven hundred.

Toward dusk we took a sampan and returned on board the Geelong for the night. The "sampan" deserves a passing remark. It is the size of a large skiff, but constructed differently, being longer, and, toward the bow, more pointed. It has a floor laid two or three inches below the upper edge. In the

widest part, which is nearer the aft-part than the bow, there is a square opening in the floor, and around this the floor serves as a convenient seat, with sufficient space to accommodate four or five persons. Over this part there is a circular covering, made of bamboo slits, or some sort of matting. There are trap-doors through the floor, and under it many things can be stowed away.

Many of these sampans belong to families, and serve the double purpose of a *residence* and a *means of subsistence*. The family live upon it, and navigate it about the harbor on any errand that may offer. The wife or daughter is quite as skillful and energetic in managing it as the man. They have a mast and a little sail for use when the wind favors, in which case, with sail and oar, they make fine speed. Usually the wife holds the rudder and the husband manages the sail and oar; but when there are children large enough to aid there are two or three at the oars, and I have seen a woman, with a child strapped upon her back, using the oar, or spreading or lowering the sail, or using the bamboo-pole with great energy. The bamboo-pole has an iron point and hook at the lower extremity, and is used in shallow water, or when way must be made through a press of boats.

When a ship comes to anchor in the harbor these little crafts swarm around it, the strongest or most dexterous getting first to the foot of the ladder. You get into one and go to any part of the harbor for *ten cents*—ten cents a trip, that is, not ten cents a passenger—so that if there are four or five passengers each goes for two or three cents.

At six o'clock on Tuesday the steward gave us a special breakfast, and by seven we were on board the Canton boat. Outside it resembled a Mississippi steamboat, but the internal arrangements were quite different. There are never many foreigners traveling at one time here, but there is a small cabin for them especially, very elegantly furnished and carpeted. H., myself, and one Englishman, were the only occupants on this trip, except the officers, who were Englishmen, and very polite. The officers of the rival boat, we learned afterward, were Americans.

The first thing we observed when we got to our cabin was a number of muskets, pistols, and sabers, ready for use. On inquiry we learned that the reason of this was that about two years ago one of the boats, on a trip to Macao, was understood to have eighty thousand dollars on board. A company of Chinese took passage—no unusual thing—but these fellows, as it turned out, were veteran robbers. On the way they killed the captain, seized the money—which turned out to be but thirty-five thousand dollars—compelled the engineer to land the boat, and made off with their booty. They made good their escape, and have never been heard of. This exploit would have done credit to the great railroad and bank-robbers of America.

We had been invited to Canton by the Rev. Dr. Happer, of the Presbyterian Mission at that place. By a little inadvertency he failed to meet us on the boat—and we, not knowing that he had received our letters, took a sampan and started for his house. But he was soon on our track, and, by taking a “near cut,” overtook us. What a cordial greeting! How

deep and abounding is the fellowship of saints among these missionaries!

Our time in Canton was necessarily limited. We had felt it our duty, as it had been our pleasure, to spend as much time as possible with the brethren of our own Church, and now we must hasten. We were to proceed on our way on the Geelong, and she was to leave on Thursday, at 12 M. sharp. It was now Tuesday, 3 P. M., and the next morning at 9 our boat would return to Hong Kong. We had no time to lose.

Upon a programme, hastily sketched by Dr. Happer, we undertook to get a bird's-eye view of this, one of the greatest cities of the Empire. So we took chairs. A man does not *take a chair* here for the same purpose as in America—that is, not always; for sometimes he takes a sedan-chair, in which case the chair *takes him*, rather. If he is going a short distance only, the chair is borne by two men; but as we were going to take a heavy tramp, we took three men each. We proceeded to the only hill in the city, and ascended the five-story pagoda on the wall where it crosses the hill. From this elevation the view is very fine. Southward is the city, containing a full million of human souls. Westward is a beautiful reach of country, covered with vegetable gardens, all green, and striped with water-courses. Northward are hills, rising in the distance into mountains. The nearer hills constitute one vast, but unsightly, cemetery, relieved by no marble nor any shrubbery—a vast reach of low, irregular earth-mounds.

This collection of all the graves into a cemetery is a contrast with the custom farther north, where every

family buries its dead in its own grounds, and only paupers and strangers are placed together in a common ground. Every little farm of a few acres has its cluster of graves, which are irregular mounds of earth generally, though sometimes made of brick. At a little distance they seem to be as thick as shocks of hay in a meadow. In my drives around Shanghai, and in the trip to Soochow and Hangchow, I saw millions on millions of them. They actually occupy a large proportion of the tillable soil of the country. I was glad to find here at Canton a separate cemetery, though it is so bald and dreary-looking.

From this point we walked around on the city-wall to the east gate, sending our chairs ahead to meet us. On our way we passed the great Examination Hall, which will accommodate ten thousand students. At the season of examinations the stalls are filled, and booths erected to accommodate two thousand more.

During the examination each student enters a stall, which is large enough to accommodate only one; a thesis is given him, and there he sits until he has finished his writing. The tests by which the performance is judged are, conformity to the classical standards, elegance of style, and accuracy of writing. A very high standard is required in order to pass to a degree. Dr. Happer told me that, at a recent examination, an acquaintance of his produced a thesis that was approved in every respect, only that *one* character was made wrong—inadvertently—a mere *lapsus pennæ*—but that was fatal. A man who fails may repeat the trial over and over *ad libitum*, and now and then one keeps up the effort until his head is

gray. If a young man succeeds in reaching the highest honors it is the occasion of the most extravagant congratulation. Returning to his native place he is received with the highest marks of distinction. His family becomes honorable in the public regard, and the most exalted rank in the offices of the Empire is open to him, as he is now in the way of promotion; but the poor fellow who tries and fails is overwhelmed with grief and shame.

After dinner the Rev. Mr. Percy, of the Wesleyan Mission, and the Rev. Mr. Graves, of the Baptist Mission, called on us. These brethren gave us much valuable information. I was doubly glad to see Mr. Graves, as he is very nearly related to my friends, the Bakers, of Baltimore.

In the course of the evening we learned that there would be a steamer leaving at 3 or 4 P. M. for Hong Kong. This would give us another half-day in Canton, and it was arranged that we should take tiffin with Mr. Percy, and then meet with the resident missionaries at his house. The morning we devoted to seeing some of the finest parts of the city, and visiting the hospital, and the temple of the Five Hundred Sages. There are actually five hundred images, and the faces are of the Indian, not the Chinese type. They are said to be representations of five hundred of the most celebrated disciples of Buddha. The features are very good, and there is every variety of expression. One old fellow is represented as playing with his children, some of them being on his knee, one climbing up behind him, and one taking great liberties with his beard, while he is

enjoying the fun, and fairly splitting himself with laughter.

But what we enjoyed infinitely more than all this was the morning prayers in Dr. Happer's chapel. The native helpers and others assemble here every morning at half-past 6 o'clock for worship. It is the best Protestant chapel I have seen in China—and there is one peculiarity in its construction that is worthy of mention: a partition, six feet high, runs through the middle of it. This is to meet the demand for seclusion on the part of the better class of Chinese women.

The worship was earnest, and I felt that it was good to be there. Some fifteen or twenty men were present, and two elderly women, one of whom, having been cast off by her family for becoming a Christian, has been obliged to find a home on the Mission-premises.

At half-past 1 o'clock the parlor at Mr. Percy's was well filled. I regretted that we had not time for a longer interview, that I might have got a large statement of facts and expression of views, such as we had had from the assembled missionaries, both at Tokio and Shanghai. Having but an hour together, we concluded to spend it in prayer, with a brief exhortation. God was with us. The place became the gate of heaven. The atmosphere was tremulous with the voice of Him who was dead and is alive again. His word came again to every heart, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

But we must needs hasten, for the time was short. Our dear friend and host, Dr. Happer, who seemed to us as if we had known him all our lives, accom-

panied us to the vessel, where we found steam up already. Parting was approached with reluctance on both sides, and we left Canton feeling that we had formed incipient friendships here to be consummated in eternity.

On the deck of the *China*, of Hamburg, we floated down Pearl river, and gazed at this great city of 1,000,000 souls—100,000 of whom live in their boats. Only think of it—eating, sleeping and rearing children in these little boats.

Both here and at Hong Kong we saw many men at hard labor, naked, except for a strip of cotton goods around the loins. Many are barefooted. We are approaching the tropics. If we are prospered in the way we shall see no more winter—and it is very little we have seen; for, up to the time of our leaving Shanghai, the weather had been exceptionally good, though the air there is damp, and one feels chilled when the mercury is not very low.

At daybreak we found ourselves in Hong Kong harbor again. Sampans in abundance were within call, and we bounded over the waves, for the wind was high, till our dexterous boatman hooked the ladder of the *Geelong* with his bamboo-pole, holding fast till we ascended. Correspondence was finished up by breakfast-time, after which Mr. Hendrix took it off to the post-office. Having a pretty bad attack of rheumatism, I remained on board, which I almost regretted when H. returned, reporting that the mast of his sampan was broken off, so strong was the wind, and that the well-regulated sampan family behaved with the utmost propriety. There was no screaming, no confusion; but *materfamilias* did every

thing just right, and just at the right time, till the mast and sail, which were overboard, were recovered. Such meet help do these help meets render. H. confesses that he felt serious, for he thought the situation a grave one. I regretted that I was not with him, for I have always thought it a desirable thing *to have been in a bad storm* at sea. Note the tense.

At noon we were fairly under headway for Singapore. We have seen our last of China. We leave it with emotion. We never enjoyed "communion of saints" more than with the Christians here, both native and foreign. We have never experienced a richer hospitality. We discovered some admirable traits, even among the heathen.

But the land is wholly given to idolatry—it lies in the shadow of death. The few missionary stations are like specks of light in the illimitable blackness. The day has scarcely dawned. There are 12,000 native converts against nearly or quite 400,000,000. Sometimes, when I think of such a mighty and compact empire of Satan, a horror of great darkness falls upon my soul. It is the place where the wicked one has his great stronghold now. He dominates it with an art and power that I have not been able to bring out in any adequate way in this correspondence. A near view of it is appalling. It is the most fearful spiritual condition that my imagination has ever conceived. After careful inquiry among the most intelligent men, and those longest resident here, I am satisfied that China is literally *without God*—gods many and lords many there are; but of the Infinite and Holy Being who is the Creator of all things and Judge of all men, they have no knowledge. They

worship their own grotesque inventions—creatures of their own fancy, the miserable product of their own depraved imagination. The black plague of depravity is in it all. The degradation of it is unutterable, and the gloom and despair of multitudes of these worshipers is enough to melt the very rocks.

Canton is in many respects and by far, the finest, as it is the largest, Chinese city we have seen. Soochow and Hangchow were, perhaps, as large before the insurrection, but they were terribly depopulated by the war, and have not yet recovered their former greatness; nor were they ever anything like so well built as Canton. Some of the best brick-work I ever saw is here. The most perfect of pressed brick is laid in mortar, spread so thin that it looks like a thread of white running from one end of the wall to the other. The face of the wall is very beautiful, though the brick is not red like St. Louis brick, nor has it the beautiful brownish tint of some I have seen about Nashville, but approaches a lead-color. Of course it is only the finest houses that are so elegantly built, there being a great deal of coarse and irregular work. There are the same very narrow streets here as elsewhere, but they are cleaner; and though the odors are bad enough, yet they do not come up to those of the other cities we have visited. The shops are larger, and the stocks of goods better than we have seen elsewhere.

There are less than five hundred native Christians in the city, and they are nearly all in the Presbyterian, Wesleyan and Baptist Churches. Several cases of great interest were related by Dr. Happer, but I have not room to detail them here. Growth is

not rapid, but healthy and steady, and the brethren rejoice in brightening prospects from year to year.

The evangelization of China proceeds quietly, but moves forward with divine energy. The greatest changes are prepared silently. The meteorological conditions that introduce the cyclone are noiseless. The rays that loosen the iceberg from the mass upon which it was formed are unobserved. Cataclysms are the outcome of silent forces. So Christian ideas are making their way in China. Far beyond the range of apparent results these vital truths are insinuating themselves into the minds of men, and God's word accomplishes that whereunto it is sent. The great event is coming. China will bend the knee to the Son of God.

*When* the issue will appear no man can know. Let the universal Church cry to God that he may hasten it in his time.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### SINGAPORE.

ON THE NIGHT of January 23, we dropped anchor in the harbor of Singapore, and early in the morning of the 24th steamed up to the P. and O. Company's wharf, which is two and a half miles from the city. The steward gave us breakfast at 8 o'clock—an hour earlier than usual—and H. and I took a gharry and started off to see the town. The "gharry" is a one-horse vehicle, with a singular-looking body, which is an oblong square in shape, with seats for four persons. It is drawn by one horse, usually a small pony, though we saw a few horses of good size, and, in general appearance, much like American horses. But the ponies commonly in use seem ridiculously small compared with the size of the carriage and the weight of the load; but the roads hereabouts are firm and level, and the little creatures do their work very well.

In the gharry the seat of the driver is a piece of board a foot square, in front, very near the horse, with only the shafts for his feet to rest upon. Our pony, this morning, was parti-colored, bay and white. This is quite common among them, and, so far as our observation extends, the bay color prevails over the neck and shoulders, and the white over the rest of the body. Our driver started off on a trot,

leading his pony, but soon mounted without checking speed, and on we drove along a beautiful road, bordered by tropical foliage, to see the wonders of a new world. We saw more than we can tell. The palm-tree is here in all its glory. There is the cocoa-palm, the cabbage-palm, the fan-palm, and other species that I cannot name. The most beautiful tree I ever saw is the fan-palm, the foliage of which spreads out from the top of the stem like a fan. A species of bay abounds, with foliage closely resembling that of the magnolia, and another species with leaves much larger, though similar in other respects. Wild flowers abound; vegetation is luxuriant, and the general aspect of the forest answers my expectation perfectly.

Once on the road we found comers and goers in abundance, as might be expected in the near neighborhood of a large city. One of the first things we saw was what we never saw in China, and but rarely in Japan—native-wheeled vehicles.\* Besides the gharry we met numerous ox-carts, drawn by the very ox we have seen in pictures—the Burmese ox—with a hump on his shoulders. A few we saw drawn by one in shafts, but they are generally drawn by two. The yoke is a very primitive affair, being a smooth straight pole.

The people we met were Malays, the natives of the country, Tamils, from Madras, Europeans, chiefly English, and Chinese. *The Chinese outnumber all the rest*, and the business of the place is largely in their hands.

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\*There are rude wheeled vehicles in some parts of China, but none in the region of Shanghai except the jinrikisha and wheelbarrow.

We drove to the American Consulate, but were warned off by the words, "Business-hours from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M." It was now but a little after 9. So we drove to the Bank, thinking to get a little money. "Business from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M." Well, by law, we can keep a gharry all day for \$1.50, or eight hours for \$1.25; so we will see something. "Take us along the Bund." A fine rock-wall faces the sea on our right, and business-houses, at once elegant and massive, tower upon our left. H. recognizes the name of a banker on his sign as one mentioned in the list given with his letter of credit, and stops and transacts his business, getting, also, much valuable information about the place. Back to the Consulate. Our cards are answered, "Will the gentlemen call in half an hour? the Major is indisposed, and is about taking his *bawith*." So we leave the Major to his bath; for, truth to say, it is not yet quite 10, and we ought to have been more considerate than to call at such an hour. Without further delay, we drove out to the Botanical and Zoological Gardens, three miles from the Bund. The road is a beautiful one, well improved, and bordered with trees, which make a very pretty avenue, and passes some fine bungalows. A mile or so to the right, on the principal elevation in the neighborhood, is a fine mansion, the residence of the Governor.

We witnessed, also, a characteristic scene—a large native laundry. Bordering the road at one point is a small water-course. The bed of it seems to have been deepened at one point for a distance of thirty or forty yards, so as to give the water a depth of two feet or more, and in this part the current is very

slight. In the edge of the water, on the side farthest from the road, large square stones are laid at intervals of, say, twenty feet. The soiled clothes lie soaking in the water, which has a muddy look. How long they have been a-soak I know not. The washermen stand by the stones, and, swinging the dripping clothes over their heads, bring them down upon the stones with great force. Washing is done much the same way in China. In all these countries it is cheap—thirty or forty cents a dozen—but in the end it is dear, for no linen can stand this usage long. In connection with the laundry I have been describing, there is a lawn of perhaps three acres, the grass being cut short, on which the drying is done. When we passed it was covered. Some pieces were spread out on the sward, and some hung on lines—all of it was white as snow.

The gardens we went to visit were new. They are well laid off, and if you have a day on your hands it is well worth while to see them. We saw a good deal of rare shrubbery, with the scientific name written on boards. It would have cost us but little labor to copy these and insert them here, in which case the reader might have supposed that we were well up in the science of botany, but otherwise he would have been little the wiser. The grounds are pleasantly undulating, with walks well-arranged, and a good deal of work being done—or *doing*, if you prefer. In a shallow pond there was the sacred lotus, made so much of by the Buddhists, and which is, for all the world, like the pond-lily I have seen so often at home—foliage, flower, and all. Another water-plant here was much more striking—the “*Victoria Regia*,” having a

leaf that spreads out flat on the surface of the water, round as a plate, and turned up square at the edges an inch or two, making a broad, shallow cup. I saw one that was four and a half feet in diameter, but that was in a private garden which we visited in the afternoon.

We saw here, also, the celebrated banyan-tree, which drops roots down from its branches, so as to make numerous stems. It is a striking object.

There is also a beautiful lake, on which we saw the pelican, the black swan, and a very peculiar species of duck. The black swan is *very beautiful* indeed, the long feathers of the wing lying like ruffles on each side of the tail.

Near the pond was a stable, containing another creature which was *not* beautiful. It was the rhinoceros. He was feeding on a mass of stems and leaves from some sort of tree, and was standing in the door of his stable, partly in the stable, and having his head out, there being a small area in front, inclosed by a plank fence. He was very gentle, and we had a fine opportunity of examining his disgusting body. His head and neck seemed to me to be suffering from a cutaneous disease; but H. thought it was natural.

In another part of the garden is a monstrous tiger, and two leopards. The leopards are beauties, and so is the tiger; but he is heavier and less agile-looking than I had expected to see. You ought to have heard his growl as we passed his cage. It was something sublime—if sublimity may be predicated of any such thing as a growl.

There is quite a variety of monkeys, also, with all

the burlesque intelligence of their species. What horrible caricatures of the human face their features are! But the most varied and interesting collection is that of birds. There is quite a variety of parrots and pheasants of very brilliant plumage. But what struck me most was several varieties of chickens, in general form and habits just like our domestic hen, with feathers as richly colored as those of the peacock—indeed, much more so in the male. They were beauties.

A yard of a quarter of an acre was devoted to one emu, which resembles the ostrich in a general way, but is not so large, and is of a much darker color. When we came upon him he was *sitting erect*—that is, he had dropped back on his legs, the whole length of the naked part of which was lying along on the ground, the body being held erect—and he was drinking water out of a vessel. We had to throw two or three clods at him before he would stir. In an adjoining lot were two ostriches, just such as we see in pictures. They were fine, stately fellows, and I could well believe all I had heard of their capacity for running.

We drove back to the city, and took “tiffin” at the “Hotel de Europe.” While waiting for this we improved the half-hour in calling upon the Consul again. He is a German, and in quite ill-health—the effect of the climate. He is evidently addressing himself to his duties in an earnest way. In answer to some question about the country and people, he said, “Why! haf you not read my annual repoorts to de Gooferment? I haf explain all dese tings very full.” What could we say? Alas for us, we had not

read a single line of "de repoorts." We made our call short; for though the Major was good-natured, he was evidently suffering. But he did us good service in sending a note to Mr. Whampoa, whose private garden we desired to visit, recommending us to the especial regards of that gentleman.

Whampoa is a very distinguished Chinaman. He is a leading merchant of Singapore, and has accumulated a vast fortune. The Russian Government has appointed him Vice-Consul of the Empire at Singapore, where he has resided the greater part of his life. He speaks the English language with great ease and purity. His residence is two miles from town, where he has an elegant mansion, surrounded by fine grounds, which constitute one of the chief points of interest at this place.

Passing along a street, we found ourselves near his place of business. His sign is very unpretending, being in English character, of a small size, "Mr. Whampoa's Office." We concluded to pay our respects to him in his office, and so sent him our cards. We found him an elderly man, almost decrepit; but he received us with a courtesy that was very elegant, and even courtly, telling us that he had received a private note from the American Consul commending us to his especial consideration, and that he would be most happy to serve us in any way. We replied that we desired only to see his grounds, of which we had heard so much. He invited us to call at 5 o'clock, when he would be at home to receive us.

Any one can see these grounds, even in his absence, but we had access, also, to the more private

gardens, and to the interior of the house. The most remarkable thing here is the representation of various objects in shrubbery. Here is a piece of shrubbery trained to represent a dog, there another in the form of an elephant, a gharry, a hog, a bird, or any object you may fancy. One of the dogs we saw was in the attitude of barking furiously. A deer had just been startled from its feeding, and stood in the attitude of alarm, with its head turned as if to scan the landscape and detect an enemy. Birds were in flight, some of them, and some at rest. One shrub represented a large vase with a plant growing in it. Then there were pagodas, and many other things. All this is effected by making a wire frame representing the object, and training over it a species of box which covers it completely, following the wire closely, and concealing it, while yet the outline is perfectly preserved.

But I saw a cedar trimmed so as to represent monkeys, without the aid of wire. This was in the Parsee garden at Shanghai.

From the garden, Mr. Whampoa took us to a back-yard, where we saw his fine poultry. While we were looking at this, a very small pet deer came up to us in the most confident way. "They all know me," said Mr. Whampoa, with an evident feeling of satisfaction. Just then we were startled by an animal which came hopping along on its hind legs, the fore-legs being ridiculously short, and rarely ever touching the ground. I recognized the kangaroo instantly, though I had never seen him before, except in pictures. He was from Australia, as the little deer was from Ceylon. In a cage near by was

a small black bear with a yellow streak under its neck in the shape of a horse-shoe. He was from Borneo. Another animal that interested us much was the "mouse-deer," a little creature scarcely larger than a rat, though taller, being a perfect deer in shape. He was running from one end of his pen to the other, at full speed, as long as I looked at him.

Then there were the golden and silver pheasants, *perfect beauties*, the mandarin duck, and a most remarkable web-footed fowl with a long, slender bill. They call it a duck, but really it seemed to me to have very little in common with the duck, except its web-foot.

He then took us into his dining-room, showed us the kitchen, which we did not enter, and took us through the hall. In the dining-room and hall are many objects of interest which I will not take time to enumerate. He then took us up stairs into the parlors and sitting-rooms, where were many fine things, some of them presents from distinguished men in Japan, Siam, and China. The Emperor of China has constituted him a Mandarin, and when H. referred to the fact he seemed quite modest about it, and protested his utter unworthiness of such an honor. The theory is that a man reaches the dignity of a Mandarin only by the highest literary merit. But men of great wealth seem to have it conferred upon them sometimes in a sort of honorary way. Woo, of Hangchow, the A. T. Stewart of China, has been distinguished in the same way.

Our host at last led us out into a veranda, where tea was awaiting us, and just as we were about sitting down a great outcry from below reached our

ears. The kangaroo had got out. Mr. Whampoa was evidently a little excited, but he did not forget the dignity of the host. We had a fine field of view from the veranda. The chase of the escaped prisoner was warm. The dogs were after him, and they soon came in view, the household servants yelling and running at the top of their speed. But you ought to have seen the kangaroo use his hind legs. Such leaps! The man who has witnessed it once is not likely ever to forget it.

We soon dispatched our tea, took leave of our host, and returning to town met the squad of pursuers returning with the captured beast.

This man is a confirmed heathen. We saw the incense-sticks burning both in his office and residence.

We had taken rooms at the hotel, intending to spend the night there, but seeing lizards running about on the wall, Mr. Hendrix was so strongly reminded of a time when he had one on his neck that he got nervous, and so we slept on board the ship, having a fine moonlight drive through the woods, after first taking a stroll on the Bund, enjoying the delicious breeze as it swept in from the sea; and, as it was a north-east wind, it *might* be from America. At any rate we had hallowed communion about home, and the love of God and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. How strange and sad it seemed to us that such a man as Whampoa should be an idolator! But it had been bred into his soul from his very infancy, and rooted itself in his sensibilities, no doubt, from his mother's voice.

The streets of Singapore are wide for an Oriental city, but would be considered narrow in America.

They seem wonderfully roomy to a man who has been spending a month in Chinese cities, being, I should say, as wide as those in the oldest portion of St. Louis.

The Chinese swarm in all the streets, and have the business of the place largely in their hands. Besides the business men, many of whom are very prosperous, there are many Chinese mechanics here. The Russian Consul is a Chinaman. By the way, our ship's carpenter is a Chinaman. Then there are innumerable Chinese coolies here who seem to do all the hard work of the place. The Malays are indolent. They furnish the gharry drivers, and most of the carts I saw were driven by them. A good many of them are small shop-keepers and money-changers. We had occasion to get some dollars changed into rupees, and were taken to a little Malay shop, where the proprietor was sitting on the floor, which was elevated about three feet above the street, and seemed to me perfectly indifferent as to the business. He handled the money carelessly and in the most leisurely way. One of them attached himself to us on the street as a self-constituted guide, having a little English at command. He took us to the several shops, and assisted us in making purchases. We imagined he got a per cent. in the way of commission on the sales that were made to us.

There are about 9,000 Tamils here. The police force of the city is taken from them. Our Consul informed us that the police regulations are admirable, and that but few crimes are committed. The offi-

cers of the force, and the judges of all the courts, are English.

The coolies are naked, except for a loin-cloth, and the well-to-do dress in thin goods in a way which exposes the person a good deal. We saw but few women on the street—indeed, none. Now and then we saw one at the door of her house, or in a boat. Those we saw were rather pretty. The Malay is a shade darker than the Chinaman; but it is a brown color that I rather prefer to the Chinese yellow. The Malay woman is bedizened with jewelry. I saw one standing in the door of a poor house, whose fingers, wrists, ears and nostrils, were *loaded*. There were light rings at the top of the ear, and heavy ones at the bottom. Those in the nose were not suspended from the central cartilage, but from the outside of the nostril.

I thought of my countrywomen who undertake to make savages of themselves by mutilating their ears to get a place from which to hang jewelry. Let them come here and see what these ambitious heathen women do, if they wish to learn what is practicable in that line. I confess, I like to see things done thoroughly, when they are done at all, and not minced at. If a woman is going to have holes bored in her ears, why not in her nose? and why not two, as I have seen, on the outside of each nostril? And why not two in each ear, as the Malay belles do, the one in the lower part half an inch long, the cartilage being stretched down by the weight of the jewel? Let the young ladies of America send out to Singapore for the fashions, or quit the practice altogether.

Three canoes, with two boys in each, came about our ship, and spent a good part of the day. Except for the loin-cloth, they were dressed in their own skins. Their canoes, made of a single log of wood, were remarkably trim and light, and they managed them with great dexterity. They called out to the passengers in pretty good English, proposing to dive for any small piece of money that might be thrown into the water. Their agility and skill as divers are wonderful. They never fail to get the money long before it reaches the bottom.

One of them proposed to dive to the bottom, and bring up some coral or seaweed for ten cents. One of the passengers agreed to give it. The little fellow stood erect in his canoe, poised himself, sprang into the air, and went into the water perpendicularly, head downward. He was gone so long that I should have felt uneasy, only I saw that his companions were not. At last he came up with two or three pieces of beautiful seaweed. He took breath a minute, looked at me, and said, "Dime, sir?" "Yes." Down he went, and was gone forty-two seconds. What he brought up I hope to take home with me. Again and again the feat was performed, until every passenger had a specimen. The divers got lots of cash; I was going to say, pocketed lots—but *that* they did not do. When we moved off, some of the passengers waved handkerchiefs vigorously at them. They understood the joke, and screamed with laughter, responding an uproarious good-bye.

Just at the hour fixed for our departure, a gharry came down the road at a run. When it stopped, a portly man sprang out with papers in his hands, and

ran across the wharf at a tremendous rate of speed. He had an elegant turban on his head; his clothing was white and flowing, with a space between the upper and lower parts which exposed a band of skin across the stomach two or three inches wide. But, in spite of the disadvantages of his plight, he was one of the most dignified figures I ever saw. Though running at full speed, his port was commanding. Afterwards, as he stood on the wharf, he seemed to me to be as imposing a personage as I ever saw. He was accompanied, also, by a youth, of fourteen or fifteen, who resembled him closely, and was a singularly beautiful boy. They were both of a remarkably light color for this latitude. On inquiry, I learned that they were father and son—were Brahmans—and possessed of fabulous wealth.

A run of thirty-eight hours brought us to Penang, where we had six hours for a stroll on shore. This is a large city with good streets; belongs to Great Britain, politically, and to the Chinese, *businessly*. As usual, these people outnumber everybody else, and are the most enterprising and efficient.

As at Singapore, an English-speaking Malay attached himself to us unbidden, constituting himself our guide. Another fellow, very dark-skinned, with but one eye, and a villainous countenance, having a gharry, followed us half through the city, begging us to take a ride with him. We were annoyed, as we could not shake either of them off. At last we wore out the gharry-man, who left us in despair, but the other was doubly assiduous. At last we gave him three cents, and told him he would get no more. "Ten cents, master," he pleaded. If we had desired

his services we would have given him twice that amount freely. But he was in our way, and we were resolved to get rid of him. He left us in disgust; still he had money enough to get his dinner.

There is not a single Protestant Mission in Penang. Think of it—only one at Singapore, and *not* one at Penang. Passing a good-looking school-house, we went in and were met by a priest who was very polite. He is a Eurasian, from Calcutta. The only success they have, he says, is with the Chinese—the Malays are inaccessible.

We went, also, to the English free-school, and happened to fall in on an interesting occasion. It was the end of a term, and prizes were to be awarded. The pupils were all there in their best clothes. The exercises we witnessed consisted of reading in English, with grammatical analysis following; writing, and geography. It was very creditable. The prizes were English books, and, so far as we examined, such as go to create English sentiment. I give one specimen title—"Brave English Soldiers."

We observed a good many people here who were as black as Africans, but with straight hair and Asiatic features. They are Klings from the neighborhood of Madras, and those I saw are generally good looking, in spite of their color. Though black as negroes, it is a cleaner sort of black. The features of some of them are very fine, and there are a good many of them who are much lighter colored.

I cannot close this article without referring again to the remarkable vitality of the Chinese. They are the progressive people of the East. The *Govern-*

*ment* of China is *not* progressive, but the people are. They have overflowed on all the shores of Eastern Asia and Western America. They are influential, especially in Asia. They will never affect the institutions nor the national life of America. But the whole region of Mongolia and Thibet is moulded largely by Chinese thought, and in Siam the Government is influenced greatly by them. The Japanese civilization came from China, while Corea, Formosa, and Cochin China, are little more than Chinese colonies, so far as the life and thought of the people go.

The conversion of China would go far to complete the conquest of the world for Christ. It is *the* great achievement which the Church has before it now. That accomplished, between Russia and China on this side and the north, and Europe on the other, Western Asia would be compelled to capitulate; and, as for Africa, it will ultimately be what Europe and Asia make it.

The Churches of America are chiefly responsible for the conquest of China. Europe is remote. There is the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, the Straits of Malacca, and the China Sea, to be traversed. From America there is only the Pacific Ocean.

Of the Churches in America, the M. E. Church, South, has the greatest responsibility in the premises. All the other great denominations have scattered their forces in the East. We are nowhere but in China. We can concentrate. We can bring the great resources of a powerful and wealthy community to bear here. God is merciful to us in that

his providence has withheld us from other fields, that we may deliver our full strength on this, the most important of all—*this*, which is the key of the campaign.

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## CHAPTER XV.

## TEN DAYS IN CEYLON.

WHAT METHODIST can approach the island of Ceylon, and not think of Dr. Coke? I believe my feelings were never more aroused by any similar event than on Wednesday, January 31, as we came in sight of this classic land of Methodism—made classic by the death of that adventurous soldier of the cross. I thought of him dying on shipboard, on his way to establish the Wesleyan Mission here. I thought of his body cast over into the deep. I wondered if it had been devoured by monsters, or whether, sinking into lower deeps, it might not even yet, preserved by the briny waters, be floating there, or lodged amid the crags

of some coral reef. No matter! He died in Christ, and when the "Lord shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God," he will find his servant and bring him forth to his great reward.

By sunrise on Thursday morning, February 1, we cast anchor in the harbor of Point de Galle. The harbor is small, and the approach to it difficult, and in rough weather, dangerous. Here we saw a new style of small boats, designed to stand the surf when the sea runs high. They are very, *very* narrow, and stand high out of the water. This is to keep the breakers from dashing over and into them. Then, to prevent upsetting, there is a singular contrivance. Toward each end, on one side, a pole is inserted. These two poles are, I suppose, eight or ten feet long. They curve downward toward the end, and are fastened to a small log which floats on the water. Should the boat capsize in one direction, this log would have to be lifted at the end of a ten-foot lever, high into the air; to go over in the other direction, it would have to press the log deep into the water at the end of the same lever. The contrivance, though awkward-looking, is very effectual.

We went ashore early, and took breakfast at the Oriental Hotel. After breakfast we called a bandy and drove out to Richmond Hill, the residence of the Wesleyan missionary. Of the ride we had more than we bargained for, owing to a misunderstanding of the driver, who took us to *Gibson's Hill*—a Church of England Mission—High Church at that. But the drive was a very fine one, and we did not regret it. We had the harbor on one side, dotted with rocks

near the shore, and with ships and native boats where the water was deep. The surf was rolling in grandly, dashing itself into spray among the rocks, or approaching the coast at an unobstructed point, breaking into foam upon the beach. On the other side was a dense forest of cocoa-nut palm. I had seen the palm before, but never such a forest of it. The ground was covered with the shade, so that even the road was well protected against the rays of a tropical sun.

We had a letter to the Rev. George Baugh, who had been in charge of the work at Galle. But, having been recently appointed in charge of the Calcutta District, he was on a visit of leave-taking in another part of the island. We found his successor here, the Rev. Mr. Shipstone, just out from England, scarcely yet installed in the Mission-house. There was the inevitable confusion of domestic affairs incident to the moving out of one family and the moving in of another. However, the object of our visit was accomplished—we got large information as to missionary affairs in the Island, and a good deal of insight into the methods of work which obtain in this oldest of Wesleyan Missions in the East.

Richmond Hill is an eminence commanding a fine display of tropical forest near at hand on the south, and beyond that the harbor and the sea; and having on the north a breadth of landscape that extends to the mountain ranges of the interior. On the summit of the hill is the residence of the missionary, fronting the north. This is flanked on the left, at the distance of fifty yards, by the girls'-school; and on the right, at about the same distance, by the newly-erected

residence of the President of the College, the Rev. Mr. Langdon, an excellent scholar and a thorough-going man. Farther north, and half-way down the hill, is the College. The position of this building is rather obscure, but this was the only thing I saw that I was at all disposed to criticise.

This school has secured such a reputation for efficiency and thoroughness that even the Buddhists are glad to patronize it. This is noteworthy, especially as it is not a free school, but charges tuition at fair rates, and as it is universally known to be a *Christian* school, emphatically, and that a boy attending it is very liable to be converted. The same is true of all the Wesleyan schools in the Island. It has been the object of our brethren to gain patronage by *merit*, and not by gratuitous instruction.

We took tiffin with the Mission family, and then drove on to Wacwalla, a place much resorted to for its fine view—but really, the landscape at Richmond Hill is better. However, we were well rewarded, having a fine valley threaded by a river on one side. Besides that, we saw a grove of nutmegs and a cinnamon-garden. Standing on the summit of Wacwalla, H. imagined that he snuffed the “spicy breezes.” I assured him that it was nothing but imagination. This corrected his nose, so that before we left the Island he became convinced that the “spicy breezes” was *mere* poetry, nothing else. I suspect we should find it so even if we were in “Araby the blest.” But we did find a decidedly fragrant atmosphere in an establishment for curing cinnamon bark, which we visited. This was some compensation to our noses for all they had undergone in China.

Through a great part of our drive we were dogged by beggars, as we were in the town also, whenever we stepped outside of our hotel. These trifling fellows are very expert. They will offer you a bouquet of flowers, or volunteer a piece of trifling information, and then demand pay. If you venture to speak to one of them you may rest assured he will have some of your money before you will ever be quit of him.

On Friday evening, by chance, we had the opportunity of going to Colombo by a steamer of the British India line. This is the political capital of Ceylon, and if they succeed with the breakwater they are building, it will be also the commercial emporium. We landed early on Saturday morning, and proceeded to the Galle Face Hotel, a house kept entirely by natives, where we got a very good breakfast, after which we drove to Colpetty to call on the Rev. John Scott, the Chairman of the Singhalese District. After getting what information we could, we determined to spend Sunday in Kandy. From Colombo to Kandy there is a railroad—the only one in the Island, except a very short one which is not yet completed.

At two o'clock we were seated in a compartment of the second-class coach, and were soon fairly off for the interior. This trip would give us a view of life in regions remote from European influence, and for this reason we desired to take it. Then, Kandy was famous as the capital of the Kings of Kandy, before the Island was fully subjugated by the English. It was also the site of the most famous Buddhist temple in Ceylon. The natural scenery, too,

was represented as being exceptionally fine. But what was of greater interest to us was that the Wesleyan Church at Kandy was represented to be prosperous in a high degree.

For some distance the road lies in a level region, but soon the undulating regions which skirt the mountains appear, and then the mountains themselves, more and more precipitous, until the scenery becomes as bold and beautiful as any in the Alleghanies or the Blue Ridge. The effect is greatly enhanced by the tropical luxuriance of the foliage.

The paddy-fields in the valleys, opening out into the heart of the tangled jungle, were very picturesque. Heavy forests of palm of various species, yielding more and more to other trees as the region becomes more elevated, with a thick undergrowth of brush, matted with creepers, were suggestive of tigers, elephants, cobras, and such like. Then, vast ranges of mountains, one behind another, sweeping off as far as the eye could reach, with cultivated valleys near, and the houses of the natives appearing here and there, constituted a variety that was beautiful in the highest degree. Some of the native houses were pretty white cottages, but the greater number are of mud, supported by a slight bamboo frame, and thatched with palm-leaf. Some of them are a mere frame of bamboo, the sides being covered with palm-leaf, instead of the frame being filled in with mud.

The dress of the best class of the natives is a piece of figured cotton goods, fastened around the waist and extending down to the feet. It is seamless. Some wear, in addition, a loose piece of goods about the shoulders. The men wear their hair full length,

combed back and fastened in a knot behind. They wear, also, a long bent comb. The coolies have scarcely any dress at all—none, in fact, except a loin-cloth. Nearly all the natives go barefoot. Jewelry abounds. Most of it is cheap, but not all. Rings in the ears, rings on the wrists, rings on the toes, and ankles, and rings in the nose. Children I have seen with rings of silver around the loins and not a shred of clothing. One woman I saw, a common laborer in a coffee-curing establishment, who had—would you believe it?—fifteen silver rings in each ear, nearly all of them being large and heavy. Other women I have seen carrying mortar-hods, and breaking stone on the roads, all glittering in rings of brass and silver, and *gold*, too.

Ten miles short of Kandy the road reaches the summit of the mountain range. The air is very fresh, contrasting strongly with the temperature of the coast, yet there is never a frost, nor any approach to it. The elevation is about 4,000 feet. The highest point in the Island, Adam's Peak, is something over 7,000 feet.

From the summit we descended toward Kandy by a steep grade, the scenery still mountainous, but not so bold as on the other side of the range. It was nearly dark when we reached the city, a place of 14,000 inhabitants. We could not see what manner of place it was. Driving to the Queen's Hotel, we got good rooms and good fare. After dinner we walked out upon the border of the lake, which lies just across the street from our hotel. This is an artificial sheet of water made by the old Kings of Kandy. It is faced by a strong ornamental wall on

two sides, and lies against the foot of the mountains on the others, being about a mile in length, and having a breadth of near half a mile in the widest part, the contour being irregular.

After a night of most refreshing sleep, in the mountain atmosphere, we awoke to find the city



REV. ELIAS PAUL FONSEKA.

Native Pastor at Kandy, Ceylon.

glowing in the light of an unclouded sun. It is nestled in the mountains. We took coffee early, and walked out along the lake, by the summer-house of the last of the kings, which is built out over the lake, around the temple of Buddha to the foot of the mountains, and then down the street to

the Wesleyan Chapel. We fell in upon the hour of the Singhalese service, conducted by the Rev. Elias Paul Fonseka, the native pastor recently ordained an elder. At the close of the service he proceeded to the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's-Supper. Our hearts leaped within us for joy. We had participated in this feast with the native Church in Japan, and in China both at Shanghai and Soochow, and now it was spread before us in the very heart of Ceylon. We approached the table with the lay communicants, and, with them took the bread and wine at the hands of the pastor, "in remembrance of Him." It was a hallowed moment. I never *felt* myself nearer to the cross. I never felt more deeply the love of God and his people. These men of another hemisphere and of another color, were one with me in Christ Jesus, and I was one with them in heart, though I had never before seen their faces. I felt indeed that,

"Heaven came down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowned the mercy-seat."

The congregation was small, and the communicants few, but He made good His promise and was "in the midst of them."

At half-past nine, A. M., the English service opened. A very good sermon was preached by Mr. Nicholson, a visiting brother. The congregation was fair, as to numbers, and made up almost entirely of Eurasians. There was an organ to make music, and the singing was led by a voice so remarkable for melody and power, that I turned involuntarily toward the choir. The proprietor of the voice was as fine a looking man as you will find in a month.

The service was well-conducted in every respect, and, to me, very profitable. After the service, we went forward and gave our letter to Mr. Baugh, who was present. We were cordially invited to breakfast with our friend of the fine voice, J. H. Eaton, Esq., Barrister. He is a native of Ceylon, but of Scotch descent. The visiting brethren, Nicholson and Baugh, with their wives, were at his house. Besides being one of the leading advocates of the Island, he is a Wesleyan local preacher. He is one of the finest conversationalists I have ever seen. Once under his roof we were as much at home as if we had been in America, and spent the day in pleasant conversation and singing. At night Mr. Baugh preached his valedictory sermon, before his departure for Calcutta, from the text, "Christ is all and in all." After the sermon we feasted by faith again upon the body and blood of the Lord.

Monday morning we drove out to see the famous Botanical Garden. Here we saw every species of palm indigenous in Ceylon in the highest perfection—cocoanut, areeka, kittul, talipat, date, palmyra, cabbage and travelers' palm, with several other varieties. The travelers' palm is so named because the leaf-stem contains a generous supply of water, very pure and sweet, which the traveler sometimes finds his only resource in "a dry and thirsty land." The areeka palm bears the nut so extensively used for chewing. The kernel is very hard. A piece of it, with a quid of tobacco and a small quantity of lime, is wrapped up in betul-leaf and chewed by men and women. The discoloration of teeth among the natives, by this means, is almost universal.

We were fortunate in finding two specimens of the talipat palm in full bloom. This tree is a genuine century plant, growing for one hundred years from the seed; then, blooming, and bearing seed, it dies. The largest one we saw we judged to be not less than sixty feet in height. It was fairly crowned with flowers, and we could not but feel a sort of sympathy with the noble tree, that, now it had attained its highest glory, it must perish.

Here, too, we saw some of the finest groves of bamboo in the world. There are also a number of noble banyans in the grounds, and several gigantic specimens of the India-rubber tree, with its, deeply-corru-gated trunk, massive, spreading branches, and lateral roots, ridging themselves up ten or twelve inches above the surface of the ground. The grounds are very extensive, and space forbids the further enumeration of the endless variety of trees and shrubs growing here. But here and there a cluster of large, dead trees is literally covered with one single creeper, looking like the tower of a vast cathedral. The effect is very fine.

Returning, we took breakfast at ten o'clock with the Rev. Robert Tebbs, the resident missionary. In the afternoon he drove us around on the mountain-side overlooking the town from the south. Here we had many very fine views, and saw a coffee-plantation. Kandy is in the heart of the coffee district. The plantations are all in the mountains, and on the steep mountain slopes. This industry has been developed by English enterprise within the present century. There are, even now, very few native proprietors. The work is done by Tamil coolies. The

men are paid from eighteen to thirty-three cents a day and feed themselves. Women and children get much less. The planter furnishes them quarters to sleep in, which are usually a long row of brick buildings divided into compartments of eight feet by ten, each of which serves for eight persons. These laborers subsist upon rice and curry, with such vegetables as they can get. The planter sells to each hand a peck of rice a week. He generally makes a per cent. on his rice, which, by a law of custom, he always sells at a fixed price. Occasionally rice goes up in the market, and then he supplies it to his coolies at a loss. At night the laborers crowd into their narrow quarters, spread down their mats on the dirt floor, and, with a coarse blanket to draw over their naked bodies if it should get too cool before day, in this rude way take their rest. Eight in an area of eight by ten, on a dirt-floor, with a peck of rice a week each, and no meat! What would an old-fashioned Southern darkey say to that? These particulars I got from a planter at the hotel.

The coffee crop is subject to blight from drought when it is in bloom, but when the yield is good the profits are very large. Take one year with another the thorough-going planter makes money fast. Many millions of dollars are brought into the Island annually by this crop.

We visited, also, the great temple of Buddha, but found the principal apartment closed. The grounds were falling into decay, and the temple was much neglected until the present very amiable Governor had them repaired at public cost, since which time the priests take on airs and keep their sacred arti-

cles much out of sight. The principal one is a tooth of Buddha. The Catholics asseverate that they got the real, original Buddha's tooth in the old Portuguese times, and destroyed it. But the Buddhist priests, equally veracious for aught I know, maintain that they have the genuine article. It is rarely exhibited now, but at certain hours the jeweled casket which contains it may be seen even by eyes profane. These unfortunate eyes of mine, however, did not rest even upon the casket.

The sacred grounds of the Hindoos lie on the opposite side of the street. There we saw the bow-tree, which a Hindoo never sees but that he performs an act of devotion. Besides that there are some very simple tablets and shrines, but nothing of any great interest. From this point we visited the graves of the ancient kings, which are on an eminence in a grove of the sacred bow-tree, one of which seems to have been planted at each grave. But the monuments were never very imposing, and all are now in a state of hopeless decay. Near this is the Mohammedan mosque, a neat but not pretentious building. The Mahommedans of Ceylon are called *Moormen*.

They are understood to be of Moorish origin. There are 171,000 of them. They are engaged largely in mercantile pursuits, and are shrewd and unscrupulous. They are generally prosperous, and are called the "Jews of Ceylon." They keep themselves as distinct from all other peoples as the Jews of Europe and America.

In the evening there was a farewell tea-meeting given to Mr. Baugh in the school-building. It was a

rich occasion. Mr. Nicholson presided with fine tact. The place of honor was reserved, of course, for the guest, Mr. Baugh. The next highest seats were given to the American visitors. After tea had been served and prayer offered there was a little singing and much speaking. All hearts were full. Mr. Baugh had once been their pastor, and the great prosperity of the Church in Kandy had dated from his term. To his energy they were indebted for their beautiful chapel. Many of them had been converted under his ministry. He had been the friend of all. You can imagine how full of heart this farewell-meeting was. The speaking of the occasion was choice. Our friend Eaton was very happy. My traveling-companion delivered himself with first-rate effect, and I brought up the rear.

On Tuesday morning, at 7 o'clock, we were off again by the train for Colombo, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Baugh. Near the city Mr. Baugh pointed out the place on a mountain where formerly, and perhaps within this century, human sacrifices had been offered to the devil. Once a year two of the most beautiful girls were selected, of the age of fourteen years, bound hand and foot, carried to the summit of the mountain and tied to a stake, just at night-fall. Horrid, diabolical rites were performed around them, devoting them to the devil, that his malignity might be appeased for the ensuing year, and at midnight they were left alone. They were always found dead in the morning. They died, no doubt, from the awful fright they were subjected to. At length, early in the present century, one of the victims was found alive in the morning. The people could

scarcely believe their senses. "Ah," said the girl, in a happy voice, "you did not know *me*, and I did not tell you who I was. I knew the devil could not hurt me, for I am a follower of Jesus. I prayed to him, and I knew he would preserve me." The horrible sacrifice has never been repeated.

But devil-worship is still prevalent among the heathen. It does not belong to Buddhism, as such, but the Buddhists of Ceylon are all devil-worshippers, besides being Buddhists. All sickness is believed to be caused by the Evil One. A "devil-priest" is called. The people collect about the house where the sick man is. Ceremonies begin at dark and run through the whole night. The tom-tom, a rude drum, is beaten all night. The priest dances in a frightful mask. The devil is incessantly invoked and appealed to, to release the victim. Sometimes the priest tries his wit on his Satanic Majesty, and if he is gifted in that way will set the spectators in a roar of laughter occasionally. So passes the livelong night, and at dawn an effigy of the patient is taken out of the house and buried, whereby the devil is supposed to be deceived, and leave the place. Does the patient recover? Sometimes he does, sometimes he does not, of course. Instances of recovery are sufficiently common to keep the remedy in credit. No doubt the priests might fill an almanac with certificates every year.

At the depot in Colombo we found a note from Mr. Scott, inviting us to his house, where we found a delightful Methodist home for two days. In the afternoon we drove out to Cotta, five miles, with the Rev. S. R. Wilkin, Principal of Wesley College, to

visit a school of the Church Missionary Society, under the care of the Rev. R. T. Dowbiggin. Mrs. Dowbiggin also has a school for girls at the same place. Our reception was cordial. We were in quest of information as to the missionary methods of this truly evangelical Society of the Church of England. Every thing we saw and heard gratified us. Every thing is thoroughly Christian, and the seed of eternal life is sown broadcast, and with a liberal hand.

The next morning we visited Wesley College in company with Mr. Scott. It has a large patronage, and is the chief of the Wesleyan schools in the Island. We visited also, on the same premises, the printing-press which has been in operation here for more than half a century. In addition to the work of the Mission it gets sufficient job-work to pay all expenses, and a little more. On the same lot is the first church built in Asia by the Wesleyans. It was finished in 1818. It is a plain but spacious building, and has, on the wall, the following inscription on a tablet. It was copied for me by one of the native preachers:

“SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
of

“THE LATE REV. THOMAS COKE, LL.D.,  
of the University of Oxford,

General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Methodist Missions, who was an ardent lover of immortal souls, and a zealous and persevering friend and advocate of Christian Missions among the heathen. By his instrumentality, liberality, and personal exertion, the Wesleyan Methodist Missions were introduced and established in all the four quarters of the globe.

Their success in the conversion of sinners lay nearest his heart, and was one of the chief sources of his joy while on earth. Thousands of real converts will hail him blessed in the great day; his last principal undertaking was the introduction of this Mission to Asia. For this purpose, like that primitive and eminent missionary, St. Paul, he withstood the earnest entreaties of his numerous friends, and, at the advanced age of 67 years, he left his native and much-beloved country, under the express sanction of the British Government, and bearing letters testimonial from several of the principal characters in the State, being accompanied by six other missionaries—the Revs. Messrs. Lynch, Ault, Erskine, Harvard, Squance, and Clough—and burning with fervent zeal for the conversion of the inhabitants of India, he was followed by the tears and prayers of anxious multitudes. His constitution, however, sunk under the change of climate, and from intense application to preparatory studies, he died on the voyage, May the 3d, 1814, happy in that Saviour whom he had so successfully preached to others; and his mortal remains were interred at sea, in lat. 2 deg. 29 min. S., and long. 59 deg. 29 min. E.

“This tablet, inscribed by his surviving missionary companions and sons in the ministry, is designed as a public and constant memorial of their unceasing respect, affection, and reverence for his person and character.

“August, 1816.”

“Our fathers chose building-sites wisely,” said Mr. Scott, “and this has been a great advantage to us.” No doubt.

After that we visited an immense establishment where coffee is hulled, cured, and prepared for market, and where cocoanut oil is expressed. But I cannot find room for any description. Several hundred hands are employed, many of them women. The excellent proprietors are brothers, sons of a Baptist missionary, who honor their father by a consistent Christian life.

After our eleven-o'clock breakfast, we rode out eleven miles, to Morotto. Fifty years ago this neighborhood was noted for crime, even among the heathen. A native Wesleyan preacher, Silva by name, introduced the gospel among them. The word grew mightily and prevailed. With Christianity came cessation of crime, and habits of industry, and now Morotto is known far and wide for the good character of its people, and its artisans have become so famous as to be in request in all parts of the Island. Here Mr. Scott had made a special appointment for us to preach. By invitation, we were to take tiffin at the residence of Mrs. Silva, a Singhalese lady, who is an earnest Christian. Her son-in-law, a native physician, whose dress was a compromise between the native and European style, received us on the veranda. The house is an elegant one, and would be so considered in any country. I was quite amazed to find such signs of taste and luxury. Mrs. Silva was dressed in the best style of native costume, and was barefoot. The young ladies were seated with us at the table, richly and tastefully dressed in European style. The native pastor was present, also, who understood English, as, indeed, all the preachers do. But with our hostess we could con-

verse only by an interpreter. On our table was roast turkey, with other meats, and abundance of vegetables and tropical fruits.

The church is a spacious house, built by the native Society, and is a very tasteful structure. An alarm of small-pox prevented many from attending, yet the house was full. Mr. Scott opened the service, and read the Lord's message to the Church at Smyrna. I looked abroad upon the native congregation, at the sight of which I could have shouted for joy. For cleanliness, good behavior, propriety of dress, and intelligent attention to the word, they would compare well with the average congregation in America. The text was, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Topic, Fidelity to Christ, and its reward. It was interpreted, sentence by sentence, by the Rev. D. H. Pereira, a native. I made no effort at simplicity of language, but used some words which a mere smatterer in English would not be likely to understand. But my interpreter was never at a loss, and Mr. Scott assured me afterward that there was but one inaccuracy in his rendering of the sermon. After the service, we rode a mile to see another fine stone church in course of construction. We were accompanied by the pastor, a fine, tall, beautiful, courtly, yet simple-hearted, earnest young man, very influential among his people.

Night fell upon us as we were returning to Colombo. The road lay among cinnamon groves, and forests of palmyra and areeka palm. A hallowed sense of the love of Christ filled our hearts. We

thought of Coke and his companions, and exclaimed in our hearts, "What hath God wrought?"

Yet the reader will be disappointed by the census. The figures do not foot up so well as one would desire. Progress is steady, and in an advancing ratio all the while, of late years. Hitherto the work has been largely that of laying the foundation. Now the harvest begins to be gathered in, and the laborers are full of hope and joy.

The whole population of the Island is, according to the official census, 2,401,066. Of these 1,520,944 are Buddhists, 171,542 are Mohammedans, and 240,049 are Christians. A few thousands are of other faiths, or no faith.

Of the Christians, 184,399 are Roman Catholics, and 55,649 are protestants. This disparity in favor of the Romanists is accounted for by the fact that they have been here over three centuries, and the Protestants less than one. Indeed, so far as any effectual work among the natives goes, the Protestants have been here but a little over sixty years. Within that time they have made much more rapid progress than the other. But the 55,649 Protestants are not all Church-members. They include children, catechumens, and adherents.

The Wesleyans claim a population of 15,000, but the actual membership is not over 3,000, including probationers. The rest are children and habitual attendants upon the services, including all who look to them for pastoral service, such as marrying and burying the dead. These persons publicly avow themselves believers in Christianity, but make no profession of actual conversion.

But there are other important statistics to be considered.

There are 111 Sunday-schools, with 4,927 scholars; 162 day-schools, with 8,967 scholars. Habitual attendants on the Wesleyan services, 15,599.

These statistics were returned in 1875. The increase in the last two years has been considerable, so that, probably, ten per cent. ought to be added. The membership is, probably, by this time, 3,200.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### CEYLON, MADRAS, CALCUTTA.

I HAVE SAID that Protestant missionary-work, in Ceylon, dated back only some sixty years. It is true that in the time of the Dutch occupancy a great many of the natives were baptized. But they were not converted in any proper sense of the word. The Government offered its employments only to such as had been baptized, and under this stimulus the work went on bravely. But when the English came in they offered no such advantage to converts, and the baptized relapsed almost to a man. It is true, therefore, that the work

of evangelization did not really begin until within this century.

One significant fact I learned is this: The missionaries do not now have as many heathen hearers in their congregations as formerly. When the gospel was first preached the Buddhists were very friendly, and many of them seemed to give a certain credence to the word. It soon became evident that they looked upon the new religion introduced by Europeans as probably true, and thought it might be well to take it in addition to the faith they already held. For one man to hold two or three forms of religion is no new thing in heathenism. But when the missionaries began to attack Buddhism, and they came to understand that Christ could admit no participant of his throne, an active hostility was aroused, so that now the priests do all in their power to prevent their followers from attending upon any place of Christian worship. The lines are drawn—the antagonism is defined. Christ brings to Buddhism not peace, but the sword, and the priest finds that he must measure weapons with the preacher. So, the priests have gone to *preaching* Buddhism, and are actually producing a controversial literature. It was told me that they have translated Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch into Singhalese and published it, for the sole purpose of discrediting the Christian faith.

I met with one instance of the disposition sometimes found among the heathen to tolerate Christianity. Visiting a Brahman temple, at Madras, quite a crowd of natives collected about us, many of whom spoke English very well. I overheard one, in a group near me, say: "O yes, Christianity is very

good—Christ was probably one of the incarnations of Vishnu.”

But I must not get away from Ceylon so suddenly.

The work of the Wesleyans there is arranged under two Districts, one in the north, among the Tamils, and one in the south, among the Singhalese, chiefly. The Singhalese are the aboriginal inhabitants of the island, but the northern part of it was taken possession of by Tamil emigrants, or rather invaders from the continent, some centuries ago. About half of the country is still populated chiefly by them. There is little or no intermarriage between the two peoples. Wherever there is a demand for labor, at living wages, the Tamil coolies may be found. In all the cities of Ceylon and of the Straits they abound. Just at this time the famine on the continent has caused a new flood of them to go abroad. In the Madras Presidency there are about 15,000,000 of them.

It is evident that the eradication of heathenism from Ceylon is not the work of a day. But the work is going on. Christian schools have a large and increasing patronage, and the infiltration of Christian thought into the popular mind is beginning to saturate it, while scientific truth, obtaining more and more, puts to shame the silly superstitions which are the very groundwork of Buddhistic belief. I am told that it is not an unusual thing for a man to say, “We cannot embrace your religion, but our children will.” Many of them seem to feel the power of Christ’s coming. They see that the advance of Christian ideas is irresistible. Their minds are ad-

justed to the triumph of Christ as to a destiny, and this feeling facilitates Christian work, and must hasten the result.

From Colombo we returned to Galle by stage, seventy-two miles. Our horses were miserably poor, but wicked fellows, and were changed every six miles. One had bitten two men to death, some played the wild with their heels, and one or two did their best to run away; but, fortunately, they were nothing but skin and bone. The trouble is, they are of the masculine gender, unmitigated. About noon our front axle broke, and down we came, but fortunately we were within a quarter of a mile of the breakfast-station, where another coach could be had. The breakfast-house was a very pleasant one, and the fare good. On the wall were suspended Scripture-quotations in large type. When we started again, we found that our *new* coach was an *old* one, with a very infirm wheel. All predicted a collapse, except me. Some of our passengers killed a snake, and gave chase to two cobrella goyas. They are of the lizard species, about six feet in length, most of which is tail. Their speed, under chase, amused us. They, and the excitement about the loose-jointed wheel, rendered the journey sufficiently spicy. But we got in on time, having made the trip in eleven hours, including one hour for breakfast—seventy-two measured miles in ten hours of actual traveling time.

Europeans here take every precaution against the scorching rays of the sun, wearing pith hats, and *never* venturing out without an umbrella; but the natives go naked, except a strip about the hips. This refers to the coolies. But all classes go bare-

headed, except that a good many wear turbans. I have seen these naked men all day in their boats, harvesting rice, standing in the water, fishing, or wading in shallow pools hour after hour to get up the little *mollusca* found at the bottom, for food.



NATIVE WILD MAN OF CEYLON.

Skin and brain, they seem to be absolutely sun-proof.

Our steamer was a little late, so that we had three days at Galle. Having already seen the country around, and the native shops, the jugglers and the snake-charmers, the time passed a little heavily. By the way, the cobra in the hands of the charmer is an

interesting object. His fangs are extracted, and he seems to be in fear of his keeper, but when he becomes angry and elevates his crest and spreads his neck, he does look superb. But all serpents, in their native state, fly from the face of man, and instances of a fatal bite are very rare indeed. The cobra never attacks, unless he finds himself in close quarters.

Sunday morning I preached in the Presbyterian Church. The house was built by the Dutch, and is a venerable pile in the form of a cross. The little octagonal pulpit, high up toward the ceiling, with just room for one man, stands against one angle of the cross. The preacher takes the congregation corner-wise, having, also, a sounding-board over his head. I met the pastor in the vestry. He offered me a gown. I begged to be excused. When I entered the *auditorium* and saw the pulpit, my heart misgave me. To stand in a barrel, eight feet above the floor, and preach diagonally at the people, seemed odd enough. But I ascended to my perch and did the best I could, having, indeed, better liberty than I expected. But let my friends fancy me in such a situation!

After service we went aboard the *Australia*, bound for Calcutta. Mr. Baugh and his family were our traveling companions.

Early Wednesday morning we came to anchor off Madras. I do not say in the harbor of Madras, for there is no harbor. I suppose there is not to be found a worse landing for any large city in the world. Even in the quietest weather the surf is ugly, and when the sea is rough it is fearful. A peculiar boat is made here to meet the emergency. It is of the

length of a large skiff, but broader and much deeper. There is not a nail in it, but the thin planks of which it is made are sewed together—yes, literally sewed together—with very strong twine. Having a day to visit the city, we struck a bargain with the owner of a massoola—such is the name of the boat. He first asked us seven rupees each, but was glad, at last, to take *one*. There were ten naked rowers. Coming near the shore, they waited for a big wave, and then pulled with all their might. We were beached near high-breaker mark. Two men instantly presented themselves before me. I stood on the edge of the boat, as high as their shoulders, dropped myself into their arms, and was borne to the dry land. No boat having its timbers fastened together with nails would stand this beaching, in a heavy surf, half-a-dozen times. It would go to pieces directly. But there is a measure of flexibility in the seams of the massoola which enables it to bear the strain.

There is another little craft here called the catamaran, used by the natives for fishing and other purposes, which is the rudest structure we have seen anywhere. It is made simply of four logs fastened together. The two on the outside are half their diameter higher than the two central ones. The front-end has something of a boat-like shape. The rower sits down, holding his oar by both hands in the center, and uses it with a stroke, first with one end on one side, and then with the other end on the other side. The spray dashes upon him; sometimes the surf breaks over him; but what cares he? The catamaran still floats—nothing can sink it. It will

live in any sea. As for a wetting, this naked boatman, in this tropical climate, rather enjoys it.

In company with Mr. and Mrs. Baugh we drove to the Wesleyan Mission-house. Mr. Stephenson, the Chairman of the District, received us most cordially. He showed us a girls'-school in which the children are all of low-caste families, and another in which they are all high-caste. In addition to the jewels in the ears and on the outside of the nostrils, as in Ceylon and the Straits, they had them suspended also from the cartilage that divides the nostrils. Three pieces of jewelry vibrating at the end of the nose, with every movement of the head, did look odd enough. But generally those on the outside of the nostrils are shaped like a button, and lie against the side of the nose, while the middle one is a ring, dangling upon the upper lip. Come to India, my countrywomen, and learn how to wear jewelry! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves to have only one hole bored in each ear. When you pretend to do any thing, *do it*. I have seen a woman with *thirty-two* in her ears and nose.

In the boys'-school individuals of all castes are mingled together. A few years ago this could not be done. But the missionaries would never consent to exclude low-caste boys, and at last the Brahmans began to come and occupy separate forms; in which case they would go right away, in the evening, and wash their clothes—no great job, by the way. But now they come freely, sit in the same forms, and the boys of the highest caste touch those of the lowest with impunity. Yet the idea of *caste* is not eradi-

cated. Individuals of different castes never intermarry now any more than formerly.

I was invited to address the boys of the highest class. They were well-grown, and most of them fine-looking fellows. They knew very well the geography of the United States of America, in a general way—and some of them were evidently gratified to let me know that they knew where St. Louis was, in the State of Missouri, on the banks of the great Mississippi river. I found a great many intelligent men wanting in an accurate knowledge of geography. Several of the English preachers have introduced us as ministers of the M. E. Church, *from South America*. But we did not venture to put on airs, inasmuch as we find that we ourselves do not know every thing.

In this highest class, in which there were some twenty-five young men, five were Christians, five Brahmans, some Mohammedans, and the rest—I know not what. The Scripture-lesson of the day was the temptation of Christ. Every class has one hour a day devoted to the study of Holy Scripture. Yet only a very few of them are Christians, and, up to this date, only a few who have gone through the school have been converted. Many of the teachers are heathen, it being impossible to find a sufficient number of educated Christian natives to fill the places. In this respect Ceylon has a great advantage, all the native teachers in the Mission-schools being Christians.

Many of the patrons of these Mission-schools are bitterly opposed to Christianity. They send their sons only on account of the superior educational

advantages which they are supposed to afford. If they supposed their boys were in danger of being converted they would withdraw them at once. In fact, the school was entirely broken up at one time by the conversion of several of the pupils. Still they do not object to the study of the Bible as a text-book. It is the Sacred Book of the Western people, and to know what it teaches is very well, a necessary part, indeed, of a complete education.

The English language is taught in all these schools, and the advanced classes understand it very well. This opens all the treasures of Christian knowledge, stored in that language, to them. There is a great advantage in this, but also, sometimes, a disadvantage. A young man, who was just ready to be baptized, got hold of Channing's works, the reading of which loosened him from all his moorings. What became of him I know not, but he drifted *away from Christ*.

There is an institution here of the highest grade known in the country, under the immediate control of the Free Church of Scotland, but supported and contributed to by all the Missions in Madras. It is called the Christian College. Our visit to it was hasty, but we saw enough to show a very vigorous management. There is a very large school of lower grade in the same building. The Free Church has a grand piece of property in the heart of the city. On the corner is a large church, where the preaching is to the heathen exclusively. Next to that is the church where Europeans and native converts assemble. Next to that again is the very spacious school and college building. The matriculates in both de-

partments are over 1,000. The actual attendance the day we were there was 979.

But the fruits of missionary labor in Madras have been small. Fruits, I mean, as they appear in actual conversions. In some respects, no doubt, results have been very great. On this point I may have more to say after seeing more of India.

In the course of the day we visited a Brahman temple, having been forewarned that we would see only a small one, there being no large temple in Madras. But, really, after our observation of Buddhist, Tauist, and Sintoo temples, in China and Japan, we should have called this a very large one. It is built of stone, and over the gate-ways is a tower of symmetrical design, very elaborately ornamented with carvings. In front is a long portico, extending out at right angles from the main building, the roof resting on monolith pillars, about twenty-five feet high, I should say. These pillars seem to be of granite, and each one has several images carved upon it in rather bold relief. In front of this is a square, artificial lake of stagnant water, about, say, one hundred yards in diameter. A stone wall, in the form of steps, descending to the water's edge, incloses it on all sides. In the center is a circular structure—a roof resting on columns. All this is a part of the temple grounds. Around the edges of the lake was a lively scene of clothes-washing, after the universal Oriental style, the washerwoman, or man, standing in the water into which he dips the garment, and, elevating it high into the air, threshes it upon the rock. Buttons stand a poor chance—and so does lint, for that matter. We saw one

new thing here—a woman standing in the water washing the loose garments she had on, keeping one part about her person while she scoured the other.

People here indicate their faith by wearing a mark in the forehead. It is put on in chalk-dust, generally white, but sometimes colored. We saw the pigment exposed for sale in the temple portico. Sometimes it is a broad band across the forehead, sometimes a spot just above the base of the nose, sometimes a trident extending upward from the base of the nose, the outer lines white and the central one brown.

This trident is worn by Brahmans, and there are two forms of it. In one form the lower extremity of the figure makes a regular curve, like a horse-shoe; in the other a little point extends downward from the extremity. These different forms represent differences of doctrine—slight, very slight, differences, a venerable wearer of the horse-shoe told us; but when the two parties meet in the temple they sometimes make the walls resound with the vigor of their angry reproaches and recriminations.

Under a shed, near by, was a huge car, brought out twice a year in the processions, and drawn by men. I asked our venerable friend of the orthodox trident how many men were required to draw it. He replied that it had to be started by powerful levers, but, once started, five or six hundred men could keep it moving on a horizontal surface. It is surmounted by a tower, ornamented with much barbaric carving. The wheels are of wood, solid, five feet high, and, at least, eight or ten inches thick.

Near by stood the sacred elephant, belonging to the temple, for use in the great processions. He is

of a different species from any I ever saw in a menagerie—taller, but not so heavy, the forehead, also, retreating more. He seemed to be thin in flesh. But he is a high-caste elephant, as the chalk-dust daub on his forehead attests. A young fellow mounted him for our delectation. The great, docile creature, at command, lifted his rider on his fore-leg, which he drew up to a right angle with his body, or nearly so, and from which the boy scrambled up somehow. Seated on the neck of the monster, he commanded him to salute us—"salaam." This was uttered in a loud voice. His elephantship looked at us as if he knew who was meant, elevated his trunk above his head, and gave a great, good-natured grunt, with which we were perfectly satisfied.

In the absence of the proper functionary to admit us to the interior of the temple, we were unable to enter. But, doubtless, we shall enjoy many opportunities of the sort.

There was a great famine in the Madras Presidency. Two partial failures of the rice-crop were followed by a drought which threatened a total failure of the third. The distress was very great. Under British rule, the country, never being devastated by petty wars, has become over-populous. There is only one cereal produced, and when that fails the crowded millions must suffer. Government is doing all it can to meet the emergency, by importing rice from Burmah and Siam, and, I believe, from Cochin China. Ships bring it faster than the railroads can carry it to the interior. It lies in sacks on the beach, in immense banks. But, after all, with so many millions on the brink of starvation,

the supply is inadequate, and, if this crop does fail utterly, many must perish. Cholera and small-pox were abroad, adding their terrors to the great calamity, so that the people were in a pitiable case.

The famine extended over the whole of the lower Carnatic and Mysore. Bengal and the northern provinces had good crops, and are having abundant rains again this season.

There is a populous Chinese cemetery here, which indicates a period of Chinese immigration and residence in large numbers. But, latterly, they have abandoned the place, I know not why. It may be pleasant to our California friends to know that they do not stay forever in every place to which they may swarm.

From Madras to Calcutta we had a perfectly smooth sea, which was to be expected at this season of the year; but about two weeks before there had been a cyclone out of season. We accepted our exemption as a continued manifestation of the goodness of God. It can never be amiss to realize our dependence, and to respond to the tokens of his love.

We had indulged the hope of spending Sunday in Calcutta, but our steamer was delayed so long, both at Galle and Madras, discharging an unusually heavy cargo, that it was five o'clock Sunday evening before we cast anchor in the Hooghly river, so that the Lord's day was spent at sea again. The Rev. Geo. Baugh read the English Church-service, after which I preached a rather long sermon, on the parable of the prodigal son, and H. closed. We felt that the day was not wasted.

Calcutta is situated on the east bank of the Hooghly river, which is the westernmost of the channels through which the Ganges reaches the Bay of Bengal. There are two of these principal channels, and the vast alluvial region at the head of the Bay is checked with smaller ones. These lowlands are but slightly elevated above the sea-level. In November last a strong north wind, which continued for several days, drove the waters of the Bay seaward, when suddenly a cyclone, of unusual violence, coming from the south, massed the waters so that, as they swept up along the narrowing Bay, they rose to such a height as to sweep inland for many miles. These lowlands are very productive, and thickly inhabited, and the estimated loss of life is over 200,000. A similar storm occurred about half a century ago, and the loss of life at that time was estimated at 300,000.

Just before sunset we went ashore in a native boat, landing at the Princes Ghat, which is an ornamental gate with Corinthian columns, rather an imposing structure, erected in honor of some great Englishman. Either at this or another Ghat, I am not sure which, the Viceroys, the distinguished military men, and Lords Bishops, always land, being received by a grand salute from the guns of Fort William.

We landed on a shelving bank, and had to be carried to the dry land by two coolies, who offered us a sort of hand-barrow to sit on. We had a ride of about two miles to the Great Eastern Hotel. The greater part of the drive was by the Strand Road, with the river and shipping on our left, and Fort William and other open grounds on our right. The

street is a beautiful one, and as we drove along we saw it sprinkled after a novel fashion. A number of men were employed, each one having a dressed sheep's skin, sewed up except at the neck. These, filled with water, showed the outlines of the sheep, and were suspended from the bearer's neck by a strap just long enough to let it rest on the left hip, while the neck was grasped by his right hand. Giving a jerk by a movement of his whole body, he allowed the water to spurt through his fingers, and the jet thus produced was sprinkled over a considerable surface. Human muscle here, as in China, costs but little, and I suppose this is as cheap a mode of watering the streets as any other.

We found the Great Eastern Hotel crowded, but got very good quarters at the Hotel de France. After dinner, at 7 P. M., we walked out, and seeing a church well-lighted, determined to go in. We instantly discovered by the hymn-book that we were among our brethren of the M. E. Church. This was the closing one of a series of special services. The pastor is evidently an earnest man. The house is a spacious structure, very neat, and the congregation was a good one. The next morning we called on Dr. Thoburn, the pastor, but he had just left town. We heard him very highly spoken of.

The English part of the city is filled with imposing edifices. The public buildings are on a grand scale. The Viceroy's palace, though the design is considered faulty, is a very large, and, upon the whole, a beautiful building. The zoological gardens are large, and contain several species of beasts and birds which I never saw before; among them the

tapir, the spotted-deer, the barking-deer, the hog-deer, several species of bovine animals, a species of seal with a perfect quadrupedal form, but with the head and neck, and all the habits and instincts of the seal; and many others that I cannot take space even to name.

We visited, too—not the garden of Eden exactly, but—"The Eden Garden." These fine grounds were given to the city by the Misses Eden, sisters of Lord Auckland, who was once the Governor-General of India.

Of the condition of the natives, and the work of God in this vast city, I must defer speaking till another time. One thing I will say now. I have the conviction that China is in fact a better Mission-field than India. I must add that my observation is not sufficient to justify me in settling down upon any conclusion, and if I see cause to change my mind I shall be careful to say so.

By the way, we find the Chinaman here again.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### CALCUTTA.

IT WOULD puzzle a man of ordinary understanding to say *where* the mouth of the Hooghly river is. It may, with propriety, I suppose, be held to be 80 or 100 miles below Calcutta. But if you count the mouth only from the point at which you begin to see land on both sides of you, it is within forty or fifty miles of the city.

As we approached, we were in conversation with a gentleman who was an old resident of India, and were told by him that while at hotels we would find it expedient to hire a personal servant, who would see that our rooms were supplied with every necessary article, look after our washing, wait on us at table, and so forth. Besides all this, he would be our guide in visiting objects of interest.

We had no sooner secured our rooms at the hotel than a man offered himself for employment—Cheady Lall, by name. He spoke English well enough, and had an unlimited supply of recommendations from gentlemen whom he had served. After a moment's consultation we agreed to employ him for the two or three days we would be in the city, as it would cost us but a shilling a day each. He was to come early Monday morning. He was on hand in good time, blacked our boots, brushed our clothes, took charge

of our soiled linen, and made himself useful generally. But when we came to breakfast, where was Cheady? We expected him to be at the back of our chairs, as other gentlemen had their servants, ready to break his neck for us, running between dining-room and kitchen. But our particular servant was *non est inventus!* Cheady Lall, this man of so many certificates, this man who had served generals, and counts, and reverends, with so much fidelity and activity, must give an account of this dereliction. Trust Cheady for that! He will be ready with an explanation that must satisfy any reasonable man. The trouble is in his *caste*. Men of his caste never serve at the table. It would be a disgrace, a degradation. Cheady will black boots, brush clothes, look after soiled linen, carry slops, lick the dust—but wait on the table? Never! An honorable Sudra would starve first. Should he do such a thing he would lose his caste, and death would be better than that.

I have introduced this incident, not on its own account, but as illustrative of life in Hindostan—for the purpose of showing, first, how imperious a thing caste is here, and, secondly, how arbitrary are the rules regulating it.

Monday we spent the morning bringing up our correspondence, mailing it, getting our traveling through India arranged for, drawing on our letters of credit, and getting and consulting guide-books. We made some effort, also, to see missionaries, but were not "lucky." They were "out." In the afternoon we went to the Zoological Garden. We determined to make Tuesday a great day. We would begin

early, and do a good half-day's work before breakfast. Cheady was to come and have coffee and toast for us early. By the way, he never objected to bring coffee and toast to our rooms, though he could not wait on the table. By about sunrise we would start for the Botanical Gardens. But our faithful and efficient servant was late, so that it was near 8 o'clock when we got off. Then we found the floating bridge across the Hooghly, which lay between us and the gardens, opened for ships to pass, so that we could not cross. What now? "Visit the Burning Ghat," said Cheady; "it is near by." To the Burning Ghat, accordingly, we drove, to witness the Hindoo process of cremation. Several bodies were in different stages of the process, which is simple enough. The body is placed in the center of a pile of wood made on the ground, with a good air passage at the bottom. Into the air-passage a good supply of kindling is placed, so as to insure simultaneous ignition of all parts. The men engaged in the work have poles, with which they throw up the fallen brands, so as to keep a hot fire upon every portion of the body. They seem to be as cheerful and ready for a joke and laugh as any men we have met with. I was surprised to see the small quantity of fuel with which a body may be wholly reduced to ashes.

If I should say the sight was horrible, the term would not exceed the truth, so far as the impression made upon me was concerned. Yet I doubt not that the mind of the Hindoo would be equally shocked at the thought of being covered up in the earth and left to decay there.

I was careful to keep on the windward side, so as not to get the odor of burning human flesh. Some of our party were less fortunate. The impression made through *one* organ was all I could consent to commit to the custody of my memory. But there was play given to the imagination in facts still recent in Hindoo history. Add to the sight we had, the spectacle of the *living* wife, bound upon the pile, to be consumed with her dead husband!

The ashes are gathered up in baskets and committed to the sacred Ganges—the Hooghly here—on the bank of which the burning is done. We saw the ashes of those consumed the day before being removed.

From this place we drove through the largest of the native bazaars. There seemed to be some rather large stocks of goods in some of the shops, but we have never anywhere seen them kept in such miserable dens—so small, so dark, so repulsive. Later in the day we entered one which was not over six feet wide, from wall to wall, by ten feet deep, and seven from floor to ceiling, with no light except through the front entrance. The goods were literally packed along the sides from bottom to top. The persistency of the salesmen, if possible, exceeds that of Ceylon and the Straits. Indeed, you are constantly assailed on the streets with the offer of knives, handkerchiefs, walking-sticks, and all manner of small articles. One fellow ran after our gharry at a trot, thrusting his wares at me with beseeching importunity,

The houses of the poorer classes are very miserable. I think they average lower than in any country we have been in, though I had seen what I supposed

could scarcely be worse this side of a purely nomadic state. To be sure, there are many houses of a better class, and some few very magnificent ones, but I should think that at least three-fourths of all the people live in huts, made of mud plastered upon a slight bamboo frame, many of them being so low that a man can stand erect only in the center.

Then we visited the new market-house. It would do credit to any American city. It embraces an entire square, fronting on four streets. There is an open court in the center of the square, neatly laid off, and planted with flowers. Part of the space in the market-house is occupied with tables for the display of meats and vegetables, but many of the vegetables are spread out on the floor, the vendors squatting over them. In fact, the amount of squatting done in India is very amusing to a Western man. In the part devoted to the sale of beef there are three compartments, each one having a sign in a prominent place, "First-class," "Second-class," "Third-class." But what strikes a traveler, mainly, is the noise of human voices in a high key. Every purchaser is pursued and shouted after, and importuned to buy, until the place might well be mistaken for bedlam.

It was now breakfast-time, and we were ready for it.

After breakfast, the bridge being adjusted, we went to the Botanical Gardens, which were originated in 1786, under the auspices of the Honorable East India Company. They have an area of two hundred and seventy-two acres, well laid off, and a great variety of shrubbery and flowers, both native and exotic. There is a remarkable collection of orchids.

Beautiful avenues of palm-trees, of several varieties, add greatly to the general effect. There is a banyan-tree, a hundred years old, which looks for all the world like a grove of trees. The lower branches run out horizontally not less than eighty feet; and not less than one hundred and seventy aerial roots drop from various heights, and fasten in the ground. These roots are very small at first, and look like strings dangling in the air, some of them thirty or forty feet long, but most of them shorter. When once they touch the ground, and enter it, they begin to enlarge their diameter, and, in course of time, each stem becomes, itself, quite a tree. There are some fine specimens of mahogany, peepul, asoke, casuarina, climbing-palms, and, indeed, a variety so great that it fatigues my memory. The conservatory for orchids, alone, is two hundred feet long. In a prominent position is a monument to Gen. Kid, the founder of the garden. How the English may be at home I do not know, but here in India there is a great rage for monuments and statues.

This garden has not been devoted exclusively to art and pleasure. Through its management the cultivation of tea has been introduced into Assam, and the cinchona has been thoroughly acclimated in India.

After tiffin we went to visit one of the largest Mission-schools in Calcutta—that of the Free Church of Scotland—but we were too late. The recitations were over for the day, and the professors gone. But we were politely received by a janitor, and shown through the building, which is large and well-arranged. As we were about leaving we met with one of the native professors, an elegant and intelligent-

looking man, who was very polite and communicative. He informed us that the heathen teachers in the institution numbered twenty, and the Christian six. We asked him if he was himself a Christian. "No," said he, "I am a heathen." To his ear there was no opprobrium in the word.

We then called on Mr. Macalister, the American Consul, who received us with great cordiality. He said that he could, and would be glad to, get us a permit to visit the grounds of the King of Oude. It will be remembered that this King was concerned in the Sepoy rebellion, and that he was deposed by the British Government, and compelled to fix his residence in the suburbs of Calcutta. His palace is on the bank of the Hooghly, in full view from the steamers as they approach the city. A large pension is paid him, which he spends lavishly, living in Oriental grandeur. His grounds are large, and the variety of shrubbery and rare flowers is very great. Besides this, he has a large collection of animals. The Consul assured us that the place would well repay a visit. But our permit never came, the proper functionary being out of town. Mr. Macalister called at our hotel to inform us. Finding us out, he left a very pleasant note, expressing his regrets. We shall not forget his kindness. It is due to add that the representatives of our Government abroad, wherever we have found them, have extended to us every courtesy that we could desire.

Upon the whole, we were very glad, in the end, that we did not visit the grounds of the ex-king, as we occupied the time much more profitably in visiting several missionaries. Our first call was upon the

Rev. Mr. Lewis, of the English Baptist Mission. He is the Secretary of the Mission, and Superintendent of the press. We were sorry to find him partially paralyzed. He received us most Christianly; but the effort to converse was evidently distressing, so we made our visit short. Next door was Dr. Wenger, of the same Mission, who had been engaged chiefly in the work of translation. He is a German, a man of great learning, great simplicity of character, now advanced in years, and one of the oldest missionaries in India. In an hour we learned more about India and the Mission-work from him than we had been able to gather from all other sources. He knew exactly what to say, and how to say it—a rare gift. In a luminous sentence or two he made plain what we had sought in vain from others. He seemed to know every thing, and the slightest hint on our part was sufficient to bring a fund of information which twenty well-directed questions would not have sufficed to pump out of an ordinary man. If I had been with an apostle I could scarcely have venerated him more. Noble man! his work will soon be done, but a glorious crown awaits him.

The next place we visited was "The School of Useful Arts," under the control of Mr. —, an American Unitarian. This gentleman is a rich specimen of the genus Yankee, and is evidently a man of a good deal of force in a very fussy way. He has a boys' school, and one for girls. We found him up to his chin in preparation for the celebration of Washington's birth-day. He was going to have the public in, to make a speech, to have singing by the school under big Washington flags, to have Longfel-

low's Psalm of Life recited, and I know not what all. He received us in a demonstrative way, flew around to show us every thing, ran over an empty box, read us a controversial paper he was preparing for the press on *ex-tuitions versus intuitions*, declared we looked like Americans—talked like a streak of lightning—and amused us much. We learned afterward that he had once united himself formally with the Brahmo Somaj; but Chunder Sen was too intuitional, too devout, for him. The great Hindoo, so profoundly intuitional, and the spry American, so actively ex-tuitional, could not walk together, not being agreed, albeit the fundamental tenet of both was the same.

Across the way from the "School of Useful Arts" is a house of good size, with a modest title on the gate, in these words, if I remember correctly, "American Mission Home." It is occupied exclusively by ladies sent out by the "Woman's Union Missionary Society" of America. The ladies were all out when we called, but we saw Miss Sunder, the Principal of a school taught in the house, but not connected with the work. We called again after dinner, and met with all the ladies of the Mission. The hour we had to spare was gone before we knew it. These ladies are an honor to their country and to the Church. Full of intelligence, full of faith, full of zeal, they have devoted themselves to a work which none but women can do in India—the Zenana work.

The Hindoo lady is kept in the closest possible seclusion. The upper apartments of the house are so constructed that no one can see into them from

without, nor see out, except upward, from within. The name of these secluded apartments is "Zenana." No *man*, except a member of the household, ever enters. Usually there are several women in every household, the customs of the country being such that generally several women are dependent on the head of every house. For instance, no widow is allowed to marry again. But marriages generally take place in childhood, a girl being usually married to some boy by the time she is nine years old. A few years later, while they are both very young, they begin to live together, but during the interval they never meet—so there are multitudes of widows in India who never saw their husbands.

Of late there is beginning to be a movement in India in favor of female education. This opens the way of intelligent European and American ladies into the Zenana. When a man determines to have the women of his family taught, missionary ladies are applied to. Native women, already converted and educated, are sent as teachers, and twice a week the missionary ladies go in to inspect the work and talk of Christ and salvation. In no other way can the gospel reach them, as they can never go abroad, and therefore never hear preaching. The ladies of the American Zenana Mission have over 800 pupils in their household-schools. Besides them there are others engaged in the same work; but what the aggregate of all the Zenana work amounts to I do not know.

Except from Dr. Wenger, our most valuable information as to the state of the work in Calcutta, was obtained from these ladies.

The next thing we did was to visit the Town Hall, and one or two other public buildings, which are massive and spacious, but noteworthy chiefly for the portraits and statues of distinguished men. I was glad to see Warren Hastings in the most prominent place, as I have for years had the conviction that he was unjustly dealt by. Nor was I displeased to find Lord Cornwallis in the next most prominent place. The fame he failed to win in America, he did most worthily earn here. His administration of the affairs of India is universally regarded as wise, vigorous, and beneficent. His statue represents a man of noble port. It is full-length, and the olive-branch is in his right hand.

We saw the portraits of two Hindoos in the Town Hall, and the busts of two others. You would know the portraits to be Hindoos at once by the complexion; but the busts would be taken for Europeans, were it not for the drapery. The type of features among the Hindoos is strikingly similar to that of Europeans. I have been struck with this as much as with any one fact that has come under my observation. I have not seen a face that approaches the Mongol caste, much less the negro, or the American Indian, but any man I have seen would be accepted at once as a Caucasian, if his skin were only white. In fact, instances of the pug nose are much more rare than with us. Almost every nose is aquiline or Grecian, the Grecian being, by far, the most common pattern. I believe I am about ready to receive the theory of the Aryan, or Indo-European race, as embracing the Hindoo and European in a common stock.

Our stay in Calcutta was too short. We ought to have visited Keshub Chunder Sen, the very distinguished leader of the Brahmo Somaj—Brahmo, the adjective form of Brahm, God—Somaj, an organization, or society. Brahm is a different word, having a totally different root from Bramha, which is the name of one of the gods of the Hindoo Trinity. In the one the *h* comes before the *m*; in the other, after it. Brahm is the Infinite One.

The Brahmo Somaj was organized in 1830, by Ram Mohm Roy, its object being to rescue the people from the worship of false gods, and establish a pure monotheism. After him the Society became languid, until in 1843 it was much revived by another reformer, Debendra Nath Tagore. In 1858 it received the accession of Keshub Chunder Sen, who soon became the most influential man in its ranks. He is generally respected as a man of blameless life. He is believed to be very devout and earnest. Some six years ago he visited England, creating quite a sensation there. At that time very great things were expected of him, but the Somaj has not increased as it was expected to do. The Hindoo mind is too deeply imbued with idolatry, of the grossest kind, to be recovered by a mere devotional philosophy. There is no name given in heaven or in the earth that can rescue it, but the name of Jesus Christ. Our best informant, Dr. Wenger, assured us that the Society is not very vital at present. "Six years ago," he said, "Chunder Sen was all the fashion in Calcutta, but he is not the fashion now." These words fell upon my ear with great significance. The Brahmo Somaj is not a permanent Force, but a

passing Fashion. It is not likely to survive its present popular leader, and even now, at the age of thirty-nine, he is waning.

Already there has been a schism, and Chunder Sen is the leader of the "Progressive Brahmos." He has a *Mandir* in Calcutta—a house of worship much like a large Protestant church—and also a school in which young men are instructed in the new Theistic philosophy. Each division of the Somaj has two organs, one printed in Bengali and one in English.

I must add that we are now in Benares, the sacred city of India, in which there are thousands of temples, big and little, and I dare say millions of gods. H. has supplied himself with these latter, having invested two rupees. The lot numbers some six or eight. There is no doubt of their genuineness, as they were bought of a priest, who, as our guide assured us, was so honest that he had only "one price."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### FROM CALCUTTA TO BENARES.

WE LEFT CALCUTTA at half-past ten P. M., February 21, and reached Benares the next day at 7 P. M. There is no sleeping-car on the train; but, in both the first and second-class carriages, the traveler will find room to lie down, and, if he is properly provided with bedding, he may get through the night very well. For four rupees and twelve annas—about \$2.40—I bought a rezai and pillow, and, for 55 cents more, a towel, an outfit which, with the heavy shawl I always carry, made me very comfortable. The rezai is a very neat-looking quilt, thickly stuffed with cotton. In addition to its use in the cars, it is needed in the winter, in the interior cities, for a bed cover, many of the hotels supplying nothing but a sheet. Mine has paid for itself already.

The railroad from Calcutta runs up the valley of the Ganges for several hundred miles, keeping within a few miles of the river, except at one point, where the river makes a great circuit, the road making a direct line. When we awoke in the morning we found ourselves passing through a level region, with isolated hills rising boldly here and there; but, soon coming nearer to the river, we lost sight of all hills, and throughout the day our horizon bounded a dead

level on all sides. It is nearly all in cultivation, many reaches of it reminding us of a Western prairie. But, generally, there are groves, or rather orchards, of mangroves in sight, and every here and there an avenue of palms belted the horizon, the naked bole standing against the sky with its tuft of foliage at the top.

Our way led through the great opium region. The poppy-fields were in full bloom. The species grown for opium has a white flower, the petals being single. The white fields dotting the open landscape formed a pleasant picture for the eye. In the early part of the day rice-fields alternated with the poppy, but later, wheat and barley seemed to be the principal cereals. We saw a few small patches of oats, with here and there an acre or two of tobacco. There is also a good deal of millet, as well as sugar-cane, of a small, but very rich species. Many varieties of nutritious vegetables are grown, and in large quantities. The castor-oil plant must be added.

The mangrove is a valuable fruit, the groves of which remind one of apple-orchards, supposing the apple-tree to be of unusual size. These orchards relieve the level landscape, and vary the monotonous scene very pleasantly.

The rural population live in villages, and many of the people must go two or three miles to cultivate their fields. The huts that constitute the villages stand close together, often in a confused way, leaving only sufficient space for foot-passengers between them.

The spring crops of wheat and barley are just coming to maturity. These crops, they tell us, are

unusually heavy, but the yield would be considered light in America. We were informed, however, that the yield of grain is greater than an American would expect, the head being large and well-filled. The barley grows about a foot high; the wheat a little higher. But the wonder is that the land produces as well as it does, the same fields having been cultivated age after age for thousands of years, without any manuring, almost every thing that might be utilized to that end being carefully dried and used for fuel. In China and Japan every thing that can be made compost of is used to enrich the soil. The contrast in India in this respect is complete.

The plow is of wood, with an iron point, two or three inches long, the size of a man's finger; so that as there is no manuring, there is no deep plowing. With this mere scratching of the surface from year to year, the valley of the Ganges feeds its millions, yielding two harvests a year.

I saw a man cutting wheat with a very small sickle. He was in a squat posture, and cut the straw at the very surface of the ground. Contrast that with a McCormack reaper! I doubt if the implements of labor here have been at all improved in two thousand years. I wish you could see them expressing the juice of the sugar-cane! There is a large block of wood, hollowed like a mortar, with a hole from the bottom of the hollow to let the juice run out. The cane is cut into pieces of an inch or two long, and put into the mortar. Then a beam, of a very heavy species of wood, having the lower end rounded and set into the mortar, the beam being supported by a rude frame, at an angle of eight or ten degrees

from an upright position, is made to revolve in the mortar by ox-power. The sugar made in this way is of a very dark color, but might be purified and refined, no doubt, up to the standard of the best American article. All sorts of native manufactures are produced in the same crude way, the only improved machinery being in the hands of Europeans or Americans.

The people of India are in extreme poverty. Of course there are a good many individuals who are well-to-do, and some who are wealthy. Some rajahs and nawabs (nabobs), in fact, have enormous revenues. But the cultivator of the soil, after he pays his taxes and rents, barely lives. *Barely lives*, I say; that is, he has what rice and vegetables will fill him from day to day, a mud hut to shelter his family, a mat to sleep on and a loin-cloth, which cost him about fifty cents, and will last six months or a year. Sometimes the cloth, which is cotton, is large enough to drop down about his legs, but very often it will only cover the loins and hips. The hired laborer gets two annas—six cents—a day. This will procure him sufficient rice, and about what I have mentioned above in the way of shelter and clothing.

Of course ignorance abounds. In Calcutta, which is exceptionally favored with respect to educational advantages, in a population of near 500,000, less than 100,000 can read, and of these only 10,000 are women. Of these women the greater number are either Europeans or Indo-Europeans. Take the country over, I do not suppose that one in twenty has any knowledge of letters—perhaps not one in fifty. Of the native women there are none who can

read except those who have been taught in Mission-schools. Brahmanism, Buddhism and Mohammedanism have all had their turn in India, and precious little have they done for the common people. It remains to be seen if the elevating power of Christianity can reach them and raise them to a higher plane.

That they are capable of elevation, is the opinion of the most intelligent missionaries I have conversed with on the subject. From all I hear, I conclude that they are not inferior to the European in intellectual capacity. A want of vigor there may be—an absence, alike, of the spring and endurance found in higher latitudes—but not of native intelligence, though it is the opinion of some that there are specific differences of mental development. One missionary of large experience, a representative of the London Missionary Society, told me that they excel in mathematics and in logic, but are wanting in common sense. Through want of common sense they often set out with faulty premises, but the argument from the premises will always be perfect; and once in a line of logical sequences, the Hindoo will follow it, no matter which way it leads or where it lands.

There has always been a class of learned men in India, very intellectual, very subtle—perhaps even profound. But I do not know enough about the facts to write with confidence as to the range of their learning. Much of their literature, nearly all of it, I suppose, is of the religious type, and, certainly, a large part of it is ridiculous enough; but it is not wanting in acuteness and ingenuity.

It was dark when we reached the Benares station.

Taking a gharry, we crossed the Ganges on a bridge of boats, and drove two or three miles to the European suburbs, where we found pleasant quarters at the Civil Service Hotel. Benares is one of the oldest of all the Indian cities. It seems to have enjoyed the reputation of a "sacred city" from immemorial times. Here Sakya Muni, now called Buddha, the son of a petty king of the old times, established himself at the outset of his career, that he might have the prestige of the holy city to give weight to his doctrine. The site of the old city is some six miles from that of the present one. The ruins have been partly excavated, with rich results in the way of Buddhist remains. The area of the ruins, consisting chiefly of well-preserved brick, lying to the depth of many feet upon the ground, is very large. They are supposed to be the remains of sacred buildings. One immense column, partly of stone and partly of brick, still stands, though very greatly mutilated. It is said to commemorate the spot where Buddha began to expound the law. It was once entirely encased in stone richly carved, but now the lower part is disfigured by the removal of large quantities of stone for use in modern buildings.

Much of the brick in these ruins is in perfect preservation. It was burned very thoroughly, and is as hard as you can imagine brick to be. We saw a well, walled with it, believed to be not less than one thousand years old, perhaps much more, the wall being now as solid and perfect as at the first. It was laid in mortar of a quality as superior as the brick itself. The tradition is that the buildings were destroyed by force and violence, when the Mohammed-

dan invaders made a furious onslaught on the sacred places of the idolatrous followers of Buddha. I can well believe it, for such solid masonry would not have been so utterly destroyed by the ordinary agencies of decay, as the perfect preservation of the few remaining fragments testifies.

But Buddhism has perished out of India. Only slight traces of it remain on the continent. It still has a strong hold in the Island of Ceylon, but even there it is falling into decay. They do certainly err who say that there is a revival of Buddhism anywhere in the world. The contrary fact is conspicuously true. It is perishing in India, and the symptoms of incipient decadence are apparent in China and Japan. How it may be in Burmah and Siam, I do not know.

Buddhism, which was already on the decline, got its final death-blow in India from the Mohammedans; but they, in turn, are on the decrease. Brahmanism, which was before Buddhism, is unquestionably the prevailing religion of the country now. As to what its prospects are in presence of an advancing Christian civilization, I may offer an opinion after I shall have time for larger observation.

Between Sarnath and Benares is a most remarkable *mound*, made entirely of brick. It is at least 150 feet high, and about 400 yards in circumference at the base. My first impression was that it was a pile of ruins, but not so. It was never any thing but a mound of solid brick; very hard brick, and laid in the best of mortar. The Government has excavated it in two directions. The work is solid from top to bottom. It is believed to have been built by the

Buddhists, but in later times the Brahmans built a small temple or tower on the summit of it, which is still standing, though a good deal mutilated.

True to its traditional character, Benares is still, more than any other in India, the sacred city. An actual census shows it to have over 1,000 temples, besides many small structures and shrines devoted to pious uses, although the population is less than 300,000. The city is situated on the left bank of the Ganges, the sacred river, and at a point where the river is yet more sacred than elsewhere. On this side the bank of the river rises rapidly to a height of perhaps 150 feet above the water. On this slope, fronting the river, the great temples are built so close, and massed in a way so confused, that the effect on the beholder is singular. Bayard Taylor went into raptures over the beauty of it. Not so this present traveler. There is a certain aspect of imposing massiveness, and some individual structures, especially towers, that are beautiful enough; but the effect, upon the whole, at least to my eye, is not in any high degree pleasing. The jumble of heterogeneous styles and sizes, with walls standing at all conceivable angles with reference to each other, is *not* beautiful. Then there is the touch of mildew and decay everywhere. Our view of it was from a boat, drifting slowly down with the current.

But, if the buildings did not greatly interest me, the sight of the people in their morning ablutions, along the edge of the river, did. Many of them were pilgrims who had come to take a plunge in the sacred river, at this spot where its waters are so efficacious. They wade out to where the water is two

or three feet in depth. Women mingle with the men. The little clothing they wear is not removed, so that there is no indecency in this mingling of the sexes. Certain religious rites are used at the same time, one of which is to pour out water to the sun.

Just on the bank of the river is a shallow well of filthy, stagnant water into which the great multitudes of people plunge, imagining that all their sins are left behind when they emerge. There is another well in one of the temples which we visited, called "The Well of Knowledge." Into this the people are constantly throwing offerings of various kinds of grain and flowers, so that the stench of the decaying matter is extremely offensive. But the water is wonderfully holy, and a priest sits continually drawing up the putrid stuff, which he sells to devotees. So silly is the superstition of these people. Indeed it is impossible for me to convey to my reader any just view of the many silly things connected with the religion of the Hindoos, or of the extreme to which the silliness is carried. They have sacred rivers, sacred trees, sacred bulls, sacred—every thing, almost. The monkey is especially sacred. Images of the "monkey god" are very numerous. Here in Benares there is a "monkey temple," which we visited. About this building there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of monkeys. They are all of one species—a very common and uninteresting species. Being fed here, they remain in the vicinity, but have the freedom of the neighborhood, pilfering every exposed article of food, and the superstitious people never dare to treat them rudely. As the custom of visitors is, we purchased a few cents' worth of rice

and threw it to them. They scrambled for it and fought over it as if they might have been mere brutes; but these Hindoos have built them this temple and do actually worship them. Yet there are not wanting educated Englishmen who write flattering things of Brahmanism, and hold that one form of religion is about as good as another. Surely, no such degraded objects of devotion can tend to anything else but degradation in the worshiper.

But, if the silliness of Hindoo superstition were the worst of it, it would, though inconceivably degrading, be yet a noble thing compared to what it really is. The popular religion of India is in the last degree depraved. It is, beyond conception, evil in its moral phases. Starting out with a high conception of life, it fell to worshiping the source of life. From this beginning it has gone on in a descending scale until it has deified lust. The Hindoo trinity are Bramha, Vishnu and Mahadeo. The symbols under which this last are worshiped are too gross to be named. Yet these are the very symbols which abound more than any other in the temples at Benares, and in many other places, while our observation is that these symbols receive a more enthusiastic devotion than is paid to any other images. The ardor of women in these devotions is a most noticeable fact.

The moral effect of this is seen everywhere. There are no virtuous men in India. As for the women, no man will trust his wife outside of the zenana, except the very poor, whose women are compelled to labor for bread. The temples have a class of dancing-girls connected with them who are said to be married to the gods. This is considered

an honor, and a family is proud when a girl is chosen out of it for this distinction. These girls perform indecent dances in the temple-grounds, at festivals, to bring a crowd of people. They are all prostitutes, and their hire goes into the treasury of the temple. The priests, so far as I can learn, do not make any pretense of sexual purity. They are all vile.

This picture is a black one, but my readers may rest assured that it is not overdrawn.

All this is in shocking contrast with one thing we saw in China. Among the countless images worshiped in that great Empire, there is not one that suggests the thought of impurity. There is no approach to it. In their symbols there is much that is grotesque, much that is, in some respects, shocking, but nothing sensual, nothing gross. So far forth the Chinese are at an infinite remove from the Hindoos. Yet, in the matter of absurdity, the worship of the one is on a level with that of the other. In China there is a more abject fear of the gods than here. What a Chinaman hopes for is more to keep his gods from falling angry with him. He does not really look for positive blessing so much, except it may be from the god of riches. He is run after and courted a good deal.

I expressed the opinion with caution, in another place, that the situation in China is really more hopeful than in India. It will be remembered that I said at the same time, that my opportunity of observation in India had not been sufficient to justify a decided expression of opinion. It is proper to say that my first view here gave me the most unfavorable side of things. Whether the prospect is

better here or not is really matter of no moment. One thing is certain, the campaign is but just opened in both these vast regions. The Church has not yet begun to realize the magnitude of her undertaking. Consecrated men in great numbers will have to devote their lives to the work. The spirit of prayer—the agony of unconquerable supplication—must come upon the universal Church. It is doubtful if anywhere, even in the most spiritual communities, there is the fullness of faith, the irrepressible ardor of spirit, which must be witnessed before the power of heathenism can be overthrown. What a divine momentum will that be that will bear the hosts of God's elect forward against all the forces that rise against them, until the faith of Christ shall overmaster all! Meanwhile the work goes on—and I say it with deliberation—the work goes on more rapidly than the inadequate means employed by the Church would warrant us to expect. There can be no doubt of this. In *proportion to the actual outlay* the results are great. But in view of the work to be done, and the untouched resources of the Church, the outlay has been small indeed. I feel abashed before God when I think of it.

Meanwhile the Hindoo worships Mahadeo and all the brood of Satan with which his mythology swarms—the Chinaman worships lords many and gods many, the spawn of his own gloomy imagination—and both are dying in despair by millions, while God is robbed of his glory, and even his own elect people look on with apathetic indifference.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### LUCKNOW AND CAWNPORE.

THE ENGLISH have India by the throat—and the Sepoy rebellion, which was a struggle of the victim to get loose, only tightened the grasp. Like the noose of a lasso, it strangles the more fatally in proportion to the strain of resistance. The Mutiny of 1857 demonstrated this. It was the frantic plunge of the wild horse with his neck in the noose. One cannot but feel a measure of sympathy for the victim, though, upon the whole, he may hold with the imperious master. There can be no doubt that India is better off under British rule than it ever was before. This rule is a pure despotism; but in that respect it is just the sort of government India has always had, and, I suppose, the only sort it is at all prepared for, while it is the most enlightened and beneficent despotism the country has ever known. All former despotisms here have been personal, the people being at the mercy of any individual caprice of Mogul or Rajah—while in this case the despot is the British nation, and not any individual. Every Governor, at least since the time of Hastings, feels that he is not a personal ruler, but that he represents the conscience of the English people, to whom he must account for any inhumanity of which he may be guilty.

Nor has any one man an unlimited power in India. The representative of the Imperial Government is the Viceroy in Council. The Viceroy can do nothing except with the concurrence of the Council. Besides that, there is a Secretary for Indian affairs in the British Cabinet at home, who also has his Council; in addition to all which the Parliament interposes at will, and is the supreme authority. All this secures a sense of responsibility among the immediate rulers of India which never obtained in former times—a sense of responsibility which has secured to the people a better government, certainly, than they ever had before. Yet it is equally true that the authorities here maintain the authority they represent by a very strong assertion of power. Nor could they otherwise maintain it at all.

The Mogul Empire, to which the British have succeeded, was itself an invasion—so that it is, after all, only one invader succeeding to the power of another. It is the Englishman coming in the place of the Tartar. It was as recent as the time of Henry VIII. that Babur made the conquest of a considerable portion of Northern India. This Babur was descended, by the father's side, from Timour (Tamerlane), and by the mother's from Genghis Khan. He was therefore a Tartar of the Tartars, and his sons and successors, for a century or two, justified the illustrious blood that was in them. The great Akbar, the son of Hoomazoon, under whom the Empire suffered extreme fluctuations, extended its boundaries quite into the Deccan, and for two or three generations the war-like Mahrattas were more

or less completely subjugated by the imperial descendants of Babur.

Yet the later Moguls could scarcely be regarded as foreign princes, inasmuch as it was their custom to marry native princesses. But they were a luxurious race, spending in the building of palaces and mausoleums what might have sufficed to carry on the Empire. Taxes, therefore, were enormous, and against such oppressions the native princes not unfrequently revolted with more or less success. There was no law of succession in the Mogul family. This was the occasion of wars between different claimants to the imperial crown. The sons of Shah Jehan made war among themselves while yet their father lived. By all these means the Empire was weakened so as scarcely to be able to maintain itself against repeated attacks of Mahrattas and Jats. Moreover, the governors of provinces sometimes found themselves strong enough to be practically independent of the imperial authority, so as to be able to hold the authority and transmit it according to their own pleasure.

As the Honorable East India Company extended their possessions and influence they found themselves in this disjointed and decaying Mogul Empire. The disintegration of the Empire occasioned many opportunities to the managers of the Company to extend their domain. This they were not slow to do. The affairs of that great corporation were managed with consummate ability. Its leading spirits were statesmen of the highest order, Blunders were rare. As a rule the policy was wise, and it was always carried out by a strong administration. British policy was

avored as much by the wars and jealousies of neighboring rajahs as by the decaying state of the Mogul Empire. When native princes succeeded in casting off the yoke of the Moguls they began at once to cut each other's throats. In many instances it seemed as much a dictate of humanity as a stroke of policy to interfere. The means used were questionable sometimes, but never, I suppose, more so than those we have resorted to with the American Indians. It has been much the custom with civilized people to treat barbarians as if they had no rights—to regard them much in the light of minor children, that must be both taken care of and governed. Perhaps it would be difficult to prove that this is altogether wrong. It was the plea on which African slavery was justified.

When the charter of the East India Company expired—which was, I believe, only about twenty years ago—the English Government took immediate control of the country. It had, in fact, governed the Company, substantially, even during its existence—at least in many respects—so that, so far as India was concerned, the change amounted to but little. Within the last year the English Government has declared itself an Empire, in view of its possessions in the East—and truly it is an Empire of magnificent proportions. Its possessions in the South Seas, including Australia, would justify the title—while in India, including its possessions in Burmah and the Malayan Peninsula, together with the Island of Ceylon, it has, I should say, twice the area of the old Mogul Empire.

*It does not claim to govern the whole of India,*

but recognizes the independence, more or less complete, of several native States, such as Hyderabad and Mysore in the Deccan, and Nepaul in the north. Nepaul is entirely independent, but a certain protectorate is exercised over some of the independent States. In some cases this protectorate is of a character to make the independence of the native rajah a mere name. It is given out now that England does not desire to reduce any more of the native States; but it is easy to see that events are very liable to take such a turn as to cause the absorption of many of them. As it is, the Empire has the lion's share. The population of the whole country is 250,000,000. Of this the British Empire exercises a direct government over 180,000,000, leaving about 70,000,000 under native princes.

It is claimed, and I suppose with truth, that the burden of taxation is greatly reduced by the English, and that justice is much better and more uniformly administered. It is unquestionable that industry is fostered and commerce active beyond all precedent of former times. This the intelligent and the ignorant classes both feel. This fact reconciles many to the dominancy of a foreign power, and mitigates the bitterness of the cup with all, except the dethroned rajahs. Yet there is, wide-spread, a sense of vassalage and humiliation which many brood over in a sullen way, until the feeling of discontent is believed to be very general. It is a common opinion that the English are heartily hated by the natives. There can be no doubt that a popular revolution, if it could once gain sufficient head to

give it hope, would command at once an immense and enthusiastic following.

The discontent grows in great part out of the mere fact of the presence of a governing class of foreigners, of a different complexion, and an antagonistic religion, who do not identify themselves with the country, but are in every sense aliens. The English official is a man who comes to play his part in the government for a few years, to get a good salary, and then go home. *England* never ceases to be his home—*India* is only a place of temporary abode. Besides which, the bearing of the average Englishman is such as to aggravate the evil. The average Englishman despises the native—holds him in great contempt—and takes no sort of pains to conceal the fact. The Government does much for the natives in providing facilities for the education of the masses, so far as it can, and giving many of them appointments, where they are found sufficiently intelligent, in the post-offices, and other positions of profit and trust. Many individuals behave well toward them. But as a rule the white *man*, in his personal bearing toward the native, is supercilious and insulting. He says and does what he would not dare to say or do to a man of his own color. Nor does the native venture to resent it, except in rare cases. He is at a disadvantage. There is a cantonment of British soldiers at hand, and to a man they would espouse the quarrel of a countryman without stopping to enquire who was in the wrong. But the Hindoo is not a block of wood. He is often a high-spirited and most sensitive man, who treasures every insult he receives until his blood is hot. To make the matter worse,

he has to smother down the fire; otherwise it would blaze up only to die out. As it is, it never dies.

All this the Englishman knows, but he cares nothing about it. He feels secure, and with reason. The Government is strong enough to trample out any rebellion before it could organize itself or gather any resources. There is no unity nor good understanding among the native princes. There is no common center. Even if there was, the English soldier is a match for twenty native soldiers under native officers; witness all the wars in which the matter has been tested. Did not a mere handful of men, at Lucknow, in 1857, sheltered by the fraillest works, defend themselves for months against a mad multitude of assailants, outnumbering them forty or fifty to one? Did not 7,000 English soldiers invest Delhi, protected as it was by strong works at all points, and defended by a well-organized native garrison of 70,000 or 80,000, and after a siege of a few weeks, storm the works and carry the place at the point of the bayonet? Amongst themselves the natives show no want of courage. They have done much hard fighting in times past. But in the presence of the English they seem to expect defeat.

Our visit to Lucknow and Cawnpore would have but little interest for us, but for two facts: the first of which was that they were both scenes of dreadful conflict in the time of the Mutiny. At Lucknow we saw and examined the ruins of the Residency. Lucknow was the capital and residence of the King of Oude. Before the Mutiny there was a British Resident here. The Resident is a man who is placed near a native prince whom the English think it best

to watch and control. Generally where there is a Resident there is a camp of soldiers. Sir H. Lawrence was the Resident at the Court of Oude in 1857. He and his squad of soldiers, when hostilities began, established lines of defense around the Residency, so extensive, compared with the strength of the garrison, that they could scarcely be said to be *manned*, in any proper sense of the word. There was a sort of tower and observatory connected with the Residency-building, which served as an outlook from which the movements of the enemy could be discovered in every direction, and signaled to the garrison at every point. The Residency, and especially the observatory, was the object of a furious cannonade for weeks. The man on duty always felt himself to be a target for cannon-balls. Whether any one was killed at his post I know not, but certainly I should think there must have been several, for the top of the tower is all shivered. The walls of the building below also show many openings made by the crash of heavy shot.

The basement-rooms of the Residency were occupied by ladies, the wives and daughters of officers and soldiers, who lived here during all that fearful time, and who, in addition to their own sufferings from the excessive heat—it was July—the want of ventilation and consequent sickness, had all the care of the wounded and dying. But they were as heroic as the men. This shattered building is carefully preserved in the condition in which the Mutiny left it.

We approached it by a massive gateway that led into the grounds, and which is still standing, itself also bearing the mark of many a ball. Through this

gate Havelock entered, coming with another mere handful to relieve the besieged garrison. He actually fought his way through the city and through the dense masses of the besiegers, and with comparatively little loss entered the garrison. Imagine the feelings of those men who had been shut in, looking at any moment for their works to be stormed, and they put to death to a man, when their friends reached them! But the arrival of Havelock did not relieve the garrison. The two forces united were altogether insufficient for that. Both Lawrence and Havelock died there. But English pluck and endurance were equal to the situation, and relief *did* come at last. It does not fall in with the scope of my purpose, however, to write a history of this war. What I have said will serve to indicate the superiority of the European, and the strength of the British power in India. The military power seems to be irresistible. So far as I can see, it is likely to be perpetual.

From Lucknow we went to Cawnpore, where are two monuments of peculiar interest to Englishmen—the Memorial Well and the Memorial Church. They commemorate the massacres ordered by Doondhoo Punth, the Nana Sahib—commonly called The Infamous. After deceiving the English into the belief that he was their friend, he attacked the little garrison, which defended itself in imperfect works against overwhelming odds for three weeks. At the end of this time their provisions failed, and they capitulated on promise of safe escort to Allahabad, but as they were getting into boats a horrible massacre was begun. Some were already in the boats when the

thatch covers were set on fire. Simultaneously with this, a fire of grape and musketry was opened upon them. Only four escaped to tell the tale. The men who were not slaughtered on the spot were driven off and shot elsewhere. The women and children, of whom there were about two hundred, were imprisoned in a large house called *Beebeeghur*. Another company of captives from Futtehghurh, over fifty in number, mostly women and children, were soon crowded in with them. What they suffered, crowded so in the dog-days, not one survivor remained to tell. On the approach of Havelock they were all murdered and thrown into a well. Think of that work of slaughter upon two hundred women and children crowded together in a house! It appears that volleys were first fired in upon them through doors and windows, and then men went in to finish the work. Then the house was closed and left for the night, while some, it is believed, were not yet dead. There is even a suspicion that when they were thrown into the well, the next day, there were still some in whom life was not yet extinct.

When Havelock arrived they were all gone. Not one survived. An eye-witness says: "There were no dead bodies, except in the well. The well was narrow and deep; and, looking down, you could see only a tangled mass of human limbs, entirely without clothing."

This well was filled up, the ground being raised into a mound. On that a small, neat monument to the victims has been erected. Large grounds, full of shrubbery, well laid off, and neatly kept, surround

it. No native is ever allowed to enter this inclosure, without a special permit.

The Memorial Church stands on the grounds occupied by "Wheeler's Intrenchment," where the little squad defended themselves against Nana Sahib's army of many thousands, until their provisions failed. They made repeated sorties, always driving the enemy before them. Their feeble breastworks were almost demolished by the Nana's artillery, yet his men never dared to enter. Yet from official *data*, it appears that the garrison consisted of the following troops only:

One battery, 6 guns,	men	59
Infantry, Her Majesty's '84th	"	60
Invalids, " " 32d	"	74
First Madras Fusileers,	"	15

The Memorial Church is a great and gloomy-looking structure. As a work of art and as a place of worship it is a failure.

At Lucknow we were very cordially received by the Rev. J. H. Messmore and the Rev. J. Mudge, of the India Conference of the M. E. Church. The former is the pastor of the Church, and the latter editor of the Lucknow Witness, the official organ of the Church in India. Here we spent a Sunday, and preached at the hour for English service, to a full and attentive congregation.

At Cawnpore, Dr. Waugh had got wind of our approach, and met us at the station at eleven o'clock at night. What delightful hospitality we had under his roof! He could not tire of talking about the kindness he had received in Shanghai at the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Lambuth.

Both in Cawnpore and Lucknow the M. E. Church has a considerable Society among the English-speaking people. The missionaries of this Church did not get to work until after the Mutiny, less than twenty years ago. The blessing of God has been upon their labors in a remarkable degree. They have prospered, for the time they have been at work, beyond what is usual in other Missions. So far as we have had the opportunity of judging, the missionaries are men full of energy, and greatly devoted to their work. There is an Annual Conference organized, with four Presiding Elders' Districts. There are numerous schools, and a Theological Seminary. A number of native preachers have been raised up, some of whom would be a credit to the Church anywhere. Two thousand members, and more, counting probationers, have been gathered, and brought to a good state of discipline, while the increase goes on at a very encouraging rate.

I am inclined to think that the success of this work is largely due to the *power of preaching*. One difficulty in the work of Missions—so it has struck me—is found in the fact that the missionary, beginning to preach in a new language which he does not use with facility, finds it difficult to get into the spirit of his theme, and, by the time he has got to feel at home in the language, he has fallen into a hum-drum habit that has little of real hortatory power in it. From several circumstances I am led to believe the American Methodists have risen to a better standard of extemporaneous freedom and fervor than is common here. This is no less essential in preaching to the heathen than to the unconverted at home. The

heathen are not converted by arguments, but by the "testimony of Jesus." The *power of the witness* is the condition of success with the missionary. See Acts i:8. It is not logic that conquers hearts; it is CHRIST. The voice of the earnest *witness of Christ* is more potent with the common run of men than all the dialectics of the world, from Aristotle to Bledsoe.

The work of the Rev. Wm. Taylor, in India, is a striking illustration of this. At the beginning of this decade he began a series of special labors among the English-speaking people of the cities, especially in the central and southern part of the country. Religion was confessedly at a low ebb. The Churches were eminently formal and lifeless. But few of the Europeans were religious even in a formal way. Many of them were shamelessly wicked. The Eurasians, sometimes called Indo-Europeans, were, as a class, dissolute even to recklessness. Like the mulattoes of America, they had their origin in sin, most of them, though the great majority now have their existence through one or two, or more, generations of lawful marriage. They are despised and hated by the Hindoos, and have been in former times, and, to a considerable extent still are, by the English. Both among the English and the Eurasians the preaching of Taylor produced a wonderful effect. Widespread revivals prevailed in Bombay, Calcutta, and many other places. The converts were not willing to go into the formal Churches accessible to them. In Bombay they petitioned Mr. Taylor, in a formal way, to organize a Church. Many derided the work as mere excitement, which would soon die out. But, after five years, it has borne the test. Backslidings

have been remarkably few, while the Churches show an unusual per cent. of men and women actively engaged in the work of Christ. The spiritual aroma of their public assemblies is like odors wafted from the garden of God. It is the richest perfume we have inhaled anywhere in the Orient, except in the Conference and love-feast at Shanghai.

Out of this work a separate Annual Conference has been organized—the South India Conference. It is a *self-sustaining Conference*, receiving no aid from the Missionary Board. Every circuit supports its own preachers, and undertakes to go into the regions accessible, in missionary labors among the heathen, besides. So far the experiment is wonderfully satisfactory. The Churches are remarkably liberal in supporting their pastors, and are beginning to build good churches and parsonages, thus anchoring themselves in the country by real estate titles. This will be found to constitute an epoch in the history of the Church in India.

## CHAPTER XX.

SHAHJEHANABAD, AKBARABAD, ALLAHABAD.

WHAT IS THAT, Ramsan?" Ramsan was the name of the guide we employed the two days we were at Dehli. "What is that?" "That is a tomb, sir?" "And those on the right, all those? what are they, Ramsan?" "Tombs, sir." "On the left, here; what are these?" "Tombs, sir." "Far out there, on the edge of the horizon, what are those?" "Tombs, sir."

We were on our way from the city of Dehli to the great tower, named the Kootub, eleven miles distant, and were driving through a space which had been occupied in past ages by the old city of Dilli or Delli, which shifted its site several times. Nothing now remains but old bricks, lying, some buried and some exposed, and—*Tombs!* These mausoleums are of various sizes, mostly very large buildings, and all surmounted with oval domes. Some are much dilapidated, others still quite well preserved. They are of various ages, but none of them, probably, dating from any very great antiquity. But there they stand, witnessing the greatness of old kings and conquerors, and the triumph of death over all. He is the one imperial majesty whose conquests will never slacken until the time of his sudden and final overthrow by the "Blessed and only Potentate." When he shall

“abolish death” he will leave neither ruins nor tombs to commemorate the long reign of the destroyer. In the “new heavens and the new earth” there shall be “no more death,” nor any memorial of his fallen power.

The Mogul Empire seems not to have had a fixed and permanent capital, but the cities of Agra and Dehli enjoyed that distinction alternately, and perhaps other places were for a time the seats of power.

Agra was named Akbarabad, from the great Akbar, who built its fort and enriched it with magnificent palaces and mosques.

The present Dehli is a modern city, and was built by the grandson of Akbar, Shah Jehan, and named for himself, Shahjehanabad. The old name was Dilli or Delli, and this has superseded the clumsy Shahjehanabad, but the affectation of modern *literateurs* has changed the orthography to Dehli, sometimes Delhi; but the uniform pronunciation is Da-le, or Delle. The *h* is never sounded. The English spelling of Oriental words and names is arbitrary and capricious in the extreme.

This Emperor, Shah Jehan, had a passion for building, and had, also, the resources to gratify his taste. Akbar had bequeathed a vast empire to his successors, and Shah Jehan enjoyed it after two generations of comparative peace had consolidated it and brought its revenues up to their highest point. It seemed to be his greatest ambition to build palaces, musjids (mosques), and tombs, on a larger and more magnificent scale than India had ever witnessed. This, indeed, was no small undertaking, for the tomb of Hoomayoon, near the site of old

Dehli, and that of Akbar, at Secundra, were among the most magnificent structures of any age or country—magnificent both in their dimensions and in the richness of the material used, as well as in the elaborate detail of exquisite finish. People here are fond of quoting from Bishop Heber, "These Pagans designed like Titans and executed like jewelers."

The great buildings erected by him at Dehli were "The Hall of Public Audience," "The Hall of Private Audience," "The Bath House" of the harem, his own private apartments and bath-rooms, "The Pearl Mosque," and the "Jumma Musjid."

The Hall of Public Audience is a roof resting on red sandstone columns and arches of a peculiar character, forming an open court, on one side of which—the only side which has a wall—was the throne, which is ten or twelve feet above the pavement. Below and in front of the throne was the seat of the ministers of State. From this throne the Emperor heard causes and administered justice. By a flight of solid stone steps in the wall we ascended to this old seat of Imperial magnificence, and looked out into the hall where men came to get justice at the hands of the Mogul. The hall is imposing from the number and height of its stone columns, and the scene must have been impressive when the extended area was crowded, as no doubt it often was, by men in Oriental costume, and graced by the flash and glitter of imperial insignia.

Back of this, sheltered from all vulgar approach, on the bank of the river Jumna, a confluent of the Ganges, on which the city is built, is the Hall of Private Audience. This, too, is an open court, a roof

on columns. The area is not so great as that of the Hall of Public Audience, nor the pillars so high; but in every other respect it surpasses it—beyond comparison, I was going to say. Pavement, columns, arches, are all of the *finest marble—pure white*. On portions of it there are chiseled, in relief, and by skillful artists, figures of foliage and flowers in sufficient, but not too great, profusion. In other parts there are flowers inlaid with colored stone—very beautiful. The ceiling was once covered all over with heavy filigree work of gold and silver, but this has been removed by vandal and greedy conquerors. The general proportions of the structure are such as to give it an air of great elegance. It is flanked on two sides by structures as elegant as itself, and on the south it overlooks the river.

How well the Emperor was satisfied with the work of the artist may be inferred from an inscription he caused to be carved in solid marble just above the arches on the eastern end, in the Persian character, “If there be a paradise on earth it is this.”

To the west, and only a few paces distant, are the private apartments and bath-room of the Emperor. It, too, is of white marble, not an open court, though very airy and well ventilated. The side next the hall is of marble screen-work—that is, thin marble slabs are cut through and through with openings of various though uniform pattern, giving the whole a light and very artistic aspect. A small door opens through the screen-work, through which the Emperor emerged when he went out to give audience. Over this door, chiseled in the marble, in full but not very high relief, is the figure of Justice,

holding the balances, on a background which I suppose was meant to represent the heavens. It is in the traditions of the Mussulmans here—so Ramsan, who is himself a Mohammedan, told us—that the great Mogul used to pause and contemplate this figure with solemnity before he went out to an audience, reminding himself of the justice that is in those heavens, to which even the greatest monarchs are equally amenable with the lowliest men. The pavement in this building is of marble. The building is not large. The central room is the bath. The center of the room is occupied by a vat sunk from the level of the floor to a depth of about three feet, and lined first with water-proof cement, and then inside of that with marble. This was filled at pleasure from a fountain, and then emptied with equal facility. On the side toward the river is a projecting room like a bay window, which, it is said, was the bed-chamber. The whole structure is only one story high. This, it will be remembered, is on the west side of the Hall of Private Audience, and removed from it a few paces.

East of the Hall, and at a somewhat greater distance from it, is the bath-house of the harem. It is of white marble, plain but elegant. North of this bath, and adjoining it, is the inclosure of the Pearl Mosque. The outside walls are of red sandstone, but the interior is of pure white marble. It is small, being designed only for imperial use; but the plan is perfect, the material of the finest, and the finish exquisite. Pillars, arches, and groined ceiling, all of solid marble, are set off by inlaid flowers of precious stones of varied colors. The ornamentation is

elaborate, but not overdone. Surely a Mogul might worship in such a place with a sense of imperial piety, relieved of every suspicion that he was before God only a common mortal.

Another building in Dehli, some distance from these, remains a monument of the architectural taste and munificence of Shah Jehan. It is the Jumma Musjid. It stands on the west side of a large quadrangular pavement. This pavement is itself elevated, I should think, some fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the ground. You ascend to it by flights of stone steps from the east, south, and north sides. At the top of the steps, on each side, is a massive gate. Near the south-east and north-east corners are sun-dials on low stone pillars, cut on the top of the pillar. The pavement or terrace is completely surrounded by the mosque itself standing on the west side, and a colonnade of red sandstone on the other three sides. In the center is a tank filled with stagnant water where the worshipers can perform their ablutions. At the north-east corner of the terrace is a little room with a strong box in it which contains some sacred relics—among others a sandal worn by Mohammed and a hair of his beard. An accommodating mullah will show you these sacred treasures for a small fee. I saw them with a party of three for two annas—two cents—apiece. It is a pity, if such holy things are to be made merchandise of, that they should not command a better price. There are also manuscript copies of the Koran in the handwriting of a grandson of the prophet. The sight of that was included in the fee.

The Musjid (Mosque) itself is a stupendous build-

ing, 201 feet by 120, surmounted by three cupolas of white marble which are also themselves crowned with culices of copper richly gilt. The front is open, the roof being supported by massive columns. The other three sides are walls. This is the general style of mosques in this part of India. The work on this is very beautiful, much of it being faced with white marble, and, like all the buildings of this monarch, the architectural proportions are perfect. I say *perfect*, for I can find no fault with them. Let it be understood, though, that I do not pretend to be a competent critic in such matters; while one of them, at least, has been severely criticised. But the architects he employed were certainly men of rare genius. The inevitable two minarets are here, from the lofty summits of which, in the good old Mogul times, the shrill voice of the Muezzin used to call the faithful to prayer. They are 130 feet high, and give a fine view of the city and surrounding country. We saw the Kootub Minar, eleven miles distant, distinctly.

We reserved the Kootub Minar for the next day. An early drive took us past the Junter Munter, or Observatory—a building in which a scientific man would take an interest, I suppose—and Shufter Jung's Mausoleum, a magnificent edifice which I will not take time to describe. Two miles to the left the great dome of Hoomagoon's tomb dominated the whole landscape. I may as well pause to say that this, one of the greatest of the mausoleums of India, is, to my eye, one of the most perfect as a work of art. It was built by Haji Begum, the widow of the Emperor whose tomb it contains. The most renowned of Indian archæologists, Gen. Cunningham,

says, "it is the earliest specimen of the architecture of the Mogul dynasty." It is easy to see that, if this is the case, it furnished the model for what followed. The general plan of the world-renowned Taj Mahal, at Agra, is the same, with differences of detail. In the language of Cunningham: "The exterior form of the main body of the tomb is a square with the corners cut off, or an octagon with four long and four short faces, and each of the short faces forms one side of the four octagonal-corner towers. The dome is built entirely of white marble, the rest of the building being of red sandstone, with inlaid ornaments of white marble. An innovation in this building is the narrow-necked dome."

The building is elevated upon two terraces which raise it to a very commanding eminence. The upper terrace was surrounded by screen-work of cut stone; but the greater part of this has disappeared. The lower terrace is but three feet high, while the upper rises above this on arches twenty feet. Through the arches are passages into the interior, which is filled with smaller tombs of various members of his family. My guide-book is kind enough to inform me that this tomb has not the beauty of that of Shufter Jung, but I must ask the guide-book's pardon for once.

But I cannot pause. The great Kootub Minar calls me, and I am not to get breakfast until I have climbed to the top of it—no slight job. The road lies through the wilderness of tombs to which the reader was introduced at the outset of this chapter. For let it be remembered that Dehli was a seat of royalty before ever Mogul or Mussulman had appeared. The old Hindoo kings reigned here until

the twelfth century. Then came the Mohammedan conquest; then four centuries later came the Moguls, and they, too, were Mohammedans. Some of the oldest of these funereal structures are supposed to antedate the Mussulman era. I can well believe it. They are the monuments of dead empires as well as dead men. In the gloaming, one might fancy them all full of ghosts. The dark discoloration produced by this climate on all stones except polished marble gives them a somber aspect, as if they were in mourning for the lost glory they commemorate. But the air is fresh, and we whirl along among them at a rapid pace.

Arrived at the neighborhood of the Kootub, we left our carriage at the Dak Bungalow, and visited some rude old buildings which I will not undertake to describe. We also saw a celebrated well, very large, and of an oblong square figure. At the mouth it must be fifty feet by fifteen. The side-walls and the south-end wall are perpendicular, but that at the north end descends by terraces to the water's edges thirty-five feet. No sooner did we appear at the north end than a man leaped from the perpendicular wall at the other end—a sheer descent of thirty-five feet. At first he drew up his legs and went whizzing down; but as he came near the surface of the water he brought his feet together, stretched his legs straight, and disappeared. He was soon up again, and climbing the terraced wall toward us. Five men and boys made this plunge in two or three minutes, and then clamored for “backsheesh.”

All minor objects exhausted, including a wonder-

ful iron pillar, with a wonderful heathen legend, let us now proceed to our great Minar.

The Kootub Minar is said to be the highest column, standing by itself, in all the world, being two hundred and thirty-eight feet one inch above the level of the ground. The diameter of the house is forty-seven feet two inches. It is six stories high, and fluted in the lower stories. In some stories the flutes are all circular, in some all angular, and in one they are alternately circular and angular. The column is just five diameters in height. The circumference of the base is equal to the sum of the diameter of the six stories. A circular interior flight of stairs ascends to the top.

There is some doubt as to the history of this singular structure, but, from inscriptions on it, it seems to have been built by Mussulman sovereigns in the thirteenth century, and probably for religious purposes, partly, and partly for a mausoleum. It bears the ninety-nine Arabic names of the Almighty, and also eulogistic inscriptions to two or three Sultans, with unpronounceable and outlandish names with which I will not deface my paper.

At any rate, I must stand on the summit before I can touch my breakfast, and the Dak Bungalow begins to be a very desirable place. There are choice mutton chops there, and the sweetest and crispest of sliced breakfast bacon, fried, and such luscious eggs, and coffee that would tempt an old Mogul in his tomb if he could but sniff it. But not a morsel can I touch till I go up—up there—and then come down again. Well, here goes—up, up, up, up, up. Here we are at last, puffing and perspiring, with

all the world at our feet. Alas! the atmosphere is heavy, and we can see nothing at a distance. But in the near view we have in full sight the following "familiar" objects—as per guide-book—to wit: The Unfinished Minar, Adam Khan's Tomb, The Iron Pillar, The Fort of Lalkot, The Fort of Rajah Pithora, Haji Baba Rose Beh's Tomb, Tomb of Moulvie Joomalie Koomalie, Musjid of Feezool-oola or Jellal Khan, Metcalf House, which was once the tomb of Mahomed Koolee Khan, The diving-wells in Mehrowlie, Ruins below Metcalf House, Royal Tombs in Mehrowlie, etc.

There now—I must have my breakfast after that! Thanks for a choice meal and a sharp-set palate.

But leaving Dehli, I must hasten on to *Agra*. This city was the chief seat of the illustrious Akbar, and from him called Akbarabad. The fort at this place is the best we have seen, the walls being very massive, very high, and crowned with crinolated battlements. Akbar built a very large palace here, which is still standing and in a fair state of preservation. I cannot undertake to describe it. It has one front on the Jumna, and covers a large area. The inevitable marble filigree work is seen here—broken at one place by a cannon-ball. In the basement is a very labyrinth of columns and wall where, it is said, the women of the imperial household were accustomed to play at hide-and-seek. In a small court above there is a pavement of marble, in squares, on which the tradition has it, the Mogul used to play chess, or some such game, right royally, having for his "chess-men" the beautiful girls of his harem, who moved from square to square as they were

directed. A tank, stocked with fish, was in a larger court, and the gallery from which Akbar used to drop his hook was pointed out to us. The throne-room was an open court, and the throne, still preserved, is a slab of black marble. In this slab there are two points of a decided red color from which a slight red tint shades off for several inches. Our guide told us of this throne before we saw it, and assured us that it had shed blood twice; once when the Mahratta invader, the Rajah of Bhurtpore, sat on it, and again when Lord Ellenboro, a Governor-General of India, did the same. When we expressed our disbelief of the fact he took us to the place and proved it triumphantly by showing us the very blood-stain, indelible in the rock; and proof incontrovertible that it did bleed, and *that* when those very two men sat on it. But use has rendered it insensible to humiliation, for when I seated myself on it it did not even so much as give a grunt.

The description of the bath-room of the harem I give in the language of Bayard Taylor: "The most curious part of the palace is the *Shish Mahal*, or Palace of Glass, which is an oriental bath, the chambers and passages whereof are adorned with thousands of small mirrors, disposed in the most intricate designs. The water fell, in a broad sheet, into a marble pool over brilliant lamps, and the fountains are so constructed as to be lighted from within. Mimic cascades tumbled from the walls over slabs of veined marble into basins so curiously carved that the motion of the water produced the appearance of fish. This bath must once have realized all the fabled splendors of Arabian history. The chambers

of the Sultans and the open court connecting them are filled with fountains."

Akbar's mausoleum is eight miles from the city. It was built by his son, and proudly named Secundra—Alexandria—for was not Akbar another Alexander? It is a massive structure, imposing in the distant view, but near at hand the front elevation, a sort of portico of only one story, projects so as to conceal the really lofty summit, and give the pile a squat appearance. The *sarcophagi* are usually under the dome of these buildings, but this one is singular from almost all others in having no dome, the sarcophagus resting on a marble pavement on the summit, having the heavens for its dome. It is covered by cloth heavily ornamented with gold thread. The pavement I should take to be twenty-five feet square. It is surrounded on all sides by the open screen-work of marble of which I have frequently spoken. There are eleven panels of this work on each side, forty-four in all, and the pattern of each panel is diverse from that of any other.

Here at Secundra the English Church Mission has a printing-press and Orphanage. The Orphanage is supplied with inmates mainly by foundlings exposed to perish, from which fate they are saved by the police and brought to this Christian refuge. There is indubitable proof that infanticide is still practiced in many parts of the country, notwithstanding all the efforts of the English authorities to suppress it. The victims are always girls. They are sometimes killed outright, and sometimes left in the open fields to die. This is the religion that some "large-minded" Englishmen are fain to patronize as being about as

good as Christianity. Hundreds of times in this tour have I been overwhelmed with emotions of gratitude that I and my children were born Christians. May a merciful God pardon any want of ardor I may have been guilty of in pressing the conquests of the cross.

Returning to Agra we may visit two celebrated mosques. But they are much like the one at Dehli, already described.

Several hundred Mussulmans were assembled, and scattered about over the vast marble-paved terrace of one, when we visited it, near the hour of prayer. When the moment arrived, the mullah, or priest, came out and ordered them into line, facing the mosque, and facing toward Mecca, as well. We were obliged to stand outside of the terrace, so that our view was a distant one, and we could not see well how matters proceeded. But we heard a sort of chant, which, I suppose, was the recitation of a prayer. The whole affair lasted only a minute or two. The worshipers were scarcely well placed in line till they dispersed. Many of them crowded about us, when we took the opportunity to ask them several questions about their worship, which one or two, who spoke English imperfectly, answered cheerfully—I thought, indeed, rather eagerly. The dome of one of these mosques, flanked with graceful kiosks, is so lofty as to command a very extended landscape. Like so many of the larger domes, it is of white marble. Taylor imagined that when seen from a distance; it looked like a silver bubble, ready to be brushed away at any moment—or something of that sort—which I suppose is very poetical, and which has the additional merit of being *all* poetry.

But the gem of Mogul architecture is the Taj. Mumtaz Muhul, or Moomtaz Bibi, was the favorite wife of Shah Jehan, the builder of the most famous buildings of Dehli, already mentioned. Mumtaz Bibi was contracted, in domestic colloquy, to Taz Bibi, or Taj Bibi—a very sweet pet name. She died early, and the bereaved monarch erected this most splendid of Indian mausoleums to her memory. It stands on the banks of the Jumna, a mile below the city of Agra. Why it was not placed at Dehli I know not.

In visiting it you enter first a court, and there, leaving your gharry, enter the grounds from the south by a massive and very high gate of red sandstone. It must be fifty feet high, and is ornamented with elaborate carvings. Having passed this portal you have the Taj in full view through an avenue of trees. Along this avenue you pass through the park, on the side of which it stands. The grounds are beautifully laid off and filled with trees and shrubbery, being kept up at a great expense by the Government. The avenue is a paved way from the gate to the terrace on which the building stands—that is, it is paved on the sides, the center being sunk some three feet to contain water, playing in it originally from fountains. At the end of the avenue you mount a terrace by a few stone steps, and a few steps farther on, another terrace, which rises perhaps twenty feet above the first. This terrace is one hundred yards square, and is paved with white marble, polished so that the glare of the hot sun upon it is blinding. From the center of this elevated pavement rises the wonderful building. The main body

is an irregular octagon, having four long and four short sides, which are broken up by entrances and recesses. It is surmounted in the center by a very lofty dome of the most graceful pattern I ever saw. Each of the short sides is surmounted by a smaller dome. Between the central and exterior domes is a circle of most elegant kiosks.

On entering the building you find one principal apartment under the central dome having an unobstructed elevation from the pavement to the top of the dome of, say 200 feet. This apartment is a perfect circle. At each corner, outside of this, there are smaller rooms.

Now you are to remember that inside and outside this great structure, 186 feet in diameter and 243 feet high, is of the finest and whitest marble, polished to the utmost. On the inner wall of the great circular room under the dome, for about three feet above the pavement, there are flowers and foliage elegantly carved in relief. Above that the wall is covered partly by flowers inlaid with precious stones of divers colors. What an amount of delicate work! It is positively inconceivable. Other parts of the wall, inside and out, are occupied with texts of the Koran, inlaid in the white marble with black marble, elegantly cut in the Persian character, and fitting so nicely that the closest inspection scarcely shows the joint. It is affirmed that the entire Koran is here transcribed, but this is doubted.

The real sarcophagus is in a basement room in the center, but the ornamental one on the paved floor under the dome. It is richly inlaid with mosaic work in flowers of precious stones, and is surrounded

by marble screen-work of the finest kind. The ninety-nine names of God are inlaid in black marble. The Emperor lies by her side, but his sarcophagus seems an intrusion, as the place was evidently prepared for only one. He was to have had a mausoleum on the opposite side of the river, just like this, the decaying foundations of which still remain. It was to be joined to this by a marble bridge. But intestine feuds disturbed the close of his life and shortened his reign, so that his design was frustrated, and he sleeps here by the side of his beloved Taz.

There be those who say that the architecture of this building is faulty. May be so, but I cannot see it. It is one of a very few buildings I have seen that gives me a feeling of complete satisfaction. I do not understand the principles of architectural art sufficiently to account for my taste, but, to my taste, the Taj is wondrously beautiful.

I never became enthusiastic about any of these old buildings till I saw this. I think the Capitol at Washington more beautiful than any of the others, but to the Taj I surrendered. To be sure, I was pleased in a quiet way at Dehli, and especially when I saw the Kootub from the top of the minaret, eleven miles away, clear cut against the sky, the tapering shaft being the only object to break the dead circle of the horizon; and yet more when I came near it and saw it springing from its massive plinth in just proportion of diameter and height, challenging the very clouds with its summit. But the *beautiful* never took absolute possession of me till I came here.

The echo in the dome of the Taj has been pro-

nounced by traveled men the best in the world. We tried it. A sharp, short shout rebounds from fifty points at once, and touches and bounds off again, and turns somersaults, splits itself into fragments and shreds, and careers around, reverberating and answering itself as if it were intoxicated with the beauty of the place, dying out at last so reluctantly and slowly that it is impossible to say when you cease to hear it. H. made it resound with the name of our LORD, and we sung the Doxology together with a loud voice and full hearts.

Men 20,000, years 22—these factors give the sum of labor crystallized here.

At Allahabad, at sunrise, Sunday morning, we were met by the Rev. Mr. Osborne, pastor of the M. E. Church, and taken to his house. How did he know we were coming? Perhaps Dr. Waugh wrote him; I know not. What a sweet atmosphere of Christian hospitality we breathed under his roof! and what a hallowed service of the holy supper we had with his Church! He is an Indo-European by birth, an intelligent gentleman by instinct and culture, and, by grace, a devoted and efficient Christian pastor. One of the most interesting sights we have had was his daughter, twelve years old, in charge of a native Sunday-school, and managing it to admiration. I involuntarily invoked God's blessing on the child and her work.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### ODDS AND ENDS.

THE EAST INDIAN *lives* three thousand years ago. Imperfect hints of antiquity are found in the ruins of his old cities, and in a few remaining obelisks, but *he*, the present living Hindoo, is antiquity itself. His domicile, his dress, his social life, his manners, his religion, his implements, mechanical and agricultural, his cart and oxen, his donkey, his elephant and camel, and the uses of them, belong to the period of the very dawn of history—doubtless even to a time of which history makes no note. When an American reads of Buddha washing his own garment in the tank or river, it sounds very odd to him. He is apt to suppose that the celebrated teacher was very abject, or a great ascetic. But here where he lived the incident is not noted. Nothing is more common or commonplace. Men of all classes walk down into the water and wash their own loose and scant clothing while they take their bath. One soon becomes so accustomed to see men, almost nude, engaged in this way that he thinks nothing of it.

One of the first things I observed in Calcutta was the rude ox-carts. With the exception of the tire, every part might have been made with an ax and saw. The hub is of great size, and the rough-hewn spokes, very large, are set in at great intervals, the

felloe, also, being very clumsy. The body or bed is of bamboo poles, rudely fastened together, tapering toward the forward end, which extends up between the oxen well on toward the yoke. Indeed, the outer poles of the frame often come together at the end, and serve as the tongue to which the yoke is fastened. You will often, therefore, see one ox on each side of the load, or at least, of the front part of it, instead of being entirely in advance of it, as with us. I have never seen the horse or mule used for draft here, that is, for heavy draft. About the cities carriages are drawn by horses, but my conviction is that this use of them was introduced by Europeans, though many wealthy natives have taken it up. Yet, even to this day, many of the latter use oxen in their carriages. There is a tradition of the Emperor Hoomayoon taking out his favorite Begum in a carriage drawn by beautiful white oxen, himself acting as teamster. Indeed, these India oxen make much better carriage-horses than our American breeds would. They are more sprightly, and, I think, better disposed, and more easily guided. They look brighter, and, when kept for the carriage, they are fed high and curried until they are sleek, and show their keeping like a horse.

There is a hole made in the cartilage between the nostrils of the ox, through which a rope is drawn and then brought over the head like the headstall of a bridle. To this a rein is attached, by means of which he is guided like a horse. This is certainly an excellent contrivance, putting the brute very fully in the power of his driver. I have seen very fine pleasure carriages of wealthy natives drawn by oxen.

The water-buffalo is sometimes also used for heavy draft. He is yoked as the ox is. This ugly beast we have found everywhere since we landed at Shanghai. The only other animal I have seen used for this purpose is the camel. I was quite unprepared for this, having supposed that his only use was as a beast of burden. The camel-wagons I saw were very rough-looking things, most of them on low wheels, the bed being two stories high, with cargo on the first floor, and passengers up stairs. There was a certain ugly congruity between the vehicle and the team—they seemed all of a piece.

Of all dumb brutes I have ever seen the camel is the most unshapely. With his long hind-legs, barely tacked on to his body; the hump on his back like a hideous deformity; his little, long, round neck, taking a start downward and then turning up as if drawn by a convulsion; the two straight fore-legs set under the chest like stilts; he stands before you in an apologetic attitude, as if he were asking pardon of the universe for having been obtruded upon it. Add to this the miserable head set on the upturned end of the neck, with the facial line, from the ear to the unhappy-looking nostrils, level with the horizon, looking like a statue of misery—a mute, perpetual appeal for pity, and you have the Ideal of the Ugly standing before you eight feet high.

To return to wheeled vehicles. There is no want of variety. In some parts of the country the cart has only a truck-wheel, sawed off from the end of a log, a hole being made through the centre for the axle. Such were sometimes used in Missouri in the early settlement of the country. I came near losing my

life when a boy by being run over by one. It flattened me out well. Then, all over the country, we saw a jaunty-looking little vehicle on two wheels, with a body of bamboo, the outer poles of the lower part of the body extending forward for shafts. The seat is built up over the axle. It is usually drawn by a pony, but a similar one is often drawn by a pair of very small oxen. I have seen four or five men crowded on one, though it seems to be intended for only two. I should think at the price of labor in this country one of the very common ones might be made for five dollars, though they are sometimes made quite elegant.

There is a great disposition to set off a team with cheap ornaments, or, in the case of the wealthy, with very costly ones. There is often a bunch of minute bells suspended from the tip of the horns. I have seen the horns painted, and, by the way, the horns of cattle here are of a type altogether different from those of Europe and America. They are all of one type, but the range of varieties is free, and the number countless. I wish I had photographs of all I have seen.

I once supposed that Texas led the world in the art of branding cattle, but I have reluctantly to give it up. My Texas pride in this particular all perished out of me when I reached India. I have seen cattle here literally scarred—striped and checked—from end to end. I believe it was worse at Singapore, perhaps, than anywhere else—though not much.

It is gratifying to find much of the hardest work done by *men* in China laid upon dumb brutes here. In the part of China visited by us there are no

wheeled vehicles for heavy draft. Whatever the farmer takes to market goes on his shoulders, either to the market or to the canal, when it is sent to a remote market. This is often a distance of several miles. In India all heavy transportation is effected by carts or on pack-animals. In the cities of China, on the narrow streets, you are perpetually jostled by men from whose brows the perspiration is rolling, the temples traversed by swollen veins, while they utter a peculiar and distressing grunt at every step. So in the country, it is no unusual thing to see men trotting along the narrow paths between the fields loaded with cruel burdens.

The pack-animals used in India are oxen, buffalo, camels, donkeys, and sometimes, but not often, mules. The ox and buffalo bear enormous burdens. Nearly all the donkeys we saw used in this way are of a very small species—so small that they may be called dwarfs. I gave it as my opinion that some of them were not over two and a half feet from hoof to withers. That I might be able to speak with authority, I asked H. to measure one with the tape-line he has always in his vest-pocket. From the ground up he was exactly thirty inches. But what enormous loads they do carry, sometimes I think certainly much more than their own weight!

It is amusing to see an ox freighted with water, an enormous leather-sack, filled at the well, being suspended on either side. They are filled after they are placed here. Sometimes the street is sprinkled in this way in Bombay. The sack is arranged so that the neck of it points forward from the lower part. A man walks along on each side of the ox, holding the

neck of the sack and slackening his grasp so as to let out a sufficient jet, while he flirts it about in a most vigorous way. An awkward contrivance, certainly, but yet it does its work very well.

The only *human* pack-animals I have seen are women, and these seem to be employed chiefly for one particular sort of burden—the peculiar fuel of this country—which they carry in large baskets on their heads. They and the little donkeys appear to have a monopoly in the transportation of this article, and some of them seem almost to vie with the donkeys as to the size of the load.

I stated in a former chapter that the yield of cereals seemed to me to be light. I afterward saw some heavier crops, and there is this to be more distinctly stated, that there are *two crops* a year. That which I have seen is the spring crop, which, I am told, is by far the lighter of the two. I have no doubt, upon large inquiry, that the *annual average* per acre is much above that of America, though the average of the spring crop would be below it.

The gentleness of wild birds here will strike the new-comer. One of the first things I noticed on going ashore at Calcutta was crows in great numbers hopping about the streets. You see it everywhere. At Kandy, in Ceylon, two beautiful little birds were flying about the church, and hopping about on the exposed timbers overhead, chirruping as contentedly as if they were in the woods. I have repeatedly had them singing for me in dining-rooms at the hotels—not confined in a cage as in America, but coming and going at their own sweet will. It was delightful! At Dehli a man came to our hotel and proposed to bring

two thousand crows together in the street in front of the hotel in two minutes for a small fee. This he said he would do by mimicking the call of that bird. We were preoccupied at the moment, but I have since regretted that we did not do it, for we were assured by our guide that he could do all he professed.

Many of the rich Rajahs have large numbers of elephants, but they are an expensive property. Two servants are employed to take care of each one. They are frequently washed, which operation we witnessed at Lucknow. They were taken into the river Jumna and made to lie down where the water was about three feet deep. The elephant relishes this much. He stretches out on his side, looking the picture of satisfaction, lazily thrusting the end of his trunk up out of the water now and then to take breath. Meanwhile the coolies throw water over him copiously and scrub his ugly cuticle lustily with coarse pumice-stone. After a time his lordship rises grandly; the mahoot, with wonderful skill, fastening himself upon him and coming up on his back. Then he turns round and lies down on the other side, exposing the unscrubbed surface to the pumice-stone.

The betel-nut is used all over India, but is never chewed by itself. A green leaf is wrapped around it, and tobacco is often added, sometimes with lime. Other nuts and berries, and perhaps gums, are sometimes used with or without the tobacco, which, to a cultivated taste, improves it, but to others spoils it. Many Europeans relish it. I never tasted it, but my traveling companion tried a quid which Brother Messmore, at Lucknow, prepared for him, without tobacco, and he pronounced it very pleasant. The constant

use of it discolours the teeth, and the juice makes the lips very red. People who use it eject saliva very copiously, and the women use it as freely as the men. It is an important article of local commerce.

The Oriental well is an object of great interest. The wells are often very large and deep. One not unfrequently serves the whole community. Public parks and gardens are sometimes irrigated from them. The water is often drawn by hand with a bucket and rope; but there is frequently a simple contrivance for drawing it from the larger wells by ox-power. It is much the same as I have seen at home for elevating brick and mortar in the erection of very high buildings, where a horse is used, moving off in a straight line till the hod reaches its proper height, then returning and starting from the same point for another lift. So here the oxen move straight off from the well, drawing upon a rope which turns a wheel to which another rope from which the bucket is suspended is attached. The bucket in this case is a great leathern sack containing probably from twelve to twenty gallons.

In other cases I have seen a drum-shaped wheel elevated on a frame above the well, having a broad leather belt passing around it and descending into the well, where, under the surface of the water, it passed around another wheel. To this belt small leather buckets are attached at short intervals. Coolies, seated on the frame above the well, turn the wheel by treading upon the ribs of it with their feet, and pulling at them with their hands. As it revolves, the buckets, passing below the water, come up full,

and, as they turn over the wheel above, empty themselves into a receptacle prepared for the purpose.

Castor-oil is expressed by the rudest possible process. I made inquiries of several gentlemen as to the process by which opium is prepared for commerce, and got statements much at variance with each other. We passed through the country so rapidly, and had so many things to learn, that I did not take time to get the truth from authentic sources.

I am not certain whether I have mentioned the crowds of pilgrims we saw going to Ajoodiya to a mela. The entire rolling stock was put at their service on the railroad from Benares to Lucknow, both of freight and passenger-cars, for two weeks, and could not begin to accommodate them. This mela was a festival in honor of the god Rama. On a certain day, at a certain hour, a plunge into the river at a certain point, made sacred by some act of the god, is efficacious for I know not what divine ends. On our return from Dehli we saw a paragraph in the newspapers stating that several hundreds of persons had been crushed to death at the great mela. It occurred on this wise: As the proper hour approached, the whole mass of people, amounting to *hundreds of thousands*, made a rush for the sacred bathing-place, which is reached by rather narrow approaches. The scene was one of wild excitement. Thousands of men, who had all their lives looked forward to this auspicious day, when, just at the moment when the god will be present, they would plunge into the saving waters, find themselves obstructed by the crowd, and become frantic. They

came a hundred miles on foot to the railroad, and then fought their way into the cars (as I saw some of them do, the crowd being so great that not a fourth part of them could get in), then rode all night in a car jammed and wedged with human beings, having abandoned their business and spent all their little money just for this, that they might get the blessing of the great god Rama by observing the prescribed formula at the designated moment. So, in the narrow approaches to the bathing-place, they trampled each other to death by the hundred.

But it is not religious sentiment alone that causes the excitement. I visited a temple in Benares at a time of very excited worship, and was satisfied that the furore was as much a sort of social contagion in the crowd as any thing else—perhaps more. The social susceptibility of the Hindoos is very great, and a few enthusiastic men in a crowd will soon spread their own fervor, which will be augmented by the contact of masses of susceptible men with each other. From what I saw I could understand how, in a crowd of hundreds of thousands, screaming and shouting, and leaping, with a few half-crazy men raving among them with streaming hair and glaring eyes, the car of the god being drawn along in the midst of them by men, some nervous people, in the *abandon* of the hour, might actually throw themselves under the advancing wheels, and be crushed to death, the act being prompted more by a contagion of frenzy than by any religious faith.

We happened at Dehli at the time of a religious festival. In the morning the men appeared with their persons, but especially their clothing, stained in

irregular patches, with some sort of red stuff. Sometimes they stained themselves, sometimes threw the damp pigment on each other in a sportive way. I inquired as to the significance of this, but could get no answer except that it was a custom of the festival. I suppose it has, or had at first, some religious significance. In the afternoon the male population was on the streets, all in clean clothes, and with the utmost display of finery. We had heard that the merchants of Dehli were a prosperous class, and this display went far to prove it. The display of fine horses, oxen, carriages, and equipages, quite amazed me. You rarely see finer or better-kept horses, or in greater numbers, on a gala-day in an American city. For gaudy caparison it far excelled any thing I ever saw. Saddles, bridles, martingales, harness, excelled, not perhaps in costliness, but certainly in gaudiness, any thing I had ever thought of in that line. The native full-dress, especially when seen in crowds, is very picturesque. There were rich men on horseback, rich men in carriages drawn by oxen or horses, poor men in their carts, and all classes on foot. The rich were radiant with jewels and gold brocade, both on their persons and equipage. The poorest had their tawdry, tinsel ornaments, on their persons, on their carts, and on the horns of their oxen. The principal streets were a moving mass of chatting, jabbering, gay life. The market-place was a lively scene. All other business-places were closed, but here an active traffic was going on, mostly in cheap toys and ornaments. Men moved about with frames on which were displayed their stock in trade. You might see a father purchasing a paper whirligig for

his little boy, and the little fellow twirling it and cackling with delight, while another clamored for a jumping-jack as if he felt that he would attain his ultimate destiny in the possession of that invaluable property. We drove slowly up and down the streets for, perhaps, an hour, and then out to the "Queen's Garden." There the crowd was not less. Everywhere there was a moving scene of social pleasure. We entered unconsciously into the genial glow of the occasion. From one of the most elegant carriages a fine-looking Hindoo bowed to us profoundly. We recognized him as a merchant at whose establishment some of our party had made purchases in the morning. We almost felt as if we were a part of the occasion.

Every carriage had, besides the driver, a cooly trotting along near the horses' heads. Nearly every man on horseback was similarly attended, except the police, who were out in force, many being on horseback.

But look into every carriage, every cart, every gay group on foot. Do you see a woman? *Not one.* If you see any cooly women straggling about they are on some hard duty. The better class are all in the zenana. Woman here has no part in the social pleasures of her lord and master. In fact, she has no pleasures except such as she may be able to improvise in her monotonous life within the walls where the days linger into years, and the lagging years bring death at last. Are we still to be told that India has no need of the Christian civilization?

After sunset we returned to our hotel, leaving the crowd undiminished on the street. It ought to be

added that there was no disorder, nothing boisterous on the streets. Whether this was due to native customs or to the vigilance of the police, I do not know.

There is an annual festival—the Holi, or Holee festival—at which, we were informed, all sorts of excesses are indulged—drunkenness and the most degrading debauchery. This festival commemorates a romp the god Vishnu had with a company of milkmaids. The indecencies of it, we were told, are greatly restrained under British rule, but it is deplorably vicious.

While at Bombay we were informed of the existence of a Brahman sect at that place, though not confined to that place, called the Bhattias, who regard their priests, who are denominated Maharajahs as actual incarnations of Vishnu. The men of this sect feel honored when a Maharajah will condescend to take their wives or daughters for a night, and the Maharajahs often condescend. It is considered a great distinction to have a divinely-descended child born in the family.

I have stated this fact, knowing how impossible it will seem to readers whose consciences have been formed under Christian tuition. I beg leave to say that I state no fact of this class on slight testimony. In this instance there can be no question, as the facts were brought out indubitably, only a few years since, in a judicial investigation in Bombay. Those who understand the amazing credulity of the Hindoos in matters connected with their religion, the stupid greediness with which they swallow gnats and camels and sawmills with equal facility, will not be so greatly

astonished by a fact like this. The Brahman's powers of deglutition, in any matter that concerns his gods, are infinite—simply infinite.

The title of this chapter, "Odds and Ends," will justify any violent incongruity of association in the topics introduced. But, indeed, there is no incongruity in bringing Brahmans and cattle together, as the Brahman holds cattle to be sacred, and will by no means be guilty of the profanity of eating beef. I was going to speak of the large herds of cattle to be seen in all parts of the country. What struck me was, that, in a country where all resources of food require to be husbanded with the utmost care for the sustentation of human life, the cattle should be found, not only so numerous, but so uniformly fat. The country seems picked clean, yet the cattle are sleek and round. This close husbandry of articles of food for man and beast is quite novel to an American. Ruth would starve to death immediately, with the range of a thousand fields, after these East India reapers. I doubt if there is a straw left in a hundred acres. The stubble I saw was not an inch high—the fact is, most of it was not high at all. Then, after the precious grain is all saved, they go over it again with an instrument something like a trowel would be, if, instead of a pointed blade, it had one with a lateral edge, and that sharp. This is thrust forward by a sudden motion of the hand, taking off all tufts of grass, and the weeds, at the surface of the ground, or a little below. Thus are the stubble-fields (though they have no stubble) cleared of everything that is left after harvest. All this stuff is dried and saved for

cattle and horses, where there are horses. In the same manner you will see coolies on the common cutting the grass which has been grazed down until it stands in little tufts half an inch high. Many coolies, in this way, about the towns, make their poor living by getting grass to feed gentlemen's horses, bringing it in sometimes a distance of two or three miles. I said I had seen no human pack-horses except women, forgetting, at the moment, that I had often seen coolies bearing huge loads of grass on their heads.

Let me pick up an "end" of one of the "odds" already introduced. *Apropos* of the gentleness of birds in India, I am told it is not a very uncommon thing to see a woman returning from market, with the provisions purchased in an open basket on her head, and a bird fluttering down and helping himself to some choice bits. This illustrates a scene in the drama of Pharaoh's chief baker. Will my juvenile readers tell me all about that when they see me?

There are about 100,000 Parsees in the world. Nearly all of them are in India, and over 50,000 in Bombay, so that more than one-half of all the Parsees in the world are in this one city. They were Persians, originally, and hence the name Parsee. They are the followers of Zoroaster. The boys and girls who read this must get an Encyclopedia and find out all about their religion. When the Mohammedans invaded Persia nearly all the people submitted to the new faith; but there were a good many plucky ones who were stubborn enough to go into exile rather than give up the religion of their forefathers. They came to India, and were indulgently received by cer-

tain native princes. Not much is known of their fortunes, I believe, until the time of the conquest of India by the British. They were generally engaged in commercial pursuits; and when the city of Bombay began to rise into importance they flocked to it in great numbers. Now many of the leading merchants of that city are Parsées. They are said to be sharp traders, almost always successful in business, but not parsimonious. They are liberal livers, and open-handed in public benefactions. Some of the most important public institutions of the city have been founded by them. A beggar is unknown among their number, so carefully and unostentatiously do they take care of their own poor. They are, in all respects, orderly and law-abiding subjects, and staunch friends of the English, by whom they are in turn much esteemed.

At sunrise and at sunset multitudes of them may be seen on the Esplanade and in the public squares in Bombay—worshiping the sun, people say—but they themselves affirm that they worship the God who made the sun, through the sun, the most glorious symbol of His Being. Like the Buddhists and Romanists, they pray by the quantity, using beads for counters. The beads are conveniently arranged on strings, with large ones coming at convenient intervals for the tally. Some of the rich ones, who like a morning nap, pay a priest to pray for them two hours in the morning. They are usually of good size, of a very light color for Orientals, and, as a rule, exceptionally good-looking. Their ladies are beautiful, and go abroad freely, often in very rich costume.

West of the city, across an arm of the Bay from

the Esplanade, is a ridge of 200 or 300 feet elevation, called Malabar Hill. On this the Parsees have their Towers of Silence, seven in number. They are hollow, round, perpendicular structures, about 200 feet in diameter and 25 feet in height. Two feet, may be, from the top, on the inside, is a metallic roof, inclining downward toward the center, where there is an aperture through it about 18 inches in diameter, or perhaps less. Spaces large enough to contain a human body are depressed an inch or two below the general surface of the roof, or rather little ridges are raised *above* the general surface at the proper intervals. In these shallow grooves on the roof the bodies of the dead are laid. The theory is that they are exposed to the sun under the open heavens. The fact is, they are consumed by vultures. When the bones are stripped, they are dropped through the aperture in the center, and fall into a well or pit. One tower is used for a specified time, and then another, and so on, giving time for the bones to decay.

Vultures have been attracted to the vicinity in such numbers that they are ready to begin their work the moment a body is left, and the largest and toughest man has his bones completely cleaned in two hours.

It makes me shudder to write about it!

## CHAPTER XXII.

### FROM INDIA TO EGYPT.

BOMBAY, if it has not already outstripped Calcutta in commercial importance, will soon do so. Its recent growth is like that of the great American cities. Two facts are conspiring to render it the great center of Indian commerce. It is on the *west* side of the continent—the side nearest to Europe. It is, also, the center of the railway system of India. This system is already much extended, and is becoming more so.

There is not a great deal to interest a stranger here, except the commerce and manufactures of the place. It is essentially a modern city, though there are some ancient objects in the vicinity visited by all travelers. Americans are pleased to find an instance of Yankee enterprise in the street-railroad owned by an American company, with all its rolling-stock imported from New York. But if it is a Yankee road it has an English name—tramway—for so are street-railways termed in England.

To us a matter of greater interest was the prosperous condition of the M. E. Church here. The Rev. George Bowen, the Presiding Elder of the Bombay District, is a man of great learning and great modesty, who came to India many years ago, under the auspices of the American Board, but after a time

declined to receive any salary. Being an unmarried man, he rented a small room in the native town, and has ever since lived on—next to nothing. By natives and foreigners alike he is regarded as a standard of integrity and piety. He has been for many years editor of the *Bombay Guardian*, an undenominational religious paper. The missionaries of various Churches united in calling him to this post. He reminds me in his spirit and manners of Wesley Browning.

The pastor is the Rev. Mr. Rowe, a new arrival. He is an Englishman, but naturalized, ecclesiastically, in the M. E. Church in America. He was a classmate and special friend, at the Theological Seminary, of Rev. James J. Watts, of St. Louis, and is full of zeal and energy. Rev. Mr. Stevenson is engaged in the work among the natives, and is a very earnest man. With these brethren we took sweet counsel, as well as with Mr. Miles, a local preacher, who was converted during the "great revival." He showed us much kindness. He is the Assistant Secretary of the Department of Justice in the Bombay Government. A Government launch was placed at his disposal, in which, with his family, we visited the great Hydraulic Lift and the celebrated "Caves of Elephanta."

The Hydraulic Lift is a contrivance for raising the largest ships out of water.

Elephanta is one of several similar structures in India. It is a Brahman temple chiseled out in the side of a mountain in the solid rock. I did not measure it, but the principal apartment seemed to me to penetrate the rock as much as 150 feet, having

a width of, may be, 100 feet or more. But this is mere guess-work. Several rows of columns are left in the solid rock, to give it the air of a building, I should say, as the solid rock above, I suppose, needs no support. The wall on all sides is literally covered with images of gods carved where they stand in the living rock. The sculpture is rather rude, but there is a good deal of life and spirit both in the faces and attitudes. Some of the attitudes are evidently intended to be lascivious, especially that of an Amazonian figure supposed to represent the wife of the god Sciva. This deity, it is believed, is represented by a triple-headed figure in the rear wall. This is evidently intended to be the principal figure, and to represent the ruling divinity of the place. On the left, as you enter, there is a smaller excavation—a sort of wing. Another was begun on the opposite side, but evidently never finished. Two figures of lions guard the entrance of the wing, and it is said that the rude figure of an elephant stood in the open area in front of it. This was at one time overthrown and broken into fragments, which, we were told, were collected and removed to the Victoria Gardens here.

The Iconoclast has been busy at Elephanta. Nearly every figure has been more or less mutilated, and some have been almost entirely destroyed. Some of the columns have been broken down.

As to the antiquity of this building, antiquaries are not agreed, I believe. The best informed, I understand, are not very confident in their opinions.

I collected our party together and, standing on what remained of a broken column, sang "All hail

the power of Jesus' name," after which we joined in prayer to that God whose throne is from everlasting. How deeply we felt the contrast of his immutable Being with these miserable fragments of broken gods whose temples we had invaded with his praise! In the dim light of that cavernous fane, where unhallowed rites had once been performed in honor of deities themselves the embodiment of lust, we offered a pure sacrifice to Him whose name is Holy.

Rising from our knees, we made the image-covered walls resound with the Long Meter Doxology, in the triumphant notes of Old Hundred, after which we had the Benediction by Brother Bowen, "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." We left the place with the peace of God ruling in our hearts.

On Monday, March 12, just at nightfall, we embarked for Suez, in the good ship *Australia*, of the Peninsular and Oriental Line, Capt. Woolcot commanding. This is one of the largest class of the Company's steamers—an admirable vessel, admirably commanded. The Captain has a great desire to visit Boston, because some of his family emigrated to Massachusetts two hundred years ago. He is an efficient officer and a thorough gentleman, genial and accommodating, and weighs eighteen stone.

The harbor pilot introduced himself to us as a member of the M. E. Church in Bombay. The night is clear, the stars are beautiful—the lights along the bay-shore, at the foot of Malabar Hill, look like a string of stars. All are on deck inhaling the fresh sea-breeze, and rejoicing in an auspicious beginning of

the voyage. The earth, the heavens, and the sea, conspire to breathe delicious influences.

*"Lower the boats!"* *"Lower the boats!"* *"Throw out life-preservers!"* "What is it?" eagerly demand a hundred voices. "Man overboard!" respond one and another. There are always some knowing ones who can answer any question on the instant, no matter what.

The truth was, we had capsized a little native boat that had ventured out in the dark without carrying a light, so that the pilot did not see her until it was too late. The little craft carried five men and a boy. It was too dark to see them, but their cries of distress were wafted to us upon the night winds. It was a solemn moment—they might be drowning even then! Soon another cry was heard immediately under the stern of the ship. One boat was already gone in the direction of the more distant cry. How these men do strain every muscle pulling at the oars! God be with them now! Human life depends upon their speed. Another boat shoots round to the stern, and there rescues an old man and boy clinging to the screw, which had been instantly stopped. Joy! They are unhurt—they are safe! They were brought, dripping, on board. Poor old man! how he wept! It was *his* boat, and his boat was his all. But his life was saved! Grief and gladness at once convulsed his heart.

Our good captain never rested until all the six were rescued and taken to the light-house. Thanks to promptness and energy, not one was lost.

It is a standing rule of these steamers to have the service of the English Church read on Sunday. If

there is no clergyman present the captain or purser officiates. I have invariably declined, not so much from any conscientious scruple, as because the service is scattered so through the book, and requires such dexterous turning from place to place, that I am sure I should make a miserable *faux pas* of it. The Sunday we were on the Arabian Sea Mr. Hendrix read the service, after which I preached. It was his first attempt, and he did it excellently. It was after sunset when we reached Aden, so that we did not go ashore. But several Arabs came aboard with ostrich-feathers for sale. Sunday as it was they did a brisk business with the Christian (?) passengers.

Aden is upon the southernmost projecting point of Arabia, and belongs to England, having been taken in the way of reprisal on account of the mistreatment of a disabled ship. The natives are kept in wholesome awe by a Sepoy garrison, and no British ship has been insulted in these waters since. You may depend on it our English cousins deport themselves right imperially in the Orient. They have a line of naval stations from Southampton to India, and are prepared to take care of their sailors everywhere in most prompt and effectual way. At Aden we took on a lot of Mocha coffee.

While we were at breakfast on Monday morning we passed the Island of Purim, and through the Straits of Babelmandeb, entering the Red Sea, and having Abyssinia on our left, and Arabia on our right. By a little after noon we came in full view of the city of Mocha, which is a much larger place than I supposed. Aden, too, is a more important place than I had imagined, having a population of 22,000.

I imagine we have as delightful a set of English passengers as ever got together upon one ship. There is scarcely a disgusting swell among them. They are intelligent, sensible, genial. Most of them are in the Indian service, civil and military, and going home on leave. There are several families. There is a piano on the deck, and in the evenings we have much music and singing—most of it rather insipid; but at the end of every piece there is applause, but this is as feeble as the music is dull. Is there anything in this world more ridiculous than a set of people applauding because they are *duty bound*.

On Friday morning we awoke in the Gulf of Suez—and, but for some intervening ranges, would have had Mt. Sinai full in sight. We were rapidly nearing the scenes of sacred history. To us it was an interesting moment.

At about four o'clock, P. M., we reached the point at which immemorial tradition has located the crossing of the Red Sea by the chosen Tribes. I must say that the view of the locality goes far to confirm my conviction of the truth of this one tradition. The route from the land of Goshen was altogether practicable. If it is objected that Moses must have known that the Red Sea would arrest their progress on this line of march, and would therefore certainly avoid it, the reply is that God himself directed them, and he knew the resources of his own power to open their way. All the requirements of the narrative seem to me to be met here, and nowhere else.

Even from on shipboard one can well see how impossible escape was, on the supposition that the

Egyptian army was upon their rear, in pursuit. True, the mountains on the right hand and left are not so lofty as my youthful imagination had depicted, but there they are, lofty and precipitous enough to constitute an effectual barrier in the way of such a multitude.

It is most true that *if the crossing was here* the miracle was one of stupendous proportions. There is, I know, of late years, a class of writers who do not deny miracles, but yet strive to reduce both the number and magnitude of them to a minimum point. They seem as shy of miracles as if they were to be regarded as a sort of incubus upon the Christian system. But I can see neither good sense nor good logic in this. If *any* miracle is to be admitted, there can be no advantage in straining a point to get rid of such as appear by the very conditions of the narrative to be given as such. Nothing can be more evident than that the account of the passage of the Red Sea is intended to be understood to be a miracle of the most remarkable kind. Any interpretation that seeks to get rid of this surface-import of the place must be strained and unnatural, and the effort to commend the Scriptures to minds skeptically disposed by such means, must of necessity defeat its own purpose; for if a man finds that the text must be sugar-coated for him he will be more disposed to revolt against it *disguised* than in its proper character; for it is of the very nature of the Christian revelation that, if it is of any value at all, it is so for what it purports to be, and when a healthy mind receives it, it must do so heartily, and in the utmost spirit of candor. Indeed, no man, whose mental faculties are

in a normal condition, can believe in the truth of the Bible at all, as a revelation from God, and not at the same time admit the miraculous character of *some* of the facts it sets forth.

But if any miracle is to be accepted, it seems to me this one must be. At least, there is as little occasion to question *it* as any. The occasion was, unquestionably, one of sufficient magnitude to justify a special manifestation of the divine presence and power. God was just taking this people under special tutelage with a view to the highest ends, not for themselves alone, but such as embraced the destinies of the human race. They were to be the depositaries of his word, and custodians of his grace for mankind. To this end they must be at once brought out from among the idolators, and rescued from all idolatrous tendencies among themselves. For several ages they had been "sojourning in the land of Ham," and, as abundant facts show, they had contracted such habits of thought from the prevalent religion that all the "wonders" wrought upon the heathen and among themselves could scarcely correct the taint. The plagues, the passage of the Red Sea, the scenes of Mount Sinia, the quails and manna, their conquest of the Holy Land, and all the signs from heaven that followed upon these throughout their most marvelous history, scarcely sufficed to secure them from lapsing into the grossest forms of Polytheistic belief. Surely it was an occasion for God to come forth out of the ordinary methods of his working, and in new and startling forms, such as the most stupid might recognize, manifest forth his glory.

If the occasion called for a miracle I can see no reason why it should not be wrought on a great scale. Why should not God open a way through the sea where it has a width of twenty miles as well as where it is of any lesser magnitude.

The truth is that those who are always endeavoring to fritter away the miracles are sapping the very foundations of the faith. A religion that ignores the supernatural is no religion at all. It may be a system of philosophy, or of ethics, but religion it is not. The Bible emptied of its miracles is altogether eviscerated.

Why should men, then, violate the probabilities of the case to put the crossing at a place where natural agencies might account for the phenomenon, and so discredit the narrative which was so clearly written to convey the impression that it was a miracle, and a very great one?

I strove to imagine the scene when the camp of the Israelites was on the Egyptian shore, in the depression between the two mountain ranges we had full in sight. It must have covered an extent of ground several miles square. There they were, men, women, and children, flocks and herds. The Egyptians, knowing the country, saw from the route they had taken that "they were entangled in the land; the wilderness had shut them in." It was even so. They had run into a net, and Pharaoh had nothing to do but to go with a sufficient military force—and that, in the circumstances need not be large—and drive them back to their tasks. The dismay and terror that were felt among the people must have been something fearful. The Egyptian army would soon be

precipitated upon them. The dreadful war-chariots, drawn by fierce fiery horses, would sweep through the helpless throng, and trample and mutilate and slay.

But God has his own methods, and his own time of deliverance, and both in method and time he often brings a joyful surprise to his people.

In full view, on the other side, was the shore of deliverance. There, in sight, was all the exultant host when they sang the song of Moses. There "Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, 'Sing ye to the LORD, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.'"

Diagonally across you see from the deck of the ship a grove of palm-trees, where there are three wells of water. These are called "The Wells of Moses." The abounding traditions of the country fix on this as a camping-ground of the children of Israel. But if it was, they went considerably out of their way to reach it. The Arab is full of traditions, and, as a rule, they are of no value whatever.

But almost immediately the people began to murmur. Groaning under the intolerable labors of their bondage in Egypt, they had hailed their deliverer, and followed him into the wilderness with an eager and thoughtless faith, not dreaming of any evils to come. But here they are now destitute of bread and perishing for water.

One glance at this desert will show how impossible it must have been for such a multitude to be fed.

From Aden on, wherever we had sighted land, there was one uniform desert. We had positively seen no green thing, except on one small island, where there were perhaps twenty palm-trees. Then there was the little cluster of palms at the Wells of Moses. Aden is a barren rock. It is a shipping point for Mocha coffee, and other products of the interior. This and the English garrison make it all that it is. It is said that it rains there, on an average, once in three years. Three reservoirs, made by three dams across a mountain gorge, one below the other, preserve the water, and contain the supply for the long interval.

Upon reflection, I believe a little verdure appears at Mocha. But the exception is so slight that it may be said this whole region is an area of rock and sand under a blazing sky. On the African side it is no better.

How well one understands the murmuring of the people on account of hunger when he once sees the region they were in. What added to their distress was their recollection of the prolific fields of the Nile valley they had so recently left. One must see this valley to realize the contrast. What wonderful uniformity of luxuriant harvests! What surpassing verdure! Was it because I came upon it so suddenly out of the desert that this valley seemed the freshest, greenest place I had ever seen? The contrast was reversed with the children of Israel. They had gone out of the valley into the wilderness—a treeless desert—where only interminable wastes met their cry for bread, and the deceitful mirage mocked their raging thirst.

Think what human nature is. Think what your own nature is. Think what the desert is, and what Egypt is, and then say if you, too, would not have longed for the fleshpots.

It was half-past five o'clock on Friday afternoon when we cast anchor at Suez, in sight of the mouth of the great canal. We were at the very head of the Gulf of Suez, which terminates in an oval point. We waited long for the steam launch, which we had been told would come out and take us to the very door of our hotel, and waited in vain. At last ten of us engaged a little boat that had brought out fruit to sell, but which would take us only to the pier, two miles from the hotel.

But of that landing by moonlight, of the donkeys and donkey-boys, of the handling of baggage, of the brisk ride along the elevated track of the railroad, and then through the narrow streets of Suez, and of the custom-house officials that met us in the way, and how we disposed of them, I must speak when I have greater space.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

SUEZ—CAIRO.

OUR VERY first experience in Egypt was with the world-renowned donkeys and donkey-boys. On the perpendicular edge of the stone pier at Suez we met them in their strength, clamorous and persistent beyond belief as to which should get possession of our persons and baggage. A half-grown moon shed its light upon the scene, or I know not what we should have done. At last our baggage, consisting of two heavy valises and two large shawl-strap bundles, were loaded upon one little donkey, and each of us upon another. Our party, for the moment, consisted of H., myself, and eight others. H. and I got the best donkeys of the lot, or else we were the best riders. Away we dashed up the road on our two-mile ride to the hotel, our boys on foot not only keeping up, but urging the donkeys on. These donkey-boys are the best-natured fellows in the world, and afford travelers, who are disposed to enjoy it, a great deal of amusement. Mine turned out to be a Nubian as black as if he had been created out of a fragment of the old Egyptian darkness; but they are generally Arabs. H. got one of the latter class, and soon learned that the name of his donkey was "The Earl of Salisbury." You ought to have heard him laugh. It put him almost beside himself—the thought that

he was bestriding so distinguished a personage. As for mine, he was distinguished, not for patrician blood, but for the faithful and efficient discharge of his duties.

We soon discovered that we were on a railroad embankment, projecting out into the edge of the gulf, with water on both sides of us. As we swept along at full pace, chatting and laughing over our first Egyptian experience, we were suddenly arrested by the cry, "Custom-house! Custom-house!" "Where is the Custom-house? There is no house here." "This man, sir, this man here, he is the custom-man; he want to see your baggage." By this time our baggage-mule was up. We put a bold front on, and told him he had nothing to do with our baggage—that we were travelers, with nothing but clothing. But he made as if he must examine and see if all was right. However, we peremptorily commanded our boy to drive on. He hesitated a moment, but obeyed us. By this time others of our party rode up, and I suppose the "custom-house" had his hands full with them. So we went careering on again, amusing ourselves with the wit of our donkey-boys, delivered in broken English. We learned afterward that one of our friends gave the faithful official a shilling, which seemed to quiet his conscience completely.

We felt much at our ease, having, as we supposed, got by all our difficulties. We had reached the town, and were just turning into the street which led to the Suez Hotel, when we were arrested a second time—"Custom-house, sir, custom-house." We promptly informed the distinguished Arab, who

appeared in his long black cloak and red fez hat, that we had already passed one custom-house, and did not intend to be stopped again. "Yes," vociferated the donkey-boys, "de gentlemen already pass one custom-house"—and so we pushed ahead.

We were soon riding along a narrow street, well-lighted from the shops which opened full upon it. It was crowded with people who were out enjoying the festivities incident to the approaching birthday of the Prophet. We turned a corner into another narrower street, and still another. These streets were too narrow for two abreast, and I had got well ahead of all the rest, my Nubian all the while urging on his donkey. We soon turned suddenly into the narrowest of streets, with no lighted shops, and the walls rising up so as to exclude the moonlight. It was pitch dark. The little space around me was, so far as I could tell, of the exact color of my Nubian; but I have always had great faith in the fidelity of a well-treated darkey, and so I moved on without the least hesitation.

I had been at the hotel gate but a moment when the Earl came up with his rider, all safe and sound, and immediately in his rear came the baggage, which had run the gauntlet of custom-houses without having contributed a cent to the revenues of the bankrupt Government, or to the stealages of the officials.

We found excellent quarters and good fare at the Suez Hotel, and paid a good round price for it, and at 8 o'clock were off by rail for Cairo. In a few minutes we were fairly out into the Egyptian desert. On our left was the ridge just beyond which we supposed the track of the children of Israel lay when

the Egyptians pursued them. The precipitous face of it was of a dark-brown color, with a stratum of white-looking rock running all along, about one-third of the way down from the top. We should probably be, before the close of the day, in the land of Goshen, or if not, then certainly very near it.

To Ismaili the road follows the course of the canal, then strikes across to Zigazag, in the edge of the Delta of the Nile, making a very circuitous course.

What shall I say of this desert? It is all of a piece with that on the Arabian side of the Red Sea, and is, indeed, a part of it. Those who have seen the worst of the American deserts in the West may form some idea of it. Like them it is completely destitute of trees, and yet more entirely bare of all smaller vegetation than they. For the greater part of the way it is a mere level waste of sand, much of it lying loose, and at the mercy of the wind. In several places we saw *sand fences*, made for the same purpose of protecting the road as the snow-fences on the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads. The track is in the same danger of being obstructed by sand-drifts here as by snow-drifts there. Much of it is a dead level, but there are slight elevations here and there, and in the distance, to the left, some low ranges of rocky, barren mountains. But all is desert—all is desolation.

To say there is absolutely *no* vegetation in the desert would not be quite true. But there are great reaches of it as bare as any sand-bank in the world. Once in a while, though, there are scattered tufts of a sort of weed resembling, in its general appearance,

one I have seen in the Rocky Mountains, and in a few places I saw a small shrub that has somewhat the aspect of the mountain-sage, though differing from it considerably. Hillocks of sand are formed where, drifting before the wind, it lodges against the tufts, becomes fixed by their roots, and enlarges as the tuft increases in size. I have seen the like in American deserts.

The canal taps two considerable lakes in its course, both of which are in full view from the railroad. The surface of these, rippling in the rays of the sun, relieves the brown baldness of the desert very pleasantly.

A short branch of the road, only a mile or two in length, runs down to Ismaili; on to this the train is switched. After running down to the town, we back up to the main track, and, leaving the course of the canal, strike across in a straight line for the Delta, which we enter about seventy miles south of Cairo. On nearing the Delta we first come upon some lines and patches of verdure, and a few scattering palm-trees; then, ere we are aware of it, we are in the midst of an ocean of green fields, with groves of palm here and there, the whole presenting a wealth of luxuriant productiveness, in such violent contrast with the desert, that we involuntarily exclaim, "We are in a *new world*!" There is probably no place on earth where the most abounding life is brought into such close contrast with the blackest desolation. The nearest approach to it I have ever seen is in the valley of the great Salt Lake in Utah Territory.

From this point to Cairo we are in the midst of fields of wheat, barley, clover, flax, oats, and

various species of vegetables. The cereals are just in full head, not yet beginning to change color. Green, deep, luxuriant green, refreshes the eye on all sides. I at first mistook the wheat for barley, it is so heavily bearded. The head is extremely short and large. The stalk is not remarkably long, but thick upon the ground. The flax is ripening, and patches of this offer the only points of contrast with the otherwise universal verdure. One large field of onions I saw, and thought, of course, of the "leeks and onions."

In the midst of all this the mud villages appear every here and there. Every traveler in Egypt observes these, and remarks upon them as a repulsive feature in the otherwise cheerful landscape. They are indeed so, but yet the average hut of the Egyptian village is larger than that of the villages in the valley of the Ganges. Here, as there, the rural population all cluster together in villages. But the village of the Nile is a more prominent object, and attracts more notice, being built on elevated ground in the midst of the surrounding fields, which are literally as level as a floor. This is a necessary incident of the annual inundation. These elevations themselves, however, are not above the reach of the greatest floods.

A very striking object in sight at every turn is the water-wheel, used in elevating water out of the canal for purposes of irrigation. Canals check the Delta everywhere, and the land is irrigated very freely. But the surface of the canal is several feet below that of the fields, so that the water cannot be turned on as in Montana, and elsewhere in the West, but has to be raised and delivered into the ditches in the

fields by artificial means. Sometimes you see a man standing in the canal, dipping it up in buckets, and pouring it into a little ditch that communicates with his fields. But more frequently there is a wheel worked by oxen or buffaloes. There is a wheel that lies horizontally, connected with a shaft to which the ox is hitched, moving round and round as the horses do in an old-fashioned horse-mill. Cogs pointing downward from the rim of this, work in a drumhead, which turns the water-wheel. This revolves perpendicularly. Buckets attached to the rim of this descend into the water empty, with the mouth downward, and come up full, with the mouth up. As they make the upper turn they discharge their contents into a trough.

But some of the wheels are more neatly contrived, the *rim being itself a hollow receptacle* for the water, which is continually filling itself from below, and discharging its contents from the side as it reaches the right elevation.

The sun was still an hour high as we approached the great city. "The Pyramids!" exclaimed a passenger. All heads were thrust out of the windows in an instant. Sure enough, there they were, great Cheops and his companion, beyond the river, on the edge of the desert.

Soon the minarets and larger buildings of Cairo began to appear. Like the great cities of India, it has many buildings in the European style. The Western civilization is penetrating the East—there can be no doubt of it. It appears first in its *material* expression—into the more purely intellectual region of science and philosophy, and the higher region of faith, it

enters with greater difficulty. So, also, it appears first in the cities, and among the commercial and wealthy classes, diffusing itself slowly through the country and among the ignorant masses.

As we drove through the streets from the depot, in the spacious, open-sided omnibus of Shepherd's Hotel, we passed along a mile, perhaps, of massive and elegant buildings on both sides. It is by far the largest city of Egypt, and is said to be the second in size of the Mussulman world. The hotel we found to be a spacious building, with excellent rooms, elegantly furnished. The eating is choice, the attendance first-rate, the washing faultless—prices up to the American standard, with a good many extras that you can take or dispense with at pleasure.

From Yokohama onward, through the cities of China, in the Straits Settlements, in Ceylon, and throughout India, we found ourselves in an *English* atmosphere. I have referred to this in former communications. But the moment you land at Suez you become conscious of a change. In Egypt every thing is decidedly *Frenchy*. Business men and postal signs are in French. Tailors' shops are *Sartoria*. Your hotel-waiter is an elegantly got-up Frenchman, in spotless linen and a swallow-tail coat. Your bill of fare is in French. The Museum is "*Musee D'Antiquites Egyptiennes*." At the railroad depot, if you would know which is the waiting-room for men, and which for women, you must be able to read French. So of everything else.

Yet at your hotel you will find nearly all the guests English, and the clerk, though probably a Frenchman, will be able to converse very fluently in English.

The population of Egypt is set down at 8,400,000. Of these about 200,000 are Copts. They are generally found in the towns and cities. They are largely employed in places of official trust, or as clerks and accountants in business houses. The Copts are Christians, but as in the Greek and Latin Churches, so in theirs, there is little else than dead formality. Holy places and holy relics abound among them, with the use of the crucifix, and lights always burning.

Our Sunday was spent with the Mission of the United Presbyterian Church. This is the only Protestant Church engaged in missionary labors in Egypt. The first missionaries entered the field in 1854. The first Church was organized in Cairo in 1863. They are now at work in Alexandria, Cairo, Monsura, Sinoris, Osiut, Motea, Nakhaleh, Koos, and several smaller places. There are now eight missionaries in the field. The Report for 1875 shows a membership of 676. The Sabbath-school attendance is set down at 658. Pupils in day-schools, 1,040; in boarding-schools, 66; in college, 84; in theological school, 10. Present statistics would put up all these figures considerably. Congregations in some places are small, in others quite large. The missionaries are full of hope and zeal, and abundant in labors. Their success is confined almost entirely to the Copts, though there are instances of conversion among the Mahommedans.

The gentlemen of the Mission were all away at Osiut, attending a session of the Presbytery of Egypt. The ladies, however, welcomed us, and gave us valuable information. We saw the Sunday-

school, and heard a native helper, in the morning. It was his first sermon. His text was well chosen; "Other foundation can no man lay." He is a fine-looking man, and seemed self-possessed and earnest. By the way, both Copts and Arabs here are of a decidedly lighter complexion than our Aryan cousins in India.

A young divinity student from America had been engaged to preach at 11 o'clock, in English. He read a very good sermon on the Transfiguration.

We were invited to preach to the natives in another part of the city, where Miss Thompson has a Sunday-school, in connection with which there is usually preaching to a small congregation. Mr. Hendrix preached to them a very suggestive sermon on the Burning Bush. A native teacher, a young man, interpreted for him, and, Miss Thompson assured us, did it very well. At five o'clock we were at the Church again, and heard a sermon in Arabic, read by one of the deacons, who is a Greek. Mrs. Lansing, the wife of the missionary in charge, requested me to give the native Christians some account of our voyage, with such exhortations as I might feel disposed to offer. My interpreter was the young preacher of the morning—a capital young man. After a very brief sketch of our trip, I proclaimed to them, "There is no God but God, and Jesus Christ is his Son," which my interpreter rendered with an evident glow of sensibility, giving it in excellent tone and emphasis. Even here in Africa I have preached "Jesus and the resurrection."

My friends must bear with me if I pause long enough to say that no incident of my trip gives me

so much satisfaction as the opportunity it has given me of preaching Christ in Japan, China, Ceylon, India, and Egypt.

On Monday we had a busy day. First we visited an old mosque, at the entrance of which they required us to take off our boots. But we were in no distress to enter, and so turned away with our boots on. The old priest looked regretfully after us, for had he not lost a fee? We then drove to the citadel. Cairo stands in the Nile Valley, but at the very base of the bluff-like elevation which rises to the general level of the desert. Half-way up this ascent stands the citadel, overlooking the city, the valley and the upper end of the Delta, which begins to spread out at Cairo. The walls are massive. Within its inclosure is the *Mosque of Mehemet Ali*. It is a very modern structure, built of Oriental alabaster. This stone takes a good polish, and presents a variegated surface of white and amber colors. The two colors are in rare instances separated from each other sharply, but generally they shade off into each other, a great part of the polished area presenting a mottled or crowded appearance, which is extremely rich. Columns, arches, domes, galleries, are all magnificent. The great central dome, especially, is brilliant with gorgeous coloring. The architecture is perhaps not so good as that of the great mosques at Agra and Dehli, but it is of a different style, and, I think, more imposing. Those all had one open side; this has not. It has a countless number of lamps and chandeliers, and, when fully illuminated, as it sometimes is, the splendor of the scene must be indescribable.

It is a rule of the mosques to require the shoes to

be removed before a man is allowed to enter, but in this instance a sort of cloth oversock was put on over our boots, and so, I suppose, we were constructively barefoot. The whole area of the floor was covered with carpeting. A "dim religious light" pervaded the vast structure. Half-a-dozen *mollahs* were seated in one corner, some reading and others reciting prayers, all in an audible tone. Our guide paid no attention to them. I was disposed to keep silence when we came near them. Not so he, for in the very midst of them he spoke in the highest key.

Within the citadel, also, is "Joseph's" well. It is a square hole, 15 feet in diameter and near 300 in depth. A spiral inclined plane of easy grade descends around it to the very bottom, a thin wall only separating between it and the well, with windows opening into the well at considerable intervals. Two mules are kept at the bottom, working the wheel which elevates the cool, crystal water to the top. We descended about half-way and, looking through one of the windows, saw the bottom and the beautiful water there distinctly.

In the same inclosure is the palace of the former Viceroy. It is never used now, but the carpets, furniture, and tapestry, are still there, and the house is still neatly kept. We were taken through every part of it. It seemed very magnificent until we saw another palace.

In the citadel we saw the spot where the Mamelukes were massacred, and the wall over which Emin Bey leaped his horse to escape the universal slaughter. What a descent to make on horseback!

But the great *Dosee* is to come off at about noon,

and if we are to witness it, or get in a hundred yards of it, it is high time we were on the ground. The Dosee; what is that?

Well, this day, March 25, is the anniversary of the birth of Mohammed—and of his death as well. It is, therefore, an uncommonly holy day—the holiest of all days. It is the climax and close of a season of holydays of near two weeks. Both nights that we have been in Cairo there has been an uproar of processions, with music and fire-works. To-day it is to culminate in the Dosee.

For this purpose there is an avenue laid off of perhaps a quarter of a mile in length, bounded on one side by a line of tents, one belonging to the Prince, and the others to various distinguished personages; and on the other by a line of standards bearing the national colors. This avenue is kept open by the police. Outside of it, in all directions, spectators assemble. Just inside, however, of the line of flags, there was a long row of flashy carriages, occupied by gorgeously dressed ladies. They were ladies of the harem and of families related to the Khedive.

When we arrived on the ground there were many thousand spectators already assembled. Three or four rows of carriages were already in place outside of the line of flags. Our driver understood his business, however, and got us to a very good place. When we looked around we saw a number of large tents scattered in various directions. Masses of people were astir in every direction, jabbering and laughing. Women were passing around everywhere, selling fruit and cakes, and boys with jugs of drinking water. Beggars abounded. The crowd increased

perpetually. The tops of neighboring houses were covered with people. On the outskirts of the crowd is a flying dutchman. Revolving swings are in full play. It is a lively scene.

But the Dosee lingers. We have been here over an hour and nothing has happened. Thanks to the breeze and the clouds, we have been very comfortable.

There they come! a number of men at full speed along the avenue, bearing gayly-colored banners with singular devices and inscriptions in Arabic. A multitude follow, all running. Still they come, filling the avenue. These are the principal actors and their friends, there being two or three dozen friends to one actor.

An arduous moment for the police—a space six feet wide and one or two hundred yards long must be opened in the crowded avenue. In this space men are laid down flat on their faces, and as close to each other as they can be placed. I could not learn how many there were, but probably several hundred.

Now, up the avenue come other men, bearing banners and running directly over those who are prostrate, treading on their backs.

Then comes a beautiful white Arab horse, of good size, led by two men, one on each side. On the horse is seated a sheik—a most holy man—the most holy man in Egypt—probably in the world. He is asleep, or feigns sleep, and one man walks along on each side to support him in the saddle. On they come, up to the row of prostrate men, and on to them, right along over their backs, treading on them, from one end of the row to the other rides the

holy sheik, with his two supporters walking along, one on each side.

The victims of this horrible piece of folly are volunteers. They are told that if they are holy they will not be hurt, and if they are under any guilt, and so become maimed, or lose their lives, their sin will be atoned by the great merit of the act, and all the rewards of paradise will be sure. They believe every word of it. Besides all that, there is the *eclat* of the occasion. The whole city will come together to see it. The beautiful women of the palace will look on and applaud such an act of heroic piety.

Were any killed? I do not know. It is hard to get at the truth. Several were seen carried out by their friends in a helpless state. The American Vice-Consul saw one whose back was broken. If he dies, as no doubt he must die, the fact will never be published.

At night there was a great display of fire-works and dancing dervishes, and I know not what else, on the same ground.

So is the birthday of Mohammed celebrated in the great city of Cairo, the capital of Egypt!

It is both repugnant to my feelings and contrary to my practice to witness barbarous spectacles, but as I am seeing the world, especially in its religious aspects, not for myself only, but for others, I concluded to depart from my custom. For the same reason I have devoted so much space to it. The Dosee is a shocking reality. This sheik *does* ride on horseback over the backs of men lying close together on their faces.

Our guide to the Pyramids informed us that he himself twice volunteered—that he had actually *twice*

*been ridden over by the holy man!* He farther asseverated that the horse had stepped on his back and he scarcely felt it!—the horse with the holy sheik on his back was nothing like so heavy as the men who trod him!

In the afternoon we visited the museum. It contains nothing but Egyptian antiquities. Of these there is a great number; many very greatly mutilated, but many others in excellent preservation. It would require a book to give even a brief account of them. Many of them are figures and inscriptions—some in relief and some in *basso relievo*. There are some also in wood which, though not decayed, have an indescribable look which you recognize at once as being the effect of age. I saw two complete statues carved in wood. These have been pronounced by antiquaries to be among the oldest objects that have been found, yet strange to say, they are among the best specimens of art we saw. In features, attitudes, anatomy, they were excellent. Mummy cases, statues, religious symbols, and jewelry abound. We saw a fragment of a mirror from the age of the Pharaohs. As a reflector it was perfect.

We next saw the Nilometer—an upright shaft with marks on it to indicate the stages of the rise in the river. From that we visited the old Mosque of Amar. It consists of porticoes around an open court. The porticoes are supported by numerous pillars of stone. One of them is of polished marble of a dark color. Our guide pointed out to us a white vein in the marble, and on one side a place where the stone was considerably flattened. "This column," said he, "came from Mecca. Mohammed struck it with

his whip ; see this white streak ; that is the Prophet's whip-lash. See this flat place. There he struck it with his hand and said, 'Go to Amar!' It flew through the air, and here it is."

That was as big a dose of tradition as we could take at once ; so we paid our backsheesh, and drove to a Coptic convent near by. After a whiff of fresh air we found ourselves ready now for the Christian traditions that awaited us. This convent, we were told, was built over the house in which Joseph and Mary lived with the "young Child," during the sojourn in Egypt. It is a very large, but unsightly building. We were first taken into the chapel, where we met a priest—a very fine-looking man. We saw there the crucifix, some rude paintings on the walls, a lighted lamp, kept perpetually burning, and some other objects of no special interest. Then, going out into the narrow street, we were conducted to the other end of the building, and into what they assured us were the apartments occupied by the "Holy Family." Here we were shown the figures of several of the apostles carved in wood, in relief, on the wall. They were quite like Methodist preachers in one respect, being on horseback—a decidedly apostolic conception. Every thing was dark, there being no windows, and our vision was aided only by a feeble tallow-candle, so that my recollection of the place is very dim. But at the end of a narrow passage, in a recess in the wall, they pointed out a baptismal font rudely cut in a large block of granite, in which they assured us the Infant Jesus was baptized!

Absurd as all this is, it must be admitted that

the Mohammedan traditions cap all others. Yet the Copts keep up in the race pretty well. I notice this difference: there is always an historical starting point for the Coptic tradition, while the Mus-sulman seems to take a special pleasure in such as are the pure and grotesque creations of his own fancy.

But in the convent the clamor for backsheesh was, if possible, even more urgent than in the mosque.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### MEMPHIS—SIKKARĀH—GHIZEH.

AT CAIRO, on Tuesday, we did two days' work in one. We had a party of four, and employed an efficient guide; but all the guides spoke English indifferently. Taking our donkeys on the train, we went by rail to Old Memphis, about eleven miles. There we mounted and rode through the ruins. This was the capital of Egypt in the most ancient times, and many of the antiquities now seen in the Museum were taken from its ruins. But there are no columns nor broken arches standing, such as make the ruins of Thebes so attractive. Of its

ancient splendor only great heaps of rubbish remain, with broken bricks and fragments of pottery—*except* a colossal statue of Rameses, otherwise called Sesostris. There is no doubt as to the identity of this statue, as the name is on the belt. Rameses was the greatest of all the Egyptian monarchs, either of ancient or modern times, extending his conquests far and wide in Northern Africa and Western Asia. Memorials of his power are found in distant regions.

This statue is a full-front figure, but the back is a mere mass of unhewn stone. Long ago it fell prostrate in the mud, with the face downward, inclining a little to one side. In this position it was covered with sand; but this has been dug away so as to give a pretty full view of it. It is in a good state of preservation, though a little injured at one or two points. The contour of the face may be seen, though the great nose and mouth are partly in the sand. The features are well executed; and it has been remarked that all the statues of this wonderful man give in the facial lines an expression of extraordinary power. The old Egyptians were evidently of a race not differing in any material way from the present inhabitants of the country—and the general type of the face here, as in India, is marvelously like that of the Caucasian. Only in complexion is there any material difference, and in many instances both Copt and Arab are comparatively light.

It did seem a pity that this great work of art—this memorial of the most splendid epoch of Egyptian history—should be permitted to remain in a position so humiliating. The Khedive would have done himself credit if he had abated somewhat the

splendor of his palaces, and devoted the revenue thus saved to rescuing the old Rameses from such a miserable plight; but he appears to be destitute of all such generous sentiment.

The size of this great piece of statuary may be imagined from the fact that the arm is eight feet from shoulder to elbow by our tape-line.

We lingered some time contemplating this prostrate grandeur, and then mounted our donkeys and galloped away. Mounds, mounds, mounds—the dumb remains of a life that perished thousands of years ago! What an area they cover! But here, penetrating in amongst them, wherever there is a level spot, are the green fields and the living *fellahin*. Some of them are planting Indian corn, and in some fields there is tobacco. So America reappears in Egypt. But on we cantered toward Sikkarah—five men on donkeys, the donkey-boys following, whipping up the little brutes, and ready for any service. My donkey, a fat little fellow, was the laziest of the lot, every now and then falling to the rear; but he was in wholesome fear of the goad, and whenever the end of it threatened him he would make as if he were going to kick up, and then gallop off for some time with great vigor. I felt a little nervous about his motions at first, but soon found that it was all *make-believe*, and felt perfectly at my ease. It was capital!—that donkey-riding. If I were a rich man I should be tempted to import a donkey and a donkey-boy to America for my own private use.

We have reached the edge of the desert, which swells up boldly, but not precipitously, to an elevation of perhaps four hundred feet from the level of

the valley. As we ascend this let us look back over the magnificent forest of palms in the midst of which the ruins of Memphis lie—by far the largest forest we have seen in Egypt. Leaving the valley with its palm-trees and ruins behind, we press on over the bare and undulating sands of the desert, glaring under the unobstructed rays of the sun. Before us are the pyramids of Abusir Sikkarah. These are a cluster of small pyramids, only one of them being of any considerable size. The largest one is peculiar also in its form. There is not, as in the case of the others, a uniform slope from base to apex, but a succession of perpendicular walls, each, as you ascend, rising from a narrower base than the one below it. There are five of these stories.

In the neighborhood of these pyramids you see numerous excavations in the sand, at the bottom of which, even as you ride along, you see the masonry which stands at the opening of long galleries dug into the old limestone-beds that underlie the sands, which the winds of ages have heaped up. These rock-hewn galleries are the tombs of Memphis. Here not only men but sacred birds and animals repose. The very sands into which the feet of our donkeys sink so deeply are white with the fragments of bones. Many of the treasures of the Museum at Cairo were exhumed here.

But our time is limited, and we cannot linger upon objects of common interest. We are on our way to the subterranean galleries of the Temple of Serapis. Here we are at the entrance. We descend by a flight of stone steps from the surface to a cavernous-looking opening below, with a limestone wall on

either hand. Once down, we light several candles, and, proceeding along in the pitch darkness, we see arched recesses, or vaults, made at right angles with the line of the gallery, some on one side, and some on the other, with considerable intervals between them. These recesses are perhaps 25 feet square, the floor being sunk several feet below the floor of the gallery. In each of them is a huge granite sarcophagus, the lower part, which contained the body, being a monolith. Upon this is a massive lid of the same material, not less than two feet thick. I made no measurements, but the main gallery must be three hundred yards long. It is bifurcated at one point, a shorter branch running in for some distance. Neither the height nor width of the gallery is great—not over 15 feet, I should think.

Two of the *sarcophagi* are more carefully finished than the rest. One of these we examined with care. It is of a very hard black stone, highly polished, with straight lines of chisel-marks running down the side, say three inches apart. Near the top there is a horizontal border running around it, filled with rude figures in outline, some of birds, some of a character which may be hieroglyphic. But all the figures are a mere outline of chisel-marks, stiff, and wanting in any thing like vital expression. The lid had been slipped along two or three feet, leaving an opening at one end. To this we climbed up by a flight of steps, and found the interior cavity to be not less than three, perhaps four feet deep, and eight or ten in length.

I have said these *sarcophagi* are of granite. Stanley says they are of black marble. I am not adept

in distinguishing different species of stone, but I think I cannot be mistaken in the opinion that these are of *granite*, and not marble. Stanley's description, moreover, had raised in me expectations that were disappointed. So far as mere plain massiveness constitutes grandeur they are grand as compared with any other *sarcophagi* I have ever seen, but magnificent they certainly are not. But when you consider that these galleries are excavations of such vast extent in a solid limestone ridge, and that these great granite blocks, hewn into coffins, must have been brought down the Nile from the cataracts, then transported from the river several miles across the level valley, then again up the inclined plane of the desert to an elevation of several hundred feet, then out across the sands a mile or two, and then lowered into these galleries, and moved along each to its own recess, where it had to be lowered again to the floor of the recess, you will be able to form some idea of the incredible magnitude of the work.

You would know the names of the wonderful men—statesmen—conquerors—philosophers who repose here, provided at such cost for their final rest?

Know then that it was never provided for men, but for Bulls—Apis, the sacred Bull. There are the carcasses of the brute gods as they died, one after another. A brute god! A god that died!

In addition to all this, this divine beef was embalmed, and made into mummies.

I leave my reader to his own reflections; I will not attempt to do the moralizing which the occasion calls for.

We visited one other tomb at Sikkarah—in this

instance the tomb of a man—some prime minister of the old, old times. There are several apartments, the walls covered with sculptured and colored figures, representing boats on the Nile, and various employments of servants, especially connected with the *cuisine* of the departed. Servants carrying provisions constitute a very common group in the funereal sculpture of ancient Egypt. In this one there is nothing to distinguish it from the ordinary monuments of the country.

Some ten miles of desert remained to be traversed before we should reach the great pyramid of Cheops. The performance of both donkeys and donkey-boys interested us much. I never saw a horse or mule that would have kept the same rate of speed in deep sand, at the same temperature, for a half-hour, without fagging. But these little creatures, about forty inches in height, took us the whole distance of ten or eleven miles with very little apparent fatigue—at a rate of more than five miles an hour.

Arrived at Ghizeh, we found a good lunch, which we had taken the precaution to send out, and the need of which we now felt very decidedly, awaiting us.

We sat on the steps of a new building which the Khedive has erected to entertain distinguished visitors, and ate our lunch. An Arab came up while we were in the act of leaving, and charged us step-rent. Hundreds of specimens of ancient coin, and little images *supposed* to be ancient, but probably made last week in Cairo, with pieces of alabaster from the temple of the Sphinx, and many such like things, were urged upon us with a clamor and persistency

which tested our patience to the utmost. Offers of service were equally officious and urgent. A man would hold your stirrup, unasked, when you mounted or dismounted, and then coolly demand a fee. If ever you speak to an Arab, or even look at him for a moment, you may rest assured that the end of the affair will be a fee.

The first thing we visited there was the temple of the Sphinx, which was entirely buried by the sands until within late years the interior has been dug out; but it is rapidly filling again. It consists of several passages and apartments, and is remarkable chiefly for the size of the stones of which it is built, and for a fine alabaster which appears just at the surface of the sand, and which Arab boys break off to sell. I was barbarian enough to encourage this demolition so far as to purchase a few fragments—one for Central College, one for Vanderbilt, and one for—myself.

This structure is near the Sphinx, and no doubt its floors are on the same level with the feet of that wonderful figure, which is covered up to the very line of the back by the desert sands. Some years ago the sand was removed so as to lay the greater part of this colossal monster bare, but the drifting sand has covered it again, so that nothing is now exposed but the head and neck, and the upper line of the body, which is on a level with the surface of the ground. But the great neck and head rise above the sand to a height that I will not venture to estimate. \* It was evidently cut out of the rock where it stands. Probably a great hill of limestone was removed from around it. The height from the feet

up is 140 feet. The head and neck are human; the body is leonine. The back is giving way considerably at one point, under the wear of time and the elements. Different strata appear in the neck. The face has been greatly mutilated, evidently not by time, but by human force. It is said that mill stones for the little Arab hand-mills have been taken out of it; but I can scarcely credit this. The nose is all gone, and with it the lower face and mouth. Yet the cheek and the region of the eyes have retained some expression, and the forehead remains intact.

It is said that the paved way to the pyramid lay between its paws, and that an altar stood beneath it from which incense ascended continually. The Sphinx overlooks the Valley of the Nile, but stands above the valley on the slope of the desert ridge that skirts it. The pyramids are still higher up this ascent, about half way, perhaps, toward its summit. This elevation of the *base* of the pyramids above the level Valley of the Nile I had overlooked in my reading, and was not quite prepared for it.

Perhaps a general description of the country will aid the conception of the exact situation of these great structures. The Nile, from the first cataract, which is at the northern boundry of Egypt, downward in its course to Cairo, flows through a narrow valley of flat land which is annually overflowed by it. This valley is of varying width, averaging, perhaps, ten miles. Along the edges of this valley, on both sides, rises a limestone bluff to a height, say, of 400 feet or more. As you ascend the river toward the cataract this bluff is sometimes precipitous, but toward Cairo it is generally rounded off by great

sand-heaps, with here and there a precipitous mass of rock. From the summit of this bluff the desert stretches off on both sides in rocky and sandy undulations, naked and barren, as I have described. The *desert* sets in at the edge of the Nile overflow, so that the ascent of the bluff is desert.

At Cairo the bluffs cease or recede, the Nile divides itself into two branches which separate more and more from each other until they reach the sea, and the overflowed land widens out more and more, until, at the lower extremity, on the Mediterranean, it is near 150 miles wide. This is the Delta. Beginning at Cairo it spreads out like a half-opened fan.

Just above the apex of the Delta, on a bench of the desert, half way up to the point of its highest elevation, stand the three celebrated pyramids of Ghizeh—that of Cheops, that of Chephrem, and another much smaller. The two former are of about the same altitude, though Cheops is the more celebrated, having a greater diameter at the base. They are of stone throughout. Pictures of them give the impression of a smooth surface, but this is a mistake. Every layer of stone is drawn *in* a little from the one below it, making successive benches of about two feet wide and two and a half or three feet high.

There was another layer of stone on each bench, with the corners beveled off after they were laid in their places so as to bring them to the angle of elevation of the whole structure, thus making a smooth surface from top to bottom. But the Mohammedans made a quarry of the pyramids. The Caliphs took off the outer layer to build the citadel. Other public buildings—mosques especially—were built of the

same material. But after furnishing such a vast amount of building material, these monster piles of masonry remain apparently undiminished. Cheops has lost 20 or 30 feet from his apex and his casing, the smaller one is stripped of its casing, and Chephrem of only a part of its casing; over 100 feet of this, at the summit, remaining.

The casing of the two larger ones was not of granite, but of limestone. That of the smaller one is believed to have been of the red granite from the cataracts, and that highly polished.

We ascended Cheops with the aid of four Arabs, paying five francs to the sheik, and then as much *backsheesh* to each attendant as he might be able to extort. Half-way up they begin their arts, and keep plying you till all is over. The ascent is somewhat arduous, the more on account of the speed at which you are hurried along by your attendants. One holds each hand, going before you, and others lift you from below. If I had the job to do over, I would pay the Arabs to let me do it alone. Taking half an hour for it, and going slowly, it might be accomplished without great fatigue.

The most arduous undertaking is the visit to the interior. You go downward, first, in a narrow passage, then, dropping on all-fours, pass with some difficulty under the rocks, and commence the arduous ascent on an inclined plane. After a time you come to a place that seems impracticable, but your Arabs spring up with the agility of cats, seize your hands, and, giving you an assuring word, lift you over. Up, up again, until you come to a platform with a recess to the right in which there is a

very small well 100 feet deep. One of your attendants will propose to go to the bottom with a lighted candle in his hand, which he will do if you will stop to see it, but he will make it the ground of an unlimited demand for *backsheesh*. To the left is a passage leading to the chamber of the queen. To this H. penetrated—I did not. My rascally guides passed it without showing it to me. At last, in the very heart of the pyramid, half-way through, and about one-third of the way up, we stand in the chamber of the king. Here is the black granite sarcophagus. The mummy is gone, and has been for a thousand years at least. The lid is gone, and the edges have lost many a fragment, broken off, no doubt, by vandal visitors, and carried away as memorials of the place.

The walls of this chamber are all of massive blocks of black granite—the same material, precisely, as the *sarcophagi* of the bulls in the caverns of Serapis. So it seemed to me, and I think I cannot be mistaken. It is extremely hard, perfectly polished, and bears inscriptions that I know nothing about. This chamber is said to be 37 feet by 17, with a height of 20 feet.

Let us now return to the outside. Passing round Chephrem we saw where the limestone hill had been cut down to get a level area for its base. Thus a perpendicular face had been left in the rock. In this, tombs had been cut, some of which we entered. They are simply square, or nearly square, excavations in the side of the hill, with an entrance rather low, but of good size.

We returned to Cairo by a carriage along a beau-

tiful avenue of trees—acacias, I believe—a distance of only six miles. The sun was low, the evening air was delicious, and we felt that we had done a faithful day's work.

Wednesday we visited one of the palaces of the Khedive, with the grounds, the American Consul having courteously procured us a permit. The grounds are beautiful, with abundant shrubbery and canals and fountains, with rustic bridges, rockeries, and pavilions. The place is new and gorgeous, with porticoes, columns, variegated marble pavements, furniture overlaid with gold, table tops of the finest marble in the richest mosaic, upholstered walls, splendid mirrors, and I know not what all. There are, in fact, two of these palaces in the same grounds, one used, I suppose, as a sort of summer house.

In the principal one, at the head of the first flight of stairs, is a column of white marble about six feet high. On the top of it is a winged, laughing, angel, dropping a twisted wire from his hand. On the face of the column, below, is a human head and face. Circling over this is the legend, "*Eripuit cælo fulmen, 1750.*" The face is a good likeness of Benjamin Franklin.

Eleven miles from Cairo, down in the Delta, are the ruins of Heliopolis, the ancient On. Here was the temple of the sun in which Joseph's father-in-law, the "Priest of On," officiated. In this immediate vicinity was probably the "land of Goshen." Here were those wonderful obelisks, now all gone but *one*—gone to Rome, to Alexandria, to Paris. One now prostrate in the sand of Alexandria has been given to the English, and, if they think it worth

while, will be removed to London. One stands where it was first erected, perhaps at the very entrance of the Temple of the Sun. It looked down on the marriage of Joseph. It was probably the oldest of these wonderful granite monoliths, and has been standing here 4,000 years.

Our guide-book discouraged a visit here, but I would not have left Egypt without seeing this monument of the earliest Egyptian art for any reasonable consideration. We took the ride late in the afternoon, and a delightful ride it was, through avenues of tamarisks and acacias, along a causeway elevated above the overflow. On either hand were the green wheat-fields; and such wheat! It rivals the finest fields of California.

The ruins of Heliopolis are a mere quadrangular ridge of no great area—and the obelisk. There it stands in solitary grandeur. It is a granite monolith 70 feet high, on a pedestal 6 feet high, but 25 feet of it are now under ground. On three sides there are numerous figures in *basso relievo*. On one side I counted nine birds, intended, probably, for hawks. There are two knives, an ax, and perhaps other instruments. One figure, I thought, was intended for a monkey, and one was certainly a snake. In these indentations a sort of insect has made its nest of mud. Indeed, on one side, the shaft is almost covered with this insect-work. The column is pointed at the top, and is of the same style as the one at Alexandria which is called Cleopatra's Needle. No doubt this latter, as well as those at Rome and Paris, were removed from this very place.

Near by is the traditional fig-tree under which it is

said the holy family rested when they arrived in Egypt.

We had had a busy time in Cairo, and on Thursday morning left for Alexandria. Here we saw Cleopatra's Needle, and the twin shaft lying near it in the sand, the property of the British Government. The Needle is more lavishly decorated with sculpture than its mate at Heliopolis. We went also to see the catacombs, but were disappointed to find them of such small extent. We had reason afterward to believe that our dragoman had fooled us, not taking us to the most extensive ones. But we saw the real Pompey's Pillar, a wonderful granite obelisk. It differs from that at Heliopolis in two respects: It is round, while that is square; it is crowned with an expanding capital, while that is pointed.

On Friday morning, at 9 o'clock, we set sail in the steamer Apollo, of the Austrian Lloyd line, for Jaffa. As we steamed away we had a fine view of the city. An unfinished and abandoned palace on the sands of the harbor appeared on one side, and the new palace on the other. Long lines of break-water lay above the surface. Pompey's Pillar loomed up in full view. As we turned a point, Cleopatra's Needle came in sight. Long lines of windmills, swinging their gigantic arms lazily around, lined the coast. At last all gradually faded in the distance, and floated out of sight.

Saturday morning found us at Port Said, the Mediterranean mouth of the canal. It is a new place, and owes its existence to the canal. It can never be a place of any great importance. It is built on the

sand thrown up in digging the canal. There is nothing of interest to be seen, unless it be a palatial hotel built by the Prince of Holland. Here we lay all day, and at five o'clock sailed again to awake at Jaffa in the morning. So we are taking our first sail on the great Mediterranean Sea.

Can it be possible that we shall sleep at Jerusalem to-morrow night? So Dr. DeHass, the American Consul at Jerusalem, who got on board at Port Said, assures us.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

SUNDAY morning, April 1, we awoke on the steamer Apollo, in sight of the mountains of Judea, which swell up boldly to the height of 3,000 feet. But we were yet a long way out at sea, and could see nothing but the outline of the ridge. As we approached we could see that a considerable extent of level country intervened between the shore and the mountains. The southern part of this low region was the Plain of Philistia—farther north it was the Plain of Sharon.

As we neared the shore we could discern a line of

sand-hills, very low, lying along the coast-line, just above the water. This sand-bank was broken at one, and only one point, by a hill rising somewhat boldly but to no great height. On this hill, and covering a considerable part of it—especially the northern end—is the town of Jaffa (Joppa), interesting to us for several reasons. It was to Joppa that Hiram sent the timber he had prepared in Mount Lebanon for the Temple, in floats; here it was drawn out of the water, and then, by some means, transported to Jerusalem, a distance of about thirty-six miles. It was here that Dorcas lived and died—the good Dorcas, who set that example of active beneficence in the Church which has since been followed by so many godly women. But, above all, here it was that the gospel took its new departure for the conquest of the world. Here, on the housetop, by the side of the sea, Peter was prepared for his call to the Gentile, Cornelius, at Cesarea. From this moment the word of life was preached to men of all nations.

At 9:30 in the morning we landed at a flight of steps in the sea-wall, within a few rods of the site of the old tan-yard of Simon. This site is identified beyond any doubt. It is the only place by the “sea-side” where there is water for the uses of a tannery. The removal of some old stone-works recently has laid bare the very vats in which the tanning was done. The first thing we did, before we went to our hotel, we visited this place. There we saw the fountain of living water, and ascended to the roof of the house which stands, if not on the very spot occupied by that of Simon the tanner, at least very near it. There we stood where Peter prayed and fell into a

trance, and looked up into those very heavens from which he saw the great sheet let down. Before us was the "Great Sea," stretching away to the West, the highway by which the gospel was to be carried to the distant nations to whom God was at that moment preparing to send it. It was worth a voyage around the world to stand a moment on the flat roof of that house—yet we had to pay *backsheesh* to a Mussulman for the privilege.

Our hotel was in the "colony." This is a settlement of German Christians at Jaffa. There are two or three of these settlements of Germans who look for the personal coming of Christ to reign a thousand years on earth, fixing the capital of his millennial reign in Jerusalem. They were preceded by a company of Americans, whose leader proved to be worthless, and whose plans were so poorly laid that they came to the very door of starvation. Many of them got home on charity, and their enterprise came to nothing. But these Germans, if they are actuated by a fanatical belief, yet show the genuine German good sense and thrift. They have a good hotel which, I doubt not, they make profitable. They also run a line of hacks from Jaffa to Jerusalem, over the macadamized road which has been made within the last five or six years. Before that all travel was done on horses, mules, or camels, as it still is everywhere else in Palestine; for this is the only road practicable for wheeled vehicles anywhere in the country.

Near the hotel is the school house of Miss Baldwin, an American lady, a native of Virginia, who had a school for many years at Athens, but has been

now for several years here. I think she makes her school self-supporting. She is a member of the Episcopal Church, and does her work in a missionary spirit. There is a clergyman of the Church of England here who has a service every Sunday afternoon in her school room. By his request I preached for him. Can you doubt that the text was in the tenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles?

There is another Christian lady who has a school here—Miss Arnot, from England. Having some means, she came here, bought land, and built a spacious and substantial stone house, in which she carries on a school for girls—Miss Baldwin's being for boys.

Four of us got a carriage, and prepared for an early start on Monday for Jerusalem. At six o'clock we were on the road. For a mile or more we pass over the slightly elevated sandy strip that skirts the sea. On each side of the road over this strip there are hedges of gigantic prickly pear, behind which are the wonderful orange groves of Jaffa. Here are produced the largest oranges, by far, that I ever saw. We have one in our room now which H. gathered in the grove of a hospitable native, and which measures sixteen inches in circumference by the tape-line. Soon we leave hedges and orange groves behind, and are fairly out upon the Plain of Sharon. Where we enter it is perfectly level, and there are level areas here and there throughout its extent; but for the most part it is gently undulating, becoming more and more uneven as you approach the mountains, until, at the valley of Ajalon, at the base of the great Judean range, the valley ridges are themselves bald

and rocky. There are many fields of wheat in the valley now just well-headed. The crop is a very good one, though by no means equal to that of the Nile Valley. We have seen a little Indian corn. Many fields are just now under the plow for the water-melon, which, we are told, is exceptionally fine here, and is raised in great quantities.

The first place of note which we passed was the traditional Tomb of Dorcas. Well out in the plain, perhaps five miles from Jaffa, is the "Experimental Farm," carried on by Jews, who here instruct young men in the most approved modes of farming. It is hoped that this institution will greatly improve the agriculture of this country. The Plain of Sharon, like the valley of the Ganges, has been in constant cultivation for 4,000 years, without manure and without rest. What wonderful resources there must be in the soil! It is extremely yellow—a Missouri farmer would say, "It is like an ash-bank"—so that the rude native plow prepares it very well. Soon we see a tower, off to our left, which marks the site of Lydda, which "was nigh to Joppa," to which Peter came when he was passing "throughout all quarters"—where he healed the paralytic Eneas, "which had kept his bed eight years," and from whence he was called by "the saints" to Joppa, where the good Dorcas died. It is about twelve miles from Joppa. About the same distance out is Ramleh, immediately on our road. Here is a very nice hotel, kept by one of the Germans of the "Temple"—for that is the name the German colonists have given their Association. Ramleh is a town of 3,000 inhabitants. We rested our horses here an hour, and strolled through

the city, where we saw an old church built by the Crusaders, since turned into a mosque. The bazaar presented a lively scene. Some shops had pretty good stocks, and, upon the whole, there was as much appearance of thrift as is usually seen in Oriental villages. Here, as in Jaffa, the houses are all of stone, giving the place a very solid but somewhat gloomy appearance. There is the inevitable "tradition" here, for they claim that this is the very *Arimathea* where "Joseph of Arimathea" was born. Some intelligent men are disposed to regard this tradition with favor, but others affirm that it was a fabrication of the 13th century. There is a tower here which is a very prominent object, but the mosque in connection with which it was built has disappeared. The summit of it commands a large and fine landscape.

Pharaoh took Gezer from the Philistines, and presented it to his daughter, the wife of Solomon. There are extensive ruins here, which are partly in sight from our road, but too far away for us to take time to visit them. Near the road on the left side is the village of *Amwas*, mentioned in the Apocrypha, 1. Macc. iii. 40.

The road lies very near the boundary between the tribe of Dan and Philistia. Not very far to our right Samson played his part, at once so noble and so ignoble. Ekron is only four or five miles from Ramleh.

Twenty miles out we reached the Valley of Ajalon. Up to the north-east, a little way, are Bethhoron and Gihon. Here the five kings, from the southern regions about Hebron were in camp, when Joshua

"ascended from Gilgal, he and all the people of war with him, and all the mighty men of valor," and "came upon them suddenly, and went up from Gilgal all night." He "slew them with a great slaughter at Gihon, and chased them along the way that goeth up to Bethhoron." To add to their dismay, God smote them with stones from heaven, so that they were more who perished by the hailstones than by the sword.

But it was a crisis in the conquest of the country, and it was necessary that this victory should be decisive. Up to this time the Israelites had secured only a precarious footing in the central and eastern portions of the country. This victory would be fruitless unless it opened the south, and the Plain of Sharon, to them. Then "Joshua spake to the Lord," and God gave him power over the planetary system, so that "he said, in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the Valley of Ajalon." Here on the spot one could see the relative positions of the sun and moon.

Through this long day, that seemed as if it would never close, the people pursued their enemies, and at last captured and slew the five "kings of the Amorites." This gave them the entire southern part of Palestine, except Philistia. To all human appearance it seems that their destiny hung upon a complete overthrow and extermination of their enemies in that battle.

Passing up out of the Valley of Ajalon we enter a narrow mountain gorge, and continue in it for some miles, passing the castle of the Abu Gosh, a sheik, who, in the early part of this century, exacted heavy

toll of all travelers, and especially pilgrims, on their way to Jerusalem. For many years he and his tribe were a terror to the country. His little stone castle is situated at a point where the gorge through which the road passes is so narrow that the traveler, once under the range of his guns, could find no way of escape.

As we ascended the mountain we saw the Palestine oak, the terebinth, the tamarisk, and the carob-tree. This latter bears a long seed-pod, the seed being much like a bean. This bean is eaten by the people. We saw large quantities of it in the market at Jaffa. It is supposed that it was the *pod* of this tree that our Lord referred to in the parable of the prodigal son as the "husks which the swine did eat."

After a toilsome ascent we reached the summit of the range, from which the Plain of Sharon, and of Philistia, come into full view, and even the sand-bed on the shore, and Jaffa, and the waters of the Mediterranean sea beyond.

Still farther on we came to what was in the oldest times called Kirjath-Baal, and later Kirjath-Jearim. This is believed to be the Emmaus of the New Testament, and therefore has a very special interest for Christians.

At about this point the *Neby Samwil* appears—Mount Samuel, as we would call it. There is a tomb on the summit of it, which is called the tomb of Samuel. It is believed to be the site of the ancient Mizpeh, and the principal seat of Authority when Samuel judged Israel. It is said to be the most elevated summit in all this range of mountains, and is in sight pretty much all the time from the neighbor-

hood of Emmaus until we are within a mile of the city.

Some distance farther on, in a very pretty valley, is the convent of St. John the Baptist, a mile or so to the right of the road. It is on the traditional birthplace of John the Baptist, in the "hill country of Judea." There is no doubt of its being in Judea, and a "*hill country*." This latter is very plain to be seen. But the tradition as to the exact birthplace of the Baptist is altogether arbitrary. One might as well undertake to find the grave of Moses as the birthplace of John.

There is another tradition which locates the death of Goliath in this same little valley, and this is probably true. At any rate, the dry brook which runs through it has millions of stones in its bed, just the size for the sling, and I myself picked up three or four smooth ones, just the sort to kill a giant with. One that I got I imagine is the exact fellow of that one which brought down the Philistine braggart who had "defied the armies of the living God."

We were now within four miles of Jerusalem, the city of the Great King. It seemed to us a strange thing to be here. H. remarked upon the fact that we were approaching the city in a pleasant carriage, while our Lord made his journeys to it on foot. A strange feeling took possession of me—a sense of my unspeakable unworthiness. I did indeed "blush in all things to abound—the servant above his Lord."

The approach to the city from this side gives no view of it beforehand. You see nothing within the walls, scarcely, until you enter. But outside of the walls are many new buildings of an excellent class,

They have been erected within a few years by Jews who have come here from Europe. H. and I chose to enter the city only in each other's company, and on foot. We approached slowly, and, I believe, both of us in the spirit of prayer. Even after we passed through the gate of the lofty wall we could see nothing but the nearest buildings, for on this side we were on the highest ground in the city. Yet the first thing we saw, just within the gate, was the *Tower of David*, no doubt the oldest building here. One part of it is of the peculiar beveled stone which was the work of the old Phœnicians. This part of the Tower—the old citadel—is believed by intelligent archæologists to date from the reign of Solomon. It is known that Titus spared it when he took the city. Near this is the Mediterranean Hotel, where we lodged. So we are living on Mount Zion! This is the very hill which the Jebusites held for so many centuries after all the rest of the country had been occupied by the chosen people, and from which David dislodged them at last, taking possession of it as the capital of his kingdom. Here Solomon built his splendid palace. On this hill was all the pageantry of his magnificent reign.

At the very foot of the east wall of our hotel is the "pool of Hezekiah," closely surrounded by houses on all sides, the massive stone walls of which spring up out of the very water of the pool.

We were only just introduced into our room when Dr. DeHass, the American Consul, took us on to the flat roof of the hotel, to point out to us the various localities of the city. Immediately before us, and on the other side of the city, was the great mosque of

Omar, occupying the very site of the old Temple. To the left, and much nearer to us, was the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, supposed to cover the ground of the crucifixion, and the tomb of our Lord. Beyond all rose the Mount of Olives.

The city itself did not answer to my preconception, but the Mount of Olives did, almost exactly. That bold swell beyond the Kedron was just what I had had in my imagination from childhood. It did not seem new to me, but like a piece of landscape long familiar. I could scarcely restrain my tears as I imagined the Master climbing its steep ascent, in the evening, by one of the paths before me, making his way from the midst of the evil-minded men that had sneered at his doctrines, and sought to entangle him with questions, to find peace and rest in the bosom of the lovely family of Bethany.

It was too late to undertake anything, the sun being now nearly at his setting, but on the following day we had an early breakfast, and, refusing all offers of a guide, left the city by the Jaffa gate, and followed the wall around on the west and north side till we came to the valley of Jehoshaphat, which lies along the east side of the city. Descending some distance along the valley, we crossed the brook Kedron on a bridge, near which on our left was the chapel of the tomb of the Virgin. This chapel lies chiefly under ground. It was erected in the time of the Crusades. The tradition pretends that both the Virgin and her parents are buried here, and also that it covers the very place where our blessed Saviour lay when his sweat was as it were great drops of blood, falling to the ground,

The Garden of Gethsemane, or at least the supposed site of it, is a little higher up as you ascend out of this valley upon the slope of Olivet. The garden is inclosed by a stone wall, and kept by a man whom I took to be a monk. In fact, there are two inclosures, one belonging to the Latin, and the other to the Greek Church. That in possession of the Romanists is very well kept, being cultivated in flowers that grow in small beds, with walks between in every direction. But I was pained to see images representing the sufferings of the Saviour in their various stages. That part which is in the hands of the Greeks has no special care taken of it.

There is good reason to believe that these grounds are properly located, though of course the exact boundaries of the garden cannot be determined. I have not the least doubt that we stood within the very precincts of the Agony. It was a solemn moment, and we felt it to be so. The very aged olive trees which stand in the inclosure help the imagination in the effort to make the scene real. It was in this place, on this comparatively level plot of ground, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, that Jesus left the three disciples about a stone's cast, and, falling prostrate on his face, uttered that bitter cry to the Father, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." It was here that that supreme act of Submission took place. "Not my will, but thine, be done." It was here that, with his human heart breaking for sympathy, he returned to the three to find them asleep. "What! could ye not watch with me one hour?" No! thou blessed Victim. Here in the "garden of the oil press" must thou tread the

wine press *alone*. Of the people none shall be with thee—none shall help thee. Only an angel shall come and strengthen thee. Was it superstition that prompted us to bring away some pebbles from the place?

From the garden we ascended the slope of Olivet, by the most northerly path, which is the easiest ascent. At the summit we turned southward to the point which was directly “over against” the Temple, and there paused upon the brow of the mount. What a view of the city this point commands! The side nearest you is the lowest, and the whole city sweeps up an inclined plane, from the Mosque of Omar to the Tower of David. I say an *inclined plane*, for so it is now, substantially, the gorges which divided the different sections formerly being filled up. From the brow of the Mount of Olives the Temple was in full view from the base up, as it was on this side of the city, and nothing intervenes to break the line of vision. The Mosque of Omar, which now occupies the site of the Temple, is in full view, from the foundation to the dome.

At the point from which we gazed upon the city we must have been within a few yards of the place where our Saviour sat, surrounded by the disciples, when he wept over the city. Nothing could have been a more natural topic than that upon which the disciples remarked—the great stones and the stupendous buildings before them. He saw the wicked human life that was compressed within its walls, and all its history of sin, at once; he saw, also, the swift coming judgments of God upon the place. In the scope of his vision were the Roman legions, the long

siege, the dreadful famine, the assault, and the streets red with human blood. No wonder that he wept, and exclaimed, O Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

On the summit of Olivet we ascended the tower of a mosque that stands there, and had a grand view of the valley of Jehoshaphat, and of the city. I have said that the city rises from its eastern wall in an inclined plane. It is not to be inferred that there are no inequalities of surface, but only that they are so slight as not to be observed in a distant view, and so slight as to be nothing compared with the deep ravines and sharp hills of the early times. The rubbish of ages has filled up the ravines in some places to a depth of I know not how many feet.

We had from the Tower of Olivet, also, our first view of the valley of the Jordan, and of the Dead Sea, with the mountains of Môab beyond. The Dead Sea seems to be almost at your feet, though it is twenty miles away. With a good glass the view is very distinct.

In this mosque there is an open court, in which there is a small octagonal chapel, surmounted by a dome. This, they say, covers the spot where the Lord ascended. The floor is paved with square stones, laid on the surface of the rock. Near the centre one square of the pavement is wanting, leaving the natural rock below exposed. In this rock we saw an indentation, which they say is the footprint made by the Lord when he went up. An indentation in the artificial and modern pavement, they affirm, also, was made by his staff at the same moment!

When we had satisfied ourselves with the view,

east and west, from this summit, we started over the brow of the mountain to find Bethany. We had no guide, but followed our own instincts. After we had gone down some distance on the eastern slope, we began to be apprehensive that we must have made some mistake. A village on a hill beyond seemed too far away. Besides, it was not related to the Mount of Olives, as we supposed Bethany to be. Still we pressed on, and in a few minutes came upon the object of our search, suddenly. We were just upon it before we saw it. Still I, at least, was disappointed. I had never thought of Bethany as being so deep down in a mountain gorge—so shut in by mural walls. I had always thought of it as being pleasantly situated, well up on the eastern face of the Mount of Olives. But we found it hid away, as one might say, in a ravine. Here we met a native, ready to show us Lazarus's house and tomb. Of course we paid *backsheesh*, and of course, also, we knew that these traditional places were, a thousand chances to one, not the actual sites. But, unsightly as this poor village is, it was a pleasure to see the spot where that family resided who were so dear to the Master.

We returned by the more circuitous road made for carriages, which crosses two ridges ere we reach the city. The sun was warm, but the air extremely cool. We had been on foot all the morning, and it was now near noon. There were patches of cloud upon the sky, and the spaces between were wondrously blue and beautiful. Along this path, no doubt, our Saviour had walked. I had him strangely associated in my mind with the gray olive-trees that are still found in considerable numbers on the moun-

tain. Filled with thoughts of *Him*, of his grace, and his agony, we sat down upon the flat surface of a rock, on that Olivet on which he had sat, and read the twelfth chapter of the Gospel of St. John.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### A WEEK IN JERUSALEM.

IN COMPANY WITH Rev. Dr. DeHass, the American Consul at Jerusalem, Dr. Schaff, and several other gentlemen, we visited the "Tombs of the Kings." This is an instance of the arbitrary manner in which localities are designated here. The name of a place is not *always* misleading, but it is more frequently so than otherwise, perhaps. At least it is very often so. It is certain that the kings were *not* buried in these tombs. But they are full of interest, both on account of their antiquity and of their remarkable workmanship. True, they are not so old as many other things about the city, but they probably date back to about the beginning of the

Christian era. They are hewed out of a hill of solid rock. First, there is an open court, say thirty feet square, quarried out near the base of the hill, with perpendicular walls, say twenty feet high on the upper side, and eight or ten on the lower. Into the hill, on the upper side of this open court, a portico was hewn, about fifteen feet on the wall, and penetrating the rock seven or eight feet. Two columns, equidistant from each other and from the ends of the portico, were left standing as supports of the rock overhead. From the north end of the portico you enter through a small door into an inner court. Here you must have candles, for you are now in an apartment cut into the living rock, with no opening but the small, low door through which you entered. This chamber is scarcely twenty feet square, and communicates with another of about the same dimensions. Around the chambers the niches are cut into the rock, into which the dead were introduced. These niches, I should think, were two feet wide, two and a half high, and penetrate the rock about six feet. One I noticed which was differently placed, the opening running back about two feet, and then the receptacle for the body cut transversely so as to lie parallel with the wall of the chamber. Over every door and every niche the rock was cut in the shape of an arch, the curve being perfect, and the surface cut very smooth. The dimensions I give as they impressed me. I made no measurements: There may, also, be some inaccuracy of detail, as I made no notes on the spot, but write from memory. But my description is substantially correct—whether it is very perspicuous or not, I can scarcely venture to say.

The doors to the inner chambers were stone slabs swinging on projections, top and bottom, at one side, like rude gates I have seen, with the outer frame on one side projecting into a socket in the sill below and extending into some support provided for it above. The outer door was closed by a slab held to its place by a massive stone placed against it. This stone itself was displaced and replaced by an ingenious contrivance that I cannot describe.

Tombs were often, if not generally, made in the rock in the sides of hills. All the hills about Jerusalem are of limestone, and generally very precipitous. Very often the edge of a stratum stands perpendicular on the side of a hill. Very few tombs are as elaborate as that which I have described. A plain one could be made with comparatively little labor, and, where labor was so cheap, at small cost. The stone would only require to be blocked out, and the seams between the strata would direct the line of clearance for floor and ceiling. The opening would be narrow—a mere door—the interior being of the dimensions which the proprietor might desire. When the body was placed within, a slab, neatly fitted to its place, was set up against the door, having an epitaph cut upon it. Against this slab a heavy stone was rolled to keep it in place.

In such a tomb, no doubt, Lazarus was buried at Bethany, and when the slab was removed Jesus called to the dead man, commanding him, *not to rise up*, but to *come forth*, and he *came forth*, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes. How natural all this seems to one who has seen the old tombs here.

How I have *realized* here, what I knew before, the

meaning of the statement about the *new tomb* which Joseph had *hewn in the rock*, into which the body of our Lord was laid. It was cut into the rock in one of the steep hillsides near the city. A heavy stone was placed against the door. "Who shall roll us away the stone?" said the heart-broken women, as they were on their way, bearing sweet spices—probably in vessels on their heads, as women are seen every moment here, now, carrying whatever they have to carry thus—to embalm his body. But we must pass to other topics.

It is only a few years since a man was walking along the north wall, on the outside of the city, east of the Damascus Gate, when his dog started some small game which disappeared through a small opening at the foot of the wall. The dog entered after it and was gone a long time, coming back at last out of breath, as if after a considerable chase. This opening is on the side of the hill on which the Temple stood. The hint which the dog had given was acted upon. The place was entered and a cave of immense extent found to be there—a cave of which no one had any knowledge. At first on entering there is a considerable descent, after which the floor is horizontal, or nearly so, but very much broken by mounds. On and on and on it extends and certainly reaches in under the Temple area.

A most remarkable cave it is, but *is it a cave?* Look at the wall—there are singular marks on it. Ah! there is no mistaking them—they are the marks of *tools*, and they are everywhere. Is this a *quarry?* There can be no doubt about it. And these piles on piles of small pieces of stone lying here and there

loose, what are they? Bring a light and let us examine them. They are chippings from the rough ashlers as they were *shaped by the masons*. The edges are as sharp as they were the day they were chiseled off.

This, then, is not only a quarry, but something more—it is a mason's workshop, in which the rough stone was dressed for use.

Can it be that this is the quarry where the stone of which the first Temple was built was procured? To my mind this is the most natural way to account for it. The fact that the stone which was gotten out here was evidently *dressed here*, also, is in farther support of this view. For it is expressly stated that every stone was prepared for its place in the wall beforehand, so that in erecting the Temple the stroke of the hammer was never heard. Is it not most likely that a shaft communicated with this quarry from the Temple area, or near it, the stones already dressed and fitted each for its place, being there elevated by machinery to be laid into the wall? So think intelligent men who have examined into the facts with great care, and the conclusion seems very reasonable to me.

We went into this wonderful quarry a long way, but not to the end of it. It does not all lie in a continuous line, but straggles about a good deal, as a quarry worked by many men would inevitably do. I brought away some of the chippings, which I expect to take home with me. They look almost as if they had been smitten off from the rough ashler yesterday.

This quarry strikes me as taking high rank among

the most remarkable things in which this city of wonders abounds. It is likely that the rock taken out of it sufficed not only for the Temple but for all the magnificent structures erected by the opulent and luxurious son of David. Imagine the scene of toil that must have been witnessed in this subterraneous workshop. Hundreds of men must have been engaged at once. These dark, cavernous solitudes must have been luminous with torches, while the click of a thousand hammers stunned the ear. While vast multitudes were hewing cedar in Mount Lebanon, other multitudes here were preparing "great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones, to lay the foundation of the house." Here were a portion, also, of the "chief of Solomon's officers," "which ruled over the people that wrought in the work." There were Tyrians and Hebrews mixed together here, for "Solomon's builders and Hiram's builders did hew them, and the stone-squarers." So perfectly was the work done that, "the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer, nor ax, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building." And even to-day the work of the Phœnician masons is seen and identified in Jerusalem. It is known by the peculiar style of beveled stone which always indicates the presence of that people. Some of it stands now where it was placed 2,900 years ago, and many stones which have been recovered from old ruins have been built into new walls, where they proclaim to this day the presence of Hiram's masons, aiding, and, indeed, directing in the work.

But the center of chief attraction to the Christian visitor here is the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. It is a building of very great proportions, and covers the traditional sites of the crucifixion and the burial of our Lord. Modern criticism has called in question, and, indeed, sometimes repudiated this tradition. Robinson, especially, who is widely received as authority in matters pertaining to the topography of Jerusalem, reached very definite conclusions adverse to the claims of this particular locality. But excavations made since have tended strongly to discredit some of his theories, and go to strengthen the drift of tradition, which always, so far as we know, pointed to this place. It is *within* the walls of the present city, and Robinson's investigations led him to suppose that it was within the walls as they stood at the time of the crucifixion. Recent discoveries, however, tend to the opposite conclusion—that this particular section of the city was outside of the wall as it then stood. This is a vital point, as we know Christ suffered "*without the gate.*"

Those who discredit this locality affirm that the tradition in its favor originated with the finding of the "true cross" here, and hold that, having originated in such a fraud, it is of no value, and cannot command any credit among reasonable men. But those of the other party affirm that the tradition did not originate with the pious fraud about "the true cross," but existed from the earliest times, and that for the very reason that Christ was known to have been crucified here, Hadrian built his heathen temple on the same spot, with a view to dishonor it in the eyes of his followers, and so insult and humiliate

them. Farther, they maintain that *for the reason that this was known to be the place*, Helena looked here for the cross, and either pretended to find it, or was herself imposed upon by others. For myself, I confess that I am not sufficiently learned in these matters to enter into the controversy, having never devoted a day to the investigation. The little inquiry I have made here inclines me to accept this locality. The principal reason against it, so far as I can see, is found in the deplorable superstition and fanaticisms that cluster about the place. We have happened here in the week of the Greek Easter, and have seen this fanaticism in its most revolting features, mitigated somewhat by two circumstances. The first is that, this year, owing to some difference in the manner of reckoning from the full moon, the Greek Easter falls a week later than the Latin, so that the collisions and confusion that sometimes occur have been avoided, as their parades came on different days; and the second, that the anticipated war prevented the very large influx of pilgrims that are in attendance usually at the Easter solemnities. These pilgrims come in great numbers, and from the most remote regions.

But what we have seen is sufficiently revolting. On Thursday the Armenians had the farce of *foot-washing*. The Patriarch enacted the part of the Lord, and the Bishops represented the twelve apostles. They occupied a platform, erected for the purpose, in the paved area in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The acting was very poor, so I thought. But, as I was never present at a theatrical performance, I must be understood to be a poorly

qualified critic of the drama. The actors showed but little solemnity. One of them came upon the stage hurriedly, munching the last mouthful of his breakfast, and I saw several of them smiling. They were constantly looking around, scanning the crowd of spectators. There were a great many present, but the number of pilgrims being so greatly reduced this year, the crowd was not so great as usual, nor the enthusiasm up to its usual pitch. After the feet were washed, some handkerchiefs were handed up to be dipped in the water, after which bunches of flowers were dipped in the basin and the water sprinkled on the people. I had been told that there would be a great excitement, but was disappointed. There was, however, one scene at the last which answered my expectations. On a wall, in the direction of the Mount of Olives, an olive branch of considerable size was fixed upon a projecting platform, eight or ten feet above a projecting pavement. So soon as the ceremonies were ended there was a general scuffle for the possession of some part of this branch. All the twigs were broken off in a twinkling, and then there was such a contest over the lower part, which seemed to be six or eight feet long, and was too large to be broken, as would amaze you. As many men as could get their hands on it were pulling and wrenching away at it, shouting and yelling as if their life depended on getting possession. The last I saw of it, it was going slowly up the street, a crowd pulling with all their might, some this way and some that. I suppose the strongest got it at last. I am told that pieces of this

olive branch are of inestimable value—for healing the sick!

To-day we have been to witness the celestial fire issuing from the Holy Sepulcher. By the interposition of our Consul we got a good position in the gallery of the rotunda of the church. Immediately under this rotunda is the chapel of the Sepulcher, which stands immediately over what is supposed to be the Tomb of our Lord. In the area around this an excited multitude was assembled when we arrived, about two hours in advance of the time, which was two o'clock P. M. Many persons had been there from seven in the morning to secure and hold good positions. The Greeks occupied one-half of the area, and the Armenians the other. The latter were quiet, but such carryings on as took place amongst the Greeks I never saw nor imagined. It was like bedlam. They were massed together as thick as they could stand, except that a space was kept clear by soldiers present for the purpose. The space was necessary for the performance. Near the round opening in the side of the chapel out of which the fire was to proceed, the crowd was thickest. They were clapping their hands, jumping up and down, striking their heads with their hands, striking themselves against each other; some were standing on the shoulders of others, jumping about and falling and rising up again in the most remarkable way; all shouting, screaming, yelling at the top of their voices. Sometimes every one seemed to be shouting on his own account, and then again there was something like a chorus and response in unison. Once or twice there was a lull in the uproar, so that

nothing would be heard but the thousands of people assembled under the great dome in conversation, and even that was "like the noise of many waters." I could think of nothing but that as a comparison.

Hours passed, and the excitement became more intense. With many it was frenzy. They were raving around like madmen. Sometimes, when the soldiers would interfere to keep them in their places, the devotee would caress them, patting their cheeks, evidently with a view to conciliate them lest he should be forcibly removed from the church. The soldiers behaved with most exemplary patience, but they were obliged to eject some. As the frenzy rose to madness, the soldiers stood in a line with their backs to the people, in order to keep the necessary space clear. Though they stood against the surge of the tumultuous human sea with all their force, the line was several times broken, when officers would rush in, armed with batons, with which they threatened the heads of the mad multitude; and when threats failed they were obliged to resort to blows. This they never seemed to do except in the most extreme emergency. At last banners were borne into the area. Over one of these a fearful scuffle took place as to who should carry it. It was terrific, and the soldiers were obliged to interfere in a forcible manner. When the banner was at last elevated it displayed a terrible rent. Then came the priests in their satin robes, covered with gold brocade-work, who followed the banners three times around the chapel. At the end of this procession the fire was to appear. Then came a job for the military. They had to open a way through the mob for the Patri-

arch to pass to the entrance of the chapel. The mass seemed as if it were glued together, and had to be wrenched asunder by main strength. At last the supreme moment came. The Patriarch entered the chapel of the Holy Sepulcher, and was shut in there alone in the Tomb of the Lord. He had been examined closely in the presence of witnesses to prove that he carried no match nor other means of lighting a fire. This precaution taken, to assure the genuineness of the miracle, a suspense that seemed awful followed upon the disappearance of the venerable, white-bearded patriarch. The interval seemed long; but at last, suddenly, fire streamed out of the orifice on each side of the chapel. A scene followed which beggars description. Men rushed forward, wild, frantic, and lighted torches from the celestial flame. With these they ran out shouting through the mad throng, all through the church, into all the side-chapels and galleries, distributing the sacred fire. In an incredibly short space of time a thousand—five thousand—candles were lighted in the church, and in the courts and streets adjoining. Every Greek and Armenian in Jerusalem had a candle lighted from this divine source—the flame that burst out of the Tomb of Christ on the Saturday of Easter-week. Soon the partly-burnt candle is extinguished, to be preserved until he who held it while it was in blaze dies, when it is deposited in his grave.

This poor rabble believe, without a doubt, that the fire issues immediately from God, and I believe the tapers are kept scrupulously burning in the churches throughout the year, being lighted successively from this fire.

I witnessed these spectacles against my personal inclination, as I did the Dose at Cairo. It is extremely revolting to me to see Christians worshipping after pagan models. But in this instance it became my duty to be an eye-witness, as I have undertaken to report the results of my observations to the Church at home, and especially with respect to the state of religion in various parts of the world.

But there has been one scene that I could not make up my mind to witness—the very thought of it outraged both my faith and my sensibilities. On Friday night the crucifixion was dramatized. Of course I had long known that such things were done; but as I read of them they seemed remote and mythical. *Now* the affair was in my very neighborhood. I was invited to be present, and assured that I should have a favorable place to witness the acting. It seemed to me that I *could* not go—that my feet would refuse to move. I felt that I should dishonor my adorable Saviour if I were to participate in any way, even if it were only as a witness, in such a blasphemous caricature of his agony. To see a set of heartless priests flaunting their gold brocade in *tableaux* of the crucifixion, looking to be accredited as fine actors—I could never hold up my head again in a Christian assembly if I were to do it.

At that performance two Greek Christians had high words on some point of religion, and one of them, who was drunk, stabbed the other.

One of the most humiliating facts that I have ever had to contemplate is that the Turkish soldiers have to be present at these solemnities, in considerable force, to keep the peace. But I have seen it with my

own eyes. It is not an unfriendly, persecuting interference, but a necessary measure of police. So degraded is the moral standard amongst these degenerate Ritualistic Churches!

The greater part of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is in the possession of the Greek Church; but the Latins, Armenians, Copts, and Abyssinians, have each a chapel, and I believe all have a common right in the Chapel of the Sepulcher.

It seems a little remarkable that there should be no Missions in Palestine of any Protestant Church, except the Established Church of England and one small Baptist Church at Nablous, under the care of a native pastor. Why has not the heart of the Church turned more warmly toward Jerusalem? Surely there ought to be an American Church in the city of Jerusalem. There is no Protestant place of worship in the city but that of the Church of England. I hope the Churches of our own country will take the matter up, and secure a foothold here without delay.

Both the United Presbyterian and the Reformed Presbyterian Churches have missions in Syria, but they are all to the north of Palestine. In Mount Lebanon they have had considerable success. But is it not desirable, above all things, to see a thorough evangelism set on foot in that country from which the gospel started out? I confess to a sentiment of that sort. It seems so anomalous that Christianity should be effete in the midst of the hills where its Author lived and suffered, that I cannot but cry, "How long, Lord!" Nor can I doubt that the day hastens when God will recover Mount Zion to himself.

Christianity is beginning to express itself more strongly in the Holy Land. There is the remarkable "Temple" community. Then there are some noble charities established by Christians in Europe; notably a hospital for lepers, founded and endowed by a noble lady of Pomerania, and under the care of the Moravians. The house is a substantial stone building, as, indeed, all houses here are. The premises are very well kept, and every thing seemed to us to be very well managed. On our way to visit it we passed through a throng of lepers congregated near the Jaffa gate—all beggars. Though the appearance of a leper is different from what I had pictured, many of them have certainly a most loathsome look. Their rags and filth give the finishing touch to what would be as disgusting as possible without these accompaniments. When we entered the hospital the contrast was most striking, and even leprosy seemed to be half relieved of its horrors by the cleanly and comfortable provision made for the inmates. This hospital is outside of the wall, beyond the Jaffa gate. I at first supposed that all the houses out here were built by well-to-do Jews; but I find that some of them are Christian Institutions.

I had often heard of the Jews' wailing-place in Jerusalem, and had a great desire to see it. The great Mosque of Omar occupies the site of the old Temple, and is also surrounded by a wall which separates it from the rest of the city. The east wall, though, is the city wall, while the other three divide the grounds of the mosque from the city. The grounds thus secluded are a quadrangle of a quarter of a mile each way. This area of the mosque

grounds is, as nearly as can be ascertained, the same as that which was devoted to the Temple. Into this area, the dearest place on earth to the Jew—his holy ground—he is never permitted to enter.

The streets of Jerusalem are extremely irregular—and there is one very short, perhaps three hundred yards long, and rather wider than the average street here, which lies under the west wall of the Temple-grounds. This wall is very high, probably thirty feet—a mere dead wall, without any break for door or window. A low wall runs parallel with it on the other side of the street. This street is so situated as to be very little used, and the Jews have purchased of the Turkish authorities the right to come here every Friday afternoon, and bewail the destruction of the city and Temple, and their own dispersed condition. This place we have visited twice—once on Thursday to see the place, and then at the hour of wailing. Even on Thursday we found a few there uttering their dirge-like lamentation. But on Friday the whole street was filled with them, bewailing in a solemn and bitter tone the desolation of their race, and calling on the God of their fathers for pity and help. There they were, as near to the holy ground as they could get, yet excluded from it—and gathered there to mourn. I scarcely ever shed tears, but at that sight the tears came. True, as was to be expected, with many it was only a formal thing; but there were many whose wail came out of their very souls. Face, and attitude, and voice, all were in unison with the solemn purpose of the occasion. Judah has been in mourning for 2,000

years. Is it His blood on them and on their children?

Sometimes there is a responsive chant in these words:

Leader. For the place that lies desolate. Response. We sit in solitude and mourn.

Leader. For the place that is destroyed. R. We sit, etc.

Leader. For the walls that are overthrown. R. We sit, etc.

Leader. For our majesty that is departed. R. We sit, etc.

Leader. For our great men who lie dead. R. We sit, etc.

Leader. For the precious stones that are burned. R. We sit, etc.

Leader. For the priests who have stumbled. R. We sit, etc.

Leader. For our kings who have despised Him. R. We sit, etc.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### JERUSALEM.

NO ONE WEEK can suffice to get a thorough knowledge of the topography of Jerusalem. If I could command the time for it I should remain a month at least. But as it is, I must make the best of the few days I have.

We have at last visited the great Mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of the old Temple. It is by far the most magnificent building here, and is held by good Mussulmans the most sacred place on earth, next to Mecca. Until within a few years past no Christian was permitted to enter it, and even now the Jews are rigidly excluded.

The mosque stands, as the Temple did, in an area a quarter of a mile square. This area is surrounded by a very massive and high wall of stone. The open space, therefore, immediately surrounding the mosque, is large. There is another building in the south-east corner of the inclosure—the El Aksa Mosque.

The principal building, the Mosque of Omar, occupies the very spot on which the Temple of Solomon stood. Of this there can be no reasonable doubt. It is the site, also, where a very old tradition locates the offering of Isaac; but, of course, this is wanting in any historical proof, though it is likely

that that great transaction took place hereabouts, if not at this exact place.

A very large paved area surrounds the Temple, the pavement being of squares of dressed limestone. The building is an octagon, the wall being of limestone. Above the octagon is a circular story, and that is surmounted by the dome which is celebrated over the whole world, both for its great size and beauty of design, as well as for the wonderfully gorgeous ornamentation of the interior. On the outside of the story that the dome rests on there is a casing of blue porcelain tiling—at least, blue is the prevailing color, but it is relieved and variegated by other colors.

Inside of the mosque there are numerous columns, extremely massive, mostly of marble, of rich dark colors, variegated. A few of them are of porphyry. A most remarkable thing about them is that no two are alike. They differ from each other in almost every respect—in the sort of marble, in size, and in the size of the capitals.

The interior decoration of the mosque is indescribable. The inlaid work, which is seen everywhere, in some angles of light sparkles like diamonds. There are elaborate figures in inlaid work of glass fused with gold. The process is this: gold-leaf is placed between two plates of glass, and the whole brought to a state of fusion by heat. It is glass which is as it were gold. The whole of the interior of the dome is covered with elaborate and beautiful figures of this sort of work in great variety. Even below the dome on the inner surfaces the work appears in astonishing

profusion. Gorgeous! This is the only word I can think of.

It is supposed that the top of the hill, which is of solid rock, was oval naturally, and that it was leveled off preparatory to the building of the Temple; but, according to the Rabbins, there was one part of the rock left at the original elevation, all around it being leveled down. This rock, according to the same authorities, stood in the Holy of Holies, and on it the Ark of the Covenant, shadowed by the wings of the cherubim, rested. This elevation of the solid rock remains, standing under the dome, and surrounded by a high and strong railing. I say it *remains*; but a good deal of it has been taken off of late years by the Mohammedans, and sent off to remote regions to make sacred shrines of. From this rock they affirm Mohammed ascended to heaven, and they will *prove* it to you by two infallible signs—the first is a deep indentation made by his foot when he made the wonderful spring that propelled him up, and the second is in the form of deep marks made by the angel Gabriel in his tussle with the rock to hold it down, for it did its best to follow the prophet in his celestial flight. The finger-prints of the angel are very deep. The skepticism that can resist all this must be incorrigible!

There is also here under this great dome a small cave into which we were taken, and in which there are two small structures that have some wonderful Mussulman legends connected with them. Dr. De-Hass suggests that it is possible that Araunah used it for storing his wheat after it was threshed; for Araunah's threshing-floor was on this hill. We had

the Doctor with us in visiting the mosque, and his presence and the information he was able to give were of great value to us. He showed us traces of passages which must have been those which led from the Temple to the Palace of Solomon, which stood on the southern slope of the same hill, and perhaps the very *steps* by which the king "went up" from his own house to the house of the Lord. His long and careful study of the locality has enabled him to trace marks of the remains of the oldest times, which are very striking when your attention is called to them; but which, nevertheless, a stranger, passing along hastily, would be likely to overlook. He took us to the mouth of the great reservoir which contained an abundant water-supply for the Temple. This reservoir was cut out of the solid rock, and is still underground, with a few openings down to it, at different places, through which the water was drawn, and a principal one in which steep steps cut in the living rock descend to the water's edge. It is several rods square and very deep.

The Doctor also explained to us the wonderful system of drainage by which the purity of the grounds was effectually provided for. It seems, indeed, to have been very perfect. Every thing was taken off by channels cut through the rock, with abundant water running continually to bear it to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, far below.

But nothing interested me more than what are called "Solomon's Stables," and what might really have served that purpose very well. This wonderful structure is *under* the eastern part of the Temple

grounds, and consists of a system of columns and arches springing from the top of the columns. The purpose they served primarily was to extend the level space of the Temple area far over the brow of the eastern declivity of the mountain, as it sloped down so rapidly toward the chasm of the brook Kedron—which is the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The stones of which these columns and arches are constructed are enormous. The line of columns farthest east is very high, and as the successive rows westward stand on the side of the hill higher up, the columns become shorter. The *tops* of them all are upon the same horizontal line, the dome-like arches over them making a solid basis over which the Temple grounds were extended. Indeed, on the eastern, or *lower*, side, there is another set of pillars and arches underneath that which I have described—very massive—which serve as supports for those above; for the elevation on that side was too great to be reached safely by one set of pillars. These substructions of the pavement of the Temple area, as it was extended out over the steep slope of Mount Moriah toward the Kedron, are very grand in their massiveness, and one gets an idea of the magnitude of the work of building the Temple when he sees them. The Temple itself was not a very large building, but the walls around the large open area in which it stood, the pavement that surrounded it, and the substructions, all of stones of great size, constitute, all taken together, a work of stupendous proportions. I never before felt the force of the simple statement that the structure was made of “*great stones and hewn stones*,” for while many of the stones are of great size the fit-

ting and adjustment of them are very perfect. There has been no such work done here since. In the Roman period there were splendid palaces, and Herod's extension of the Temple was very large and magnificent, but the stupendous blocks used in the first instance have no fellows in the later work. The Saracens, too, have built splendidly, but they have done no work that for grandeur of conception, or Titanic power of execution, can begin to compare with that of the old Phœnician architects to whom these great structures, no doubt, owe their grandeur. Whenever an old stone has been found, coming down from that period, and built into a modern wall, it shames the puny execution of the moderns, and where a section of an old wall still stands it presents a massy front which inspires the beholder with awe.

At the Russian Hospice, outside the wall, in the excavations made preparatory to building, a monstrous unfinished column was unearthed, which rivals in size, though not in length, the great obelisks of Egypt. It was cut out of the native rock, but seems to have been broken before it was finished, and therefore abandoned. It was covered only to the depth of a few feet, and the Russians, with great good taste, when they discovered it, laid it entirely bare, and walled the excavation in a substantial manner, so as to preserve it from being again concealed. There it lies, a dumb witness of the unknown Titans whose astonishing architectural achievements have dropped out of all written history.

But no traces of the oldest masonry about the city interested us more than those laid bare in the excavations made about the "Bishop's School," an

institution of the English Church. It lies on the south side of the city, outside of the wall, on the descent into the Valley of Hinnom. In the excavations made to get a foundation, and make a little level space about the building, a section of the old wall was found, deeply covered by the *debris* of ages. Some portions of it were found where the wall had been bodily toppled over by some amazing force, and the stones were rebuilt into an outer wall connected with the school. The line of wall was followed for some distance. It evidently took in the whole of the point of the mountain projecting down to the junction of the Gihon and Kedron, or at least as far as the pool of Siloam. On this part of the old city prophetic malediction has taken effect in the most liberal way. It is left out of the modern wall, and, precipitous as the ground is, it is under the plow, and on a great part of it the wheat, in full head, is waving to the winds while I write this.

But I introduced this matter for the purpose of remarking upon the character of the work. I can scarcely believe that it was the work of the Jebusites, though Dr. DeHass inclines to that opinion, and certainly if it be so it will explain the singular fact that after all the surrounding country had been occupied by the warlike tribes of Judah and Benjamin, the Jebusites maintained themselves in this stronghold for four centuries. Below the wall the deep escarpment in the solid rock descends to a depth of, perhaps, fifty feet, on the face of the mountain. With the means of assault then in use, the wonder is, not that it held out so long, but that it was ever taken at all.

Just at the foot of the wall, where it rests on the escarpment, two baths were made in the solid rock, and even now they contain two or three feet of water. Just along the upper edge of the solid rock a gutter was cut, evidently for the purpose of saving the water that fell in the rainy season. Stairways, to a dizzy height, were cut in the living rock; and when they were laid bare a few years ago, after having been covered up for nearly two thousand years, they were deeply worn by the friction of human feet. The soldiers that garrisoned Jerusalem had been ascending and descending here for more than a thousand years before the birth of our Lord. I could not resist the temptation to go up and down those steps which, perhaps, the "mighty men" of David's invincible army had trod, and, *possibly*, the intrepid Jebusites before them.

One is perpetually reminded here of the *complete* overthrow of the ancient city. It stood before our Lord so strong in its impregnable walls, with its buildings constructed of stones so immense as to defy the ravages of time, when from the Mount of Olives, over against it, he beheld it and wept over it, that one would have said it must stand while the hills stand. But he pronounced those quiet words, "Not one stone shall be left upon another that shall not be thrown down." They were projectiles from a divine catapult, and swept the doomed city into ruins.

Even the modern city, dwarfed in contrast with its ancient ruins, presents an aspect of solidity rarely seen elsewhere. There is very little wood used in any of its buildings. All is stone. The walls are of

stone ; the floors, in every story, are of stone, resting on solid stone arches ; so also the roofs. The very stairways are of stone. Even now it is a wonderful city.

One fact stated to me by our Consul took me wholly by surprise. This city of the Jews, ruled as we all know by the Turks, *is owned by Christians*—not by individual Christians—but by Churches, and mainly by convents. The house occupied by the American Consulate is rented of the Armenian Patriarch, being the property of the great convent of that Church here. These corporations never die, and so there is never any distribution of their estates. Property used for religious purposes is free from taxation here—Christian as well as Mohammedan. But the Christians could well afford to pay a reasonable tax on their Church-property to be exempted from the *loans* they are called upon to make. The Pasha says to the Patriarch, “Lend me \$100,000 for the Government.” The Patriarch is *free* to make the loan or not. But he knows two things—first, that the money will never be paid, nor any interest on it ; and secondly, that if he does *not* make it he will soon find himself in a horrible Turkish prison. He will not be imprisoned for refusing the loan—not at all ! That is no offense. But *he will be imprisoned* in a filthy hole, and in the company of the vilest criminals, and kept there from year to year, and in all probability die there. It will be given out that he is guilty of *some* crime, not specified, and that he will be brought to trial soon—yet he will suffer on for years, while one thing is certain, that is, he will *never* be brought to his trial. Within the last five or six

years, the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem was thrown into prison just in this way, when the American Consul *demand*ed his release. I believe the Consuls of several European Governments joined in the demand. They were put off with dilatory replies. The American Consul went to the prison with the *attaches* of his office and the official insignia, and enforced the demand. But the Pasha found other means of persecuting the venerable ecclesiastic and securing his removal. His successor made the loan *of course*. The despotism of the Government, and the infamous corruption of the officials, make it a stench in the nostrils of all enlightened men, and European ideas of government, and even *American* ideas, are beginning to spread here. Even our dragoman, good Mussulman as he is, has volunteered to express his disgust with the Turkish Government, and his opinion of the prosperity the country would enjoy if it were governed as England or America is.

H. took great pleasure in finding all the various localities about Jerusalem without a guide, with the aid only of his guide-book; and although it occasioned some loss of time, and in one instance necessitated our going over the same ground a second time, I did not object, for the time may be well-spent lingering about the streets and suburbs of the city. Besides, your guide is certain to annoy you by keeping up a constant gabble about his traditional nonsense, which diverts you from your own observations and reflections, which, no matter who you may be, are sure to be infinitely more rational. It seems to no purpose to request him to be silent, for isn't he paid to enlighten you on all

these points? and whoever knew an Oriental who would consent to receive money without returning the full value in service? Except when we had the very valuable assistance of Dr. DeHass we preferred to be alone. We also discarded horses, and saw Jerusalem and suburbs on foot. Our week here was a laborious one, but one of the most delightful of our lives. In one of our tramps we went to the junction of the Kedron and Gihon, for the purpose of determining the topography of the remarkable gorges formed by these two rivulets, if rivulets they may be called, for no water flows in them, except as the immediate and momentary result of copious rains. No one can *realize* what a stronghold Jerusalem was by nature until he sees these gorges, and even then he must call in the aid of his imagination, for the ledges of naked rock, presenting many perpendicular faces, have, in the lapse of centuries, been covered and rounded over by the rubbish thrown out of the city. In addition to these topographical observations, we desired to see the pool of Siloam, which is on the point that runs down between the two gorges to their confluence. We did not go directly to the point, but crossed the Kedron half a mile or more above, and ascended the bluff on the east side, so as to pass through the village of Siloa, or Siloam, where the tower fell once on eighteen persons, "and slew them." Seen from the other side of the Kedron it looks like a cluster of houses glued to the almost perpendicular side of the mountain. Only one continuous street runs through the village, and that is very tortuous, making many violent angles as well with the line of the horizon as

with the points of the compass. It is frequently on the plane of the foundations of the houses on the left, and of the roofs of those on the right. One wall of the greater part of the houses is the face of the rock in its natural position. It is a miserable Mohammedan community, which, so far as I could see, exists only for the purpose of breeding boys with uncommon *cheek*, even for Arabs, to run in packs at the heels of travelers, plucking their sleeves, and shouting, "*Backsheesh*."

When we came to what we supposed was the pool of Siloam, we soon became convinced of our mistake. There were two ruinous-looking stone structures, small and not very ancient, and a well of water connected with one of them. It proved to be what is called by the natives, "Job's Well." Places are named by these modern Arabs without rhyme or reason. We had, in fact, stumbled on the ancient En Rogel, one of the points named in describing the boundary between the tribes of Judah and Benjamin. It is in the valley, very near the junction between the Kedron and Gihon.

Consulting the guide-book afresh, we took our bearings, and, going up on to the point on the Kedron side of it, we found, first, what is called the lower pool of Siloam. It was made simply by building a dam across a short ravine. It is now dry, and is, in fact, in cultivation. Near by, and just at the base of a cliff, we found the real pool. It is a pit 30 or 40 feet long, by perhaps 15 in width, sunk into the ground to the depth of 10 or 12 feet, and walled with stone. The walls are perpendicular. Short portions of columns are still standing in it, which were once

the supports of a beautiful structure which sheltered it. It is supplied with water from a copious spring, which comes out at the base of the cliff. The water in the pool is quite shallow, an outlet draining it off through a rock-hewn channel to a ditch from which it irrigates several gardens in the valley.

I doubt not that in our Saviour's time the pool was under a roof supported upon beautiful columns, and that a flight of stone steps led down to the water. I could but imagine the blind man, led by the hand, anxiously approaching and washing his eyes, to open them with rapture upon the deep azure of a Judean sky. In India, and especially in Egypt and Palestine, diseases of the eye and blindness are much more common than in America. At every turn you meet a blind man led by a boy. "A blind man sat by the wayside begging." We have seen scores of them sitting flat in the dust on the side of a frequented road.

We took a long walk one morning, going out on the Damascus road a mile or more, to Scopus, the ridge on which was the principal camp of the Roman army during the siege, and following the ridge around to the Mount of Olives, with which it forms a continuous chain. From one point in this walk we got our best view of the city, a view which showed the depression of the Tyropœan Valley throughout its whole extent. This valley was once a deep gorge separating Mount Zion from Mount Moriah, but is now so nearly filled up that its precipitous cliffs have entirely disappeared, and it has come to be a gentle depression traversing the city in a southeasterly course. Looking from the Mount of

Olives you see the city *across* this valley, and lying on both sides of it, so that the line of vision does not reveal it. But from a more northerly position the eye takes in the whole contour of the area within the walls.

In the same walk we saw a little farming village on the slope of a hill to our left—a very unpretending place now. Probably it was always so. So far as I know, but one event ever occurred there to give it any historical importance. One man was born there who belongs to the ages—the Prophet Jeremiah. It was “the city of Anathoth.” This discovery was, to me, a pleasant surprise, for, if I had ever known, I had forgotten that the birthplace of this man of tears was in the immediate vicinity of the wicked city whose overthrow he lamented with such eloquent effect as to give his very name to be the descriptive designation of that whole class of literary effusions—Jeremiad.

From the same point we had one of our best views of the Dead Sea and the “mountains of Moab.” No doubt our eyes rested upon the very summit from which Moses saw the Promised Land which he could not enter. There he died, and God buried him, and “the place of his sepulcher no man knoweth unto this day;” howbeit the Arabs will show you his tomb on *this side* of the Jordan—with their customary accuracy and veracity.

On Sunday, in the morning, we heard Bishop Gobat, of the Church of England, preach a sermon of great simplicity, in which he took occasion to lament the ritualistic follies that are creeping into “our beloved Church.” He is a Swiss by birth.

For three years he labored in Abyssinia. His diocese, he informed me, extends from the head of the Nile to the mouth of the Euphrates! The Bishop is now a very aged man, deeply evangelical, and ready for his change, which must soon come.

The Rector of the Church, a converted German Jew, made an announcement that interested me. It was, as nearly as I can recall it, in these words: "There will be a *meeting* in the lecture-room of this church, at half-past seven o'clock this evening. Bishop Marvin, of the Methodist Church, in the United States of America, will deliver a lecture. The regular evening service will be suspended." This Rector is a delightful man, full of the love of Christ, but trammled by the exclusiveness of his Church. He would have had me to preach in the main audience-room, after reading the service himself, but our Consul had told him that he thought I would enjoy it better to occupy the lecture-room, and do things in the Methodist style. So, at the appointed hour, I met a crowded audience and *lectured* on Rom. iii. 31.

On Monday morning we were to start out on a tour through the country. For this purpose we had entered into a written contract with Solomon Ali, of Jaffa, a professional dragoman. He was to furnish us riding-horses that we should be satisfied with after trial, comfortable tents and bedding, and first-class fare, to pay all necessary *backsheesh*, to go with us to such places as we might desire, especially to Jericho, the Jordan, Mar Saba, Hebron, the Pools of Solomon, Bethlehem, Shiloh, Shechem, Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, Damascus, and Baalbec, terminating the

tour at Beyroot; and we, on our part, to pay him, for each one of the party, a pound sterling *per diem*. The contract had been duly attested by the American Consul, who knew Solomon, and assured us of his efficiency and integrity. So, we had nothing to do but to mount our steeds in the morning, determine where we would camp for the night, ride to such places as might be practicable during the day, take lunch at a convenient point, and toward nightfall go to the place of encampment to find the tent pitched, the table set, and a smoking dinner ready to be served.

Our party is a select one, consisting only of three persons, the third being Mr. Samson, a young gentleman from Virginia, a Presbyterian, a student of divinity, who has been at Leipsic, in Germany, for three years devoting himself to the study of languages, and who has come here to see the sacred places of Christian history, and to study the colloquial, as he has already studied the classical Arabic.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### IN THE SADDLE AND IN THE TENT.

RAILROADS would ruin the Holy Land. It seems almost a pity that there should be a carriage-road from Jaffa to Jerusalem. This one region ought to be preserved as it was two thousand years ago. The scream of the locomotive would sound almost like profanation in the midst of these hills. The telegraph is bad enough.

It is actually delightful—this traversing the country on horseback and camping out. Our baggage is carried on pack-mules. There are three of us, and it takes seven men and ten horses and mules to get us along. The men are the dragoman, a waiter, a cook, three mule-drivers, and Achmed, who goes along with us on a pony, loaded with our lunch, and such articles as overcoats and umbrellas—in short, all such things as we are liable to need in the course of the day. He carries all this, and rides himself on the smallest horse of the lot, but the horse is a marvel of endurance.

The principal tent is a very large one, and whenever it is pitched the American flag floats above it. It is the sitting, dining, sleeping-room. The smaller tent is the kitchen, and I suppose the dragoman and some others sleep in it, but the muleteers sleep under the sky.

We are generally on the road early. At about noon we stop under an olive tree, or under "the shadow of a great rock," or in a wayside khan, when Achmed unloads his pony, spreads down a carpet, takes out three tin plates, with knives and silver forks, and produces our luncheon. This consists, usually, of cold roast mutton, cold boiled chicken, good light bread, cold boiled eggs, with the requisite condiments, besides figs or raisins, nuts and oranges.

The time of getting into camp varies with the length of the day's journey. The baggage train always precedes us, and on arrival we find our tent pitched, with our personal baggage in it, three pewter wash-bowls, half full of water, standing outside, with snowy towels hanging near, and three iron-framed cots, having the mattresses already laid, with pillow, blanket, and clean sheets—positively beckoning us, as it were, to a siesta. At six o'clock, dinner comes—soup, the most delicious, roast mutton, chicken, variously prepared, vegetables, well cooked, pudding, fruits and nuts, all served on elegant china, with change of plates with each variety. What think you of that for a pilgrim?

Our employes are all good-natured and accommodating. In the evening we have a busy scene of cooking, currying horses and mules, feeding them, and other camp duties. After running loose and grazing for a time the mules and horses are fastened. This is done in a peculiar way. A rope is drawn along on the surface of the ground, stretched tight, and fastened down at several points by pegs. To this the animals are tied by halters. They eat their

grain in sacks. On each side of the sack's mouth a piece of rope is fastened, and then tied to the head-stall of the halter. These are so short that they keep the nose in the sack, so that there is no waste of grain.

Our companionship in the tent is most delightful. We talk over scenes connected with each place we visit, and find great pleasure in following up the migrations of the Patriarchs, the adventures of heroes, and, above all, the footsteps of the Lord, who, among these hills, "went about doing good."

Monday morning we started out. Going out at the Jaffa Gate, we made half the circuit of the city, descended into the valley of Jehoshaphat, crossed the Kedron, went over the southern shoulder of the Mount of Olives, passed along by the village of Bethany, and so made our way down to Jericho. For many miles the path—for it can scarcely be called a road—leads down a canyon, as it would be called in the Rocky Mountains, with bold, limestone ridges on both sides. Down this canyon David passed when he fled from his unnatural son, and along the declivity of the ridges ran Shimei, cursing and throwing stones. The narrative has a most natural and life-like import when one sees the place. Along this same way our Lord went up on his last journey to Jerusalem to be "offered up," after healing the two blind men at Jericho, and bringing salvation into the house of Zaccheus.

Having made about half our day's ride, we crossed a low ridge, where there are the ruins of some old buildings. This is the traditional site of the *Inn* of the Good Samaritan. Here, under the shadow of a

great rock, we rested, and took our lunch. We were soon in the saddle again, and in a short time found ourselves descending another canyon, toward the valley of the Jordan, or rather riding along the mountain-side with the bottom of the gorge far below. As we approached the valley, looking down into the deep chasm we saw a little water, the first we had seen running in any stream since we left the banks of the Nile. This is believed to be the brook Cherith, from which Elijah drank until it failed him in the drought.

On leaving Jerusalem, for several miles you pass in sight of cultivated fields here and there, but as you approach the valley of the Jordan, the hills, which are steep and rugged all the way, assume more and more the character of a desert. The natural vegetation, scanty all the way, becomes still more so, and cultivation ceases altogether. Along these lower ridges of the mountains a single stratum of dark rock, that seems to be of volcanic origin, crops out through the lime-stone in the most fantastic convolutions. Farther down it appears in greater masses, always in such angles and positions as suggest the presence of violent forces in its upheaval and placement. The geologist must account for this most singular phenomenon—and that other more amazing one, the depression of the valley of the Jordan and of the Dead Sea. From the Lake of Galilee down the valley is *below* the level of the ocean, and the surface of the Dead Sea is more than 1,300 feet below.

“A certain man *went down* from Jerusalem to Jericho.” I shall never need a Commentary again

on this passage. With the exception of the low ridge of the traditional inn where we lunched, we were going *down, down, down*, all the way, till we reached the plain of Jericho. Jerusalem is near 3,000 feet *above* the sea-level, and the Jordan, at its mouth, 1,300 *below*. I follow Baldeker. The plain, where the road enters it, some two miles from Jericho, is, perhaps, 300 feet above the Jordan, so that in about sixteen miles you make a descent of near 4,000 feet.

Soon after entering the plain we came upon a flush stream of water, bordered on all sides with verdure. Following it a few hundred yards we came to the point where it bursts from the earth at the base of a low hill. It is called the Fountain of Elisha, the popular tradition identifying it as the spring that the prophet healed. There is quite a breadth of cultivation here, the fields being irrigated from this stream. The cultivation is slovenly in the extreme, and yet the yield of wheat is generous. The water supply is sufficient, if it were properly husbanded and distributed, for the irrigation of a wide area, and in that case it would furnish food for many thousands. When Lot looked down upon it from the western hills it was like the garden of the Lord, and when Joshua invaded it, it was so fruitful as to support two considerable cities—Jericho and Gilgal—the former of which, at least, was a walled city. At present there is only a miserable village here, inhabited by a few families noted for indolence and indigence. We camped near the village, which is about four miles from the Jordan, and ten from the Dead Sea.

In the morning we were off bright and early for the Jordan, being joined by another party that were in camp near by. We were prompted to this—shall I confess it?—by rumors of two murders and several robberies committed near the river, only a day or two before, by “the Bedouins.” Besides that, a man we had been traveling with, and who had made an independent trip to the Jordan under the escort of two Sheiks and a dragoman, came to our tent in breathless excitement to tell us of a suspicious-looking Arab who had appeared on the other side of the river that very day, while he was bathing. His Sheiks, he told us, “were dreadfully scart,” so that he was obliged to cut his bathing short and get away, albeit, as he assured us over and over again, he himself was “*not* scart a bit.”

Almost every one is disappointed in the size of this river, but the current is deep and rapid, and the volume of water considerable. My two companions bathed leisurely, and we got away without so much as a distant sight of the Bedouins. All the country east of the river is occupied by these tribes, which are still nomadic to a great degree, and there is no doubt that they are very lawless. All who travel on that side have to secure the protection of each one of the Bedouin Sheiks through whose lands they pass, propitiating them with large *backsheesh*.

Having seen the Jordan, we pushed on to the Dead Sea. On the way we met another party, when suddenly, from some distance, the Arabs of the two parties dashed toward each other, putting their horses up to full speed, and had a mimic battle, firing their revolvers and careering around at a grand

rate. It was really quite exciting. Our dragoman bore himself splendidly, reigning his steed hither and thither with great dexterity, looking superbly fierce, and firing this way and that as if he were in the midst of a troop of Bedouins. I felt proud of him.

Here we are at last on the sandy beach of the Dead Sea. Now is *my* time to bathe! I had been charged by knowing ones to keep my head out of the water, and to be careful, above all things, that none of it should get into my eyes. But I plunged in, head foremost, and got my eyes full. Well, what of it? It is simply strong salt water—that is all. It is quite clear, so that you can see the bottom at a considerable depth. People are beginning to bathe in it for sanitary purposes. It is said to be a specific for obstinate cutaneous diseases. As for my eyes, the smarting soon ceased, being followed by a pleasant sensation, of which I was still conscious the next day.

The water that dripped down from my hair, as it dried upon my neck, left a white incrustation of salt, so strongly is it impregnated with chloride of sodium.

Our camp for that night was at Mar Saba, an old and famous Greek monastery, built in the cliffs of the brook Kedron, in the mountains, a few miles from the Dead Sea. The gorge of the brook here is several hundred feet deep, and the cliffs almost perpendicular. The monastery is of very irregular construction, occupying the face of the cliff on the right side, and getting a foothold on the successive ledges as it can. It straggles up almost from the base to the summit. It was founded, I believe, in

the fourth century, and has many old manuscripts, supposed to be very valuable. We were favored with an order from the Patriarch of Jerusalem to be admitted to a sight of these treasures. On applying for the privilege we were shown into a very small room where there are, perhaps, a hundred bound volumes of manuscripts on parchment. They were carefully written. The beginning of each book was in illuminated character. The figure of the fish appeared every here and there in red ink on the margin. The ink is faded very little, if at all.

We learned afterward that we had been cheated. The great collection was not shown us at all. It is in a large room, where the old rolls of parchment lie in great piles.

We have had soldiers to guard our camp every night. Here one of the monks volunteered to assist the soldiers, and gave us as his reason that he was willing to stand guard for the purpose of getting some meat to eat, as in the monastery he never got anything but olives and vegetables. Moreover, we had to buy water of the monks. They have ditches all along the mountain sides to drain the winter rains into their vast reservoirs for use in the summer. There is none to be had elsewhere for miles, for they are in the desert region that skirts the Dead Sea. These men are said to be extremely ignorant, and, from their general style and appearance, I can well believe it. It is further affirmed that, not knowing the value of the manuscripts in their possession, they have mutilated many of them, and perhaps destroyed many. But European scholars having of late years sought admission to the library, they have

come now to understand that it is really a treasure of great value.

The road to Mar Saba is very precipitous and often very narrow. My horse was a first-rate fellow, with a touch of meanness in him. Sometimes the path skirting a precipice was just wide enough for a horse to walk in; but where it was three feet wide, with a sheer precipice on one side, he would persist in walking along in the last six inches. It was no use to rein him off, and I soon got used to it, and found him so sure-footed that I lost all concern. Our horses were shod with plates of steel, covering the bottom of the hoof, and having only a hole in the center. They soon wear smooth, and it seems a mystery how they get along on the smooth rock on the mountain side. But they rarely ever slip. It is a mystery to me, but this really seems to be the best sort of shoe for these rocky and precipitous roads.

From Mar Saba we rode direct to Bethlehem. This, of course, was a point of supreme interest to us. What heightened our interest was the fact that, as we had learned, the people of Bethlehem are nearly all Christians. There is also another Christian town near by. As we proceeded westward from Mar Saba we soon found traces of increasing vegetation. We were passing out of the desert. Flocks of goats tended by shepherds appeared on the hill-sides. In a short time cultivation set in—at first in patches, and then increasing in breadth. As we approached Bethlehem we were both surprised and delighted to witness signs of prosperity and industry beyond anything we had seen before. The stone fences are all kept up in good repair; the terracing

was extensive; olive groves were numerous, and green fields spread out in various directions. It was evidently the best country, naturally, that we had been in, and at the same time better cultivated. The appearance of the town also indicated thrift, and impressed us as being very pretty. The houses were of a better class than any we had seen outside of Jerusalem, not, I think, excepting Jaffa. To be sure, the place owes much to the zeal of European Christians, who have erected several convents and schools here. These buildings, being large and in good style, add much to the beauty of the place. The general prosperity is augmented by them, as they increase the population and furnish additional employment to the people.

But while much is due to these circumstances, we were convinced that this Christian community is of a higher type than the average population of the country. Especially the women are of a higher order. They have not the overworked and dejected look so common among the women of the country. They seem more self-respecting, and are not so meanly dressed; they have a fresher, brighter countenance, and a more becoming manner. Another thing struck us and gratified us, that is, that the clamor for *backsheesh* is not so universal nor so persistent—indeed, there was but little of it as compared with other places.

The place of principal interest is the old basilica, which covers the traditional site of the stable in which the Saviour was born. According to this tradition the stable was a grotto in the side of the hill—and this is not improbable; for such were often

used as stables, and it is very likely there was a grotto connected with the village-inn at Bethlehem. These caves of small extent, under the ledges of limestone that crop out all over the country, have been used in this way from immemorial times. St. Jerome gave full credit to this tradition, and came here and lived in a cell very near the grotto, and there died. I am strongly inclined to believe that this is the very place where our Lord was born; yet it is not certain that such is the case. Even if it is, the natural aspects of it are so changed that it does not appear the same. The basilica was built over the grotto, and an ornamental approach made to it from each side, with columns beautifully carved. The sides have been shaped by the architect and covered with rich tapestry. A niche has been formed in which they affirm the Infant was born. There lamps are kept perpetually burning, and the Greek and Latin and Armenian Christians alike, when they enter, kiss the stone floor. Near by, only a few feet removed, is another niche which they say is the manger in which he was laid, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and in which he received the adoration of the wise men and the shepherds. Here, too, lights are always burning, and here the stone is kissed by the ignorant worshiper with as devout a feeling as if there could be no doubt as to its identity.

We were shown, also, under the church, the alleged grotto of St. Jerome, where the pious monk who conducted us assured us there was no doubt the great saint had spent his closing years. Near by, also, is his tomb.

There is no doubt about the great age of this building. It dates, if I am not mistaken, from the fourth century. The general design is plain and simple, and well adapted for *preaching*—a fact which differences it from Greek and Latin churches of a later period. But the walls, or some of them at least, were elaborately ornamented with inlaid work, in which groups of the holy family and of the apostles appear. Whether this was done at first, or was the work of a later period, I do not know. Only patches of it now remain, the greater part having become so injured that it had to be removed. The figures are quaint-looking and old, and the sections that remain contrast strangely enough with the plain white plaster that surrounds them.

A Latin (Franciscan) and a Greek monastery have been added in modern times as wings to the old basilica.

Much of the business of the town consists in the manufacture and sale of crosses, beads, and other religious ornaments. A native merchant, who is a Greek Christian, showed us much attention, going with us through the church and into the grotto, where he devoutly kissed the stones, and then turned us over to the monk who would show us the Latin part. Before parting, however, he very politely requested us to visit his shop. Whenever a man shows you the slightest attention in this country you may know he sees *backshesh* at the end of it, in some form—either under the disguise of business, or as a direct bestowment. This man told us that he had been at the great Philadelphia Exposition, and that the boys had thrown stones at him on the

streets of that Christian city. For once I felt ashamed of my country—though, truth to tell, it was not the first time.

We walked through the town, and went into several shops where the people were making beads and other trifles. We were interested in the simplicity and efficiency of their implements, and the great rapidity with which they turned off their work.

At one place we stopped a moment to see a very simple little mill grinding, turned by one horse. We found a beautiful woman tending it, having her child with her. Both mother and child were seated on the ground just outside the circle of the lever. She was remarkably fair, and turned a pair of most expressive black eyes upon us, at the same time pointing to the child, and saying *backsheesh*. It was one of the few instances of such a demand being made upon us here.

Our luggage had gone by a more direct route to Solomon's pools, only an hour from Bethlehem. Some of our party desired to visit what is said to be the cave of Adullam, but is probably not really so. Upon inquiring we found that the distance was too great; so we returned to our camp, taking the village of Artas in the way. Here we enjoyed an unexpected treat. The village is built on the side of a long ridge, which is separated from another ridge by a little flat valley not more than two hundred yards wide, I should think. For quite a distance the valley is perfectly straight, the edges being sharply cut against the foot of the ridges. The limestone ridges, with slight vegetation, showing masses of rock, and having only a few patches in wheat, which, though

thin and small, offering a mitigated verdure to the eye, set off the beauty of the little valley to perfection, for it was the greenest thing we had seen since we left the valley of the Nile. Every foot of it was in cultivation, so that it formed a strip of luxuriant verdure between the barren hills. It was a thing of beauty that I can never forget.

Above Artas the valley divides, and becomes wider, though the fields, while they are larger, are less luxuriant. On one branch of it are the famous Pools of Solomon. There are three of them, situated one above another along the course of the valley. They are fed, it is said, by several springs, but especially by a very flush one, which is taken from the side of the mountain above, first into a small basin, and then by an underground channel into a shallow well, from which it is drained into the upper pool. In addition to these perennial sources, it is supposed that formerly they were filled during the rainy season to their full capacity. They are very large and deep, and the perpendicular sides are lined with stone walls.

Some suppose they were built by Solomon, as he mentions pools that he had made, in Ecclesiastes, and perhaps in the Canticles. Others assign their construction to a later date. They are only about six miles from Jerusalem, and there can be no doubt that they were originally intended to supply the city with pure water. A wonderful conduit connects them with the city. This conduit is made of stones, actually bored through, the bore being perhaps six or eight inches in diameter, and the stones fitted into each other so as to be water-tight, after the fashion

of joining the sections of a water-pipe in our day. The conduit thus formed was laid in rubble-work with a cement that remains perfect to this day. It passes over the tops of the intervening hills, which are much higher than the pools, and so conveyed the water to the city on the syphon principle. It was a wonderful work, no matter who did it. It is now broken at one place, so as to be useless.

Herod constructed another conduit from the pools along the ridge above the valley of Artas, and so on to Bethlehem. This descends by a slight grade all the way, and still flows, being open at short intervals, and tapped at several points for purposes of irrigation.

After a delightful swim in the middle pool, we had a choice dinner, spent two or three hours in writing, and then slept profoundly till five o'clock, when we were roused for an early breakfast and a long ride.

We must see Hebron, where the bones of the patriarchs lie in the cave of Machpelah, which Abraham bought of the sons of Heth, "for a possession of a burying-place," when Sarah died, and he must needs "bury his dead out of his sight." There seems to be no doubt that the mosque in Hebron covers this very cave. Christians are never permitted to enter this building except on the authority of a special firman from the Sultan. Even then they cannot see the inner sanctuary, and as to the cave itself, it is entered by no one.

Stanley and other distinguished archæologists are of opinion that if the cave is ever opened the embalmed body of Jacob will be found in it.

A good many Jews have recently settled here, and built a synagogue, and there are a few Christians, but the great mass of the people are Mussulmans of the most bigoted class. As we rode out of the city some rude boys cursed us, and threw pebbles after us, reminding us of the boys of Philadelphia. One of the pebbles struck me on the shoulder, but it was so small as not to inflict any bruise.

As we approached the city we saw large vineyards, on the very ground, may be, from which the Eshcol clusters were taken. The country still abounds in grapes. The marks of industry here reminded us of the neighborhood of Bethlehem, though there are no such recent improvements here as there.

I ought to have said that in the city we visited a large pool, walled with stone, which they call the Pool of Abraham.

A mile or so from town we visited the great oak which they call Abraham's oak. It is certainly very near the spot where Abraham's tent was pitched under the oak of Mamre. Just above the oak there is a ridge from which the "vale of Sodom" may be seen—the only point in all this region from which it is visible. There, no doubt, the patriarch stood when he saw the smoke of the burning cities of the plain.

The Russians have bought quite an extensive tract of land embracing this old tree, and are building a large monastery near it. The tree they have surrounded with a strong wall of stone. Under its long lateral branches, too heavy for their strength, they have set props. One of these great branches is

dead, and the tree itself must soon perish. We plucked a few of its leaves.

Near it we passed along an extremely narrow lane between two stone fences, five feet high, built of the loose stone so abundant here. The corners and angles protrude suggestively from the perpendicular wall. If it had been a hundred miles east, over in Moab, I should have said that it was the very place where Balaam got his foot crushed. If he had nothing but sandals on, as I suppose was the fact, and his foot was pressed against one of these angles, it must have been sadly bruised. It was very provoking. No ordinary saint would be likely to keep his temper in such an emergency.

We returned to Jerusalem that night. Within a few miles of the city we passed "the tomb of Rachel." Many Jews come here to mourn. We looked in. Lamps were burning, and a few mourners were sitting there, some mumbling over their books and some eating boiled eggs and drinking out of a bottle.

The sky was overhung with heavy clouds, but as the city came in sight they parted just under the sun, as it stood a few degrees above the western horizon. The sun-burst upon the green fields that skirted the road made a striking contrast with the sombre cloud and with the heavy shadow that fell from it upon the distant mountains. I have witnessed death-scenes where the gloom and the glory were in the same near contrast.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

BETHEL—SHILOH—NABLOUS.

WHEN we returned to Jerusalem from Hebron a strong north wind was blowing, which, to me, was distressingly cold. I took refuge in the hotel, but my companions slept in camp, outside of the wall. They acknowledged in the morning that the tent had proved an unpleasant place, the wind was so strong. For two days it remained quite cool.

Friday morning, April 13, we took our final leave of Jerusalem. From the top of Scopus I had my last view of the city. I paused for some moments, gazing upon the great dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, fixing my mind on the sufferings of our Lord, and dismissing, as far as possible, all thought of the humiliating fictions that a fanatical credulity has attached to the place, and the superstitious ceremonies that have been intruded upon it. "I believe that He suffered!" and think it likely that his sufferings culminated and were "finished" on this hill. With such thoughts I bowed my head, and reined my horse northward on the Damascus road, following slowly after my companions, who had gone on. I shall never see this city again. Shall I see the Jerusalem above? God grant it in infinite mercy!

For a long time Neby Samwil raised his tower-crowned head on our left, rising above all other elevations in our view.

A few miles from the city, not over four or five, I should think, we passed "Gibeah of Saul." This was "a city set on a hill," the elevation being oval and quite high. Some old ruins remain. The ascent is rather difficult on horseback. I did not undertake it, but my companions were more adventurous, and were rewarded by a grand view of the city.

We halted for once at a village, the name of which I do not recall, where we saw ruins of a mediæval building—a church no doubt built by the Crusaders. Our dragoman, who, so far, proved to be a fine fellow, proposed to us that we should have our lunch spread in the village khan. The others objected. They affirmed that it looked dirty, and was no doubt full of fleas, to all which I made no reply, for it was too true; but I was resolved to see life in as many phases as I conveniently could. It was a little, nondescript, one-story affair, partly of stone, and partly of mud. In one corner was a middle-aged woman, with a kindly face, preparing a dinner of herbs by a handful of fire in a brazier. Near her sat a young man in faded good clothes, whom we had seen in Jerusalem, chatting with her in a pleasant way. Several men, just like all others of the common class here, were sitting about the door outside, talking very loud, and smoking the nargile. Our lunch-carpet was spread in the middle of the floor, and we fell to work upon it with a will, whereupon the man in faded clothes handed us a paper. Poor fellow, he was of a genus and species we had been long familiar

with. Genus, beggar; species, beggar with a certificate. The certificate was from a missionary, and stated explicitly that he knew nothing of the bearer. Some things in Palestine are much the same as in America!

We reached camp early at *Beteen*—Bethel. The present village is not supposed to be on the site of the old town, but in the near vicinity. Of this I suppose there can be no doubt. We were on ground covered with sacred memories. Abram, after leaving "the place of Sechem," had pitched his tent between Bethel on the west side, and Hai on the east. This was upon his first entrance into the country. To the same place he returned after his visit to Egypt, and a considerable sojourn at Hebron. Here occurred the quarrel between Lot's herdsmen and his. The pasturage is not the most abundant hereabouts, and this circumstance might possibly have been the occasion of the strife. On one of these very hills Abram and his nephew stood when they viewed the country to the east and to the west, and agreed to part in peace. Here Jacob slept on that memorable night when he was fleeing from his angry brother, and took of the stones of the place for his pillow, and then also, in the morning, to build an altar. Stones! there is little else but stones. The earth is made of mountains here, and the mountains are made of rocks. Ai, near to Bethel, and east of it, was the next place taken by Joshua after Gilgal and Jericho. Bethel played a not inconspicuous part in the time of the Judges, and appears occasionally in later history.

Of course we must look around a little here. We

rode out into the supposed neighborhood of Ai, and then ascended one of the loftiest eminences in sight. What a view! We saw all the lower reaches of the Jordan valley, and the upper end of the Dead Sea. At the same time, this hill must have been very near Abram's tent, between Bethel and Ai. It was the most eligible point anywhere near from which to view the country. Was this the very hill on which Abram and Lot stood when the patriarch so generously gave his kinsman choice of all the extended domain in the scope of their vision? I think that very likely. From the general lay of the country, I ventured a conjecture as to the route by which Joshua came up from Gilgal, in the valley, to attack Ai in its mountain fastnesses. But of course that was mere conjecture.

How probable and *real* the incidents of Old Testament history appear to a man who studies them here where they occurred! Times, distances, situations, all agree in the most evident way with the statements of the narrative. Even the very manner of life he witnesses tends to illustrate the history. [What an odd *n* I have made in the word "tends"! The Turkish soldier who is guarding our tent for the night fired his gun unexpectedly, and startled me a little. It is nine o'clock P. M.]

The next morning we rode on, over mountains, through deep ravines, over rocks, rocks, rocks. In some places the road is full of loose stones, in others it passes along over the solid limestone, which is worn into ugly holes and ruts by the hoofs of horses and donkeys that have been passing over it for perhaps four thousand years. I suppose Abra-

ham drove his flocks and herds along this very path. Probably Esau and his horsemen rode over it when he went to meet his brother at Mahanaim, and again when he returned to Mount Seir. Jacob also probably passed over it with his flocks when he left Sechem and moved southward. Kings and armies passed over it many a time afterward, as well as thousands of caravans from Gilead, from Tadmor, from Damascus, from the Euphrates, to Jerusalem and Egypt. It must have been along this very way that Saul of Tarsus passed when he made his ever-memorable journey to Damascus.

After three or four hours we made a deflection from the main road to the right, to visit the ruins of Shiloh. These ruins are of a date more recent than the time of the chief glory of the place, though a place is pointed out where the rock was leveled—such is the tradition—for the tabernacle. There is no special material beauty in the situation of Shiloh or its immediate surroundings, to designate it as a place of religious solemnities. It is just such a place as might be found anywhere among these rocky hills. But one thing we observed, it is just at the point where the general character of the country begins to change. South of this, except the Maritime Plain—that is, the Plain of Sharon and Philistia—and the valley of the Jordan, there are no valleys proper—only mountains and deep gorges between them. The valley of Artus is so narrow as to be scarcely an exception, though it is a lovely little strip. But here at Shiloh there are fruitful valleys spreading out to something like respectable proportions. In Judah and Benjamin all cultivation is in patches, larger or

smaller, on the mountain sides. But here in the territory of the tribe of Ephraim, the son of the beloved Joseph, who had one portion given him above his brethren, the "fair valleys" begin to appear.

Returning toward the main road by a rather precipitous way, we came to a fine large oak near a spring, where, of course, we would lunch. This we did, in company with some very pleasant English gentlemen.

On starting again, we fell in with, and passed, a small train of mules, two of which were loaded with native ladies. A singular double-saddle was suspended across the mule, so that one lady sat on each side of the mule, being covered in on all sides by a curtained frame. Each of these mules was led by a man.

In a short while we ascended a ridge of considerable elevation, when lo! a sea of verdure lay before us. It was the "plain of Samaria," all waving with fine crops of wheat, just in full head, or just plowed for later planting of vegetables and sesame. We have seen nothing that can approach to this since we left the plain of Sharon, and indeed the wheat is better here than there—decidedly so. This plain lies between bold mountains, being probably as much as fifteen miles long, north and south, by six or eight wide. These dimensions I give as they struck my own eye. As we descended toward the valley we had nearly the full length of it in view, and toward its northern extremity, on the left side, was the bold, precipitous swell of Mount Gerizim.

Our way lay for some distance through the center of this valley, but as we neared Mount Gerizim it

inclined toward the base of the mountain. Soon we saw a narrow valley running up on the north side of Gerizim, due west, at right angles with the valley of Samaria, through which we had come. This very narrow valley lies between Gerizim and another mountain equally lofty and precipitous on the north side of it. I need scarcely say that this is Mount Ebal. Before we turned to the left into this small valley, our attention was called to a point near the mouth of it, but properly in the larger plain. It was Jacob's well, in the parcel of ground which he gave to his son Joseph. On riding to it we found it in a state of utter neglect. The earth at the top is much fallen in, and a stone lay on the opening of it where it enters the rock. We had all promised ourselves a drink out of it, and one of the party had a bottle, in which he was going to carry some of it home. But alas! it was dry. I imagine it is filled up a good deal with rubbish. The winter rains sometimes fill it, but now, even so early in the season as the middle of April, it is empty.

Half a mile to the north-west is Joseph's tomb. Some eminent archæologists are disposed to accept this tomb as being genuine—not, of course, as the old building, but one occupying the same spot. It is a very plain structure, consisting of four walls, without a roof, and an oval tomb inside standing diagonally with the line of the walls. The whole structure was much dilapidated, until within a few years past an English gentleman had it put in repair at his private expense.

From Joseph's tomb, we turned up the valley already mentioned as separating Ebal from Gerizim,

and riding about two miles came to the city of Nablous, which occupies the place of the old Shechem. The modern city was built by Vespasian, who gave it the Greek name Neapolis, which in the native speech has been corrupted into Nablous, as the same name in Italy has been shortened into Naples. The old Shechem, it is supposed, stood to the eastward of the present city about one mile.

A stream of living water, fed by numerous springs, runs through this little valley, so that the water-supply is abundant and accessible. The valley at the narrowest part I take to be about half a mile wide. Farther in it is considerably wider. It is covered with wheat, in full head now, most of which is very heavy. From the edges of the valley the mountains rise to their full height of over two thousand feet so precipitously as to render the ascent impracticable, or nearly so, except by a circuitous way, though some of our party ventured to *descend* at the steepest point of Mount Gerizim, after having gone up by the easier path.

Our camp had been pitched on the west side of the city, and in approaching it we passed through the principal street, which is paved with square blocks of limestone of different dimensions and somewhat irregular surface. These stones are worn so smooth by the human feet that have been coming and going over them for centuries, that I looked every moment for my horse to slip and fall, but the whole party passed through in safety. Nothing worse befell us than the shouting of Mussulman boys in our rear, "Nassara! Nassara!" How the little infidels would have enjoyed it if one of our horses

had come down and brought his rider sprawling upon the ground!

It was Saturday evening, and we remained in camp here over Sunday. I have uniformly abstained from sight-seeing on the Lord's day, but in this instance I felt that it would be in keeping with the spirit of the day to ascend Mount Gerizim. Accordingly, our little party started out with a guide, going first to the Samaritan synagogue, where we met the high-priest. This building is quite removed from the principal thoroughfare, being situated on the foot of the sacred mountain, the approaches being by "ways that are dark," the streets being very narrow, and some of them arched over for considerable distances. The synagogue itself, when we reached it, we found to be a small building, very plain, with uninviting surroundings. There is a small, open, paved court in front of it, closely surrounded with other buildings, in the center of which in an unpaved area of four or five feet square, are three small orange trees. The synagogue itself is small, the floor being covered with carpeting, except a narrow strip, a foot lower than the rest, just inside of the door. The general plan of the interior is nearly square, with a recess to the left at the farther end.

We found the high-priest a polite man, and rather fine-looking. He would have admitted us freely into his little sanctuary, if we would have "taken our shoes from off our feet," which we did not choose to do. But we stood on the strip of naked stone, just inside, while the priest brought us "the Book of the Law," an old parchment, rolled up after the primitive

manner, and kept in a cylindrical metallic case, which opened on one side, having hinges on the other. The case itself was covered with a cloth of wrought silk. This book is, as I understand it, in the Samaritan text. We told him we understood that he was in possession of a very ancient copy of the Law, and asked him if this was it. He answered frankly, no, and assured us that the oldest copy was rarely exhibited to any one. But after a brief pause he added, as I was a bishop, he would show it to me. How did he know I was a bishop? That is more than I can tell. Then, again, was it genuine respect for the Episcopal office? or was it *buncombe* for *backsheesh*? I cannot tell; but one thing I do know, that is, that *backsheesh* was expected and *paid*. But my eyes were greeted with the sight of that *old, old* copy of the Pentateuch. It was kept in a case like the other, only this case was covered with *two* elegant pieces of cloth, one above the other, and was itself covered with raised figures, on one side; one being a model of the front view of the old Temple on Gerizim. Beside this, there was Moses's rod, Aaron's rod, the altar of sacrifice, and several other of the sacred objects contained in the Temple. The coverings were removed, the case opened, and a portion of the old parchment spread before us. They claim for it a fabulous antiquity, and some good linguists who have seen it believe it to be properly referred to a date about coeval with the Christian era.

I have devoted so much time to this topic on account of the singular character of this people. Here is a little knot of people that have continued together at the foot of Mount Gerizim through all

changes, maintaining the worship of the ancient Samaritan to this day, and preserving with the most scrupulous care their copies of the Book of the Law. For many ages their number has been small, and now the census shows but forty or fifty families. Yet this handful of men cling persistently to their traditions, lingering in the shadow of "this mountain" in which "men ought to worship," with a tenacious and enthusiastic attachment that the ages have not been able to wear out. Every year, at the time of the vernal new moon, they camp out on the lofty summit of the sacred mountain for a full week, and kill the Passover, eating only unleavened bread, and worshipping the God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob.

We were told that the synagogue-worship would take place at the *eleventh hour*—five o'clock P. M.—and that our attendance would not be regarded as an intrusion. It was an opportunity that we could not afford to let slip.

Meanwhile we repaired to the little Baptist Mission, where the pastor, the Rev. Mr. El Kari, a native of Palestine, but educated in England, was in the midst of his sermon. The hearers were all seated on the floor, their shoes having been left at the door. When we were discovered, they politely drew to one side and the other, opening the way for us to pass through to a settee near the preacher's stand—for pulpit he had not. The greater number of auditors were the children of the Sunday-school, but the few adult persons present were remarkably fine-looking. The pastor himself had as fine a head and face as you will see in a month's travel. The communi-

cants are only nine, but the Sabbath-school is well attended, and the Mission is a handful of leaven in the meal.

After the service we had some pleasant chat with the pastor and his intelligent Liverpool wife, and saw their three beautiful children, after which we made our way toilsomely up, up, to the summit of Mount Gerizim. On the very top we found wheat fields.

There are some very massive ruins here, and some are from early times—none, however, earlier than Justinian. But a rock is shown on which it is said the altar stood. I doubt, however, if this is worthy of credence.

But we had a grand view of the great valley of Samaria, through which we had passed the day before, and of the valley and city of Nablous, with the “rock-ribbed mountains” on all sides. The green and fresh-plowed fields alternating in the valley presented a scene of exquisite beauty. Only forests were wanting to make the landscape as lovely as it was magnificent. To my eye no landscape can be perfect without them, and they are nowhere found in Palestine. There are, to be sure, in some places, olive groves that almost amount to forests; yet they are too limited and artificial-looking. Here and there, also, fig-orchards relieve the nakedness of the mountain-sides with a fresh and delightful verdure; but they are only *orchards*. The free forests that nature makes are not here,

The time had now come for the accomplishment of a purpose long since formed by H, and myself—the reading of the blessings and curses, responsively,

on Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal, with a view to ascertain if the space between might be compassed with the human voice. We had detected the very spot where this *must* have taken place, at first sight. There is no mistaking it. There is a natural rock-pulpit on each of the mountains at the point of nearest approach to each other—the one just opposite to the other. At this point the level ground is, to my eye—for we made no measurements—about half a mile wide, and from the edge of the level ground to the rocks from which the responsive utterances must have been delivered, the ascent was perhaps a quarter of a mile on each side, putting the two at a distance of a mile, or near it, on a straight line.

In both directions from this point the valley widens, so that a countless host might be assembled in it and on the foot of the respective mountains. The man who sees the place once can never doubt as to the question of *room* for the people to stand, even upon the supposition that there were three millions of them actually present.

Mr. Hendrix took his stand on Mount Gerizim, and Mr. Samson on Mount Ebal. I and our guide stood in the valley between, when the reading commenced. Every word, every syllable, every vowel, every consonant, pronounced by the two men reached my ear distinctly, except a sentence or two lost in the noise of some passing travelers on the road—and that notwithstanding a current of wind *against* the voice of Mr. Samson who was the more remote of the two from my position. More than that, Mr. Samson heard every word from the other

side, and Mr. Hendrix heard nearly every word from Mr. Samson, though the wind was adverse.

The narrative of the responsive reading of the blessings and curses here has been criticised as impracticable, but the *fact* demonstrates that it is not so. Whether it is the dense atmosphere of the narrow valley, or whether the rock walls of the mountains act as a sounding-board, I do not know; but I do *know* that the articulate utterances of the human voice reach out over this great space with astonishing distinctness. Before the reading began I conversed with both men as to the right position for them to occupy.

What a scene was that when all the congregation of the tribes was assembled here in this valley, "with the women and the little ones," and the officers and elders and judges stood some on this side and some on that, these shouting out the blessings in unison, and those the curses, all the people—three millions—shouting back with one voice, AMEN! See Deut. xxvii., xxviii., and Josh. viii. 30, 35.

After lunch Mr. Hendrix and Mr. Samson made the ascent of Mount Ebal to the top, while I rested in the tent, reading the word of God, meditating thereon. At the eleventh hour, promptly, we were at the Samaritan synagogue again. The worshipers were all men. They left their shoes in the court before the door. But few wore stockings, and all who did, but one or two, took them off. Most of them washed their feet before entering, for which purpose jars of water had been provided. Lamps were lighted within. We were told that chairs would be set for us inside if we chose to remove

our shoes, otherwise we should be placed conveniently before the door where we could witness every thing. We preferred the latter, as the weather was cool, and we were apprehensive of taking cold, not being accustomed to sit without shoes.

The service began twenty minutes after the time—a circumstance not unlike what I have known in Methodist Churches at home. It was unique, and not unimpressive. The high-priest stood in the recess, and when he intimated that the services had begun, all stood in perfect silence for five minutes, and then he recited a sentence, to which the congregation responded, and then all in unison kept up a sort of recitative service, broken at intervals by bowing until their heads touched the floor, always in the direction of the place where the Temple stood on Mount Gerizim. Then some one would repeat a sentence or two, when all would rise, and standing upright, commence again the same sort of recitative exercise as before. Several kept their voices at a high key, others kept to a low tone. They were evidently all using the same words, but not repeating sentences over and over. Some of the boys had books, but all the older men rehearsed without any such aid. Nearly all impressed me as being very much in earnest. One elderly man, however, came out and chatted with us a little, two or three times, dropping his worship meanwhile. He had visited England, could speak English a little, and seemed greatly disposed to be social. We discovered at last, though, that he had an eye to business, as he desired us to go to his shop and buy some of the prayer-books, which we would probably have done if it had

not been on the Lord's-day. My conviction is that *backsheesh* is at the bottom of all the politeness shown to a man in this country.

The service continued for about forty minutes. Just at the close the high-priest held up the Book of the Law, which is much venerated by them. I understand they sometimes go forward and kiss it, but in this case they did not do so.

I do not know on what principle the priesthood is maintained among them, whether by hereditary right or by selection, nor do I know what the priest's duties are in detail, but he is supported by the old Jewish method of the tithe.

There were no women in the congregation—only men, but they impressed us as being intelligent, looking above the average of the people of this country. Their perpetuation is a phenomenon, on a smaller scale, as marvelous as the preservation of the Jews. The wonder is, that, since they exist at all, after so long a time, there should be so few of them, especially as they are perpetuated by natural increase.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### FROM NABLOUS TO TIBERIAS.

I BELIEVE I omitted to state in the last chapter that the population of Nablous is estimated at about 13,000, and that it has a general air of prosperity above the average, perhaps, of Palestine towns. We broke up our camp there on Monday morning, April 16, and made our way northwest to the old city of *Samaria*, about three hours distant. It must be borne in mind that distances here are counted by *hours*, not miles. The country was never surveyed, so that no accurate estimate of the road is possible, but the travel by camel and donkey has been timed, and the native is at no loss to tell you the number of hours to any place. We came by a circuitous way, and were three hours on the road. In these mountain roads the hour is estimated at about three miles. We supposed that the bee-line would not exceed six or seven miles.

Samaria was not the only, but, I suppose, the principal capital of the Kingdom of Israel after the revolt of the ten tribes. Shechem seems to have been the chief seat of religion, and Jezreel was for a time the residence of the perverse King Ahab. At a later day Herod had a palace here, and expended vast sums in improving and ornamenting the place. As a capital it was in a well-chosen situation, being cen-

tral to the territory to be governed, and surrounded by a beautiful and fruitful region.

As we approached it we observed a decided change, in some respects, of the country, though the general features remain the same. There are the same bold limestone mountains, innocent of forests, with the strata of rock disclosing their ledges almost everywhere, the prospect being relieved here and there by olive-groves and fig-orchards, with hedges, now and then, of enormous cactus—prickly pear. These features it has in common with the country farther south. But the valleys continue to increase in extent, there is more earth on the hillsides, with many instances of a grade adapted to easy cultivation, and above all, a good supply of water from springs and running streams. Much of the wheat in Judea is thin and small, but here it is, not always, but generally, thick set and vigorous.

But this year there has been a general failure of the latter rains. As a consequence, many fields are in pitiable case. Much grain is ready to die—especially such as is in *stony places*, where it has no *deepness of earth*. Even some of the most luxuriant crops are beginning to dry up before the grain matures. Scarcity impends in consequence, and already the price of breadstuffs is up.

Besides the larger valleys, we observed as we approached Samaria, a great deal of terracing on the mountain sides, securing a large additional area of cultivation. This adds much to the beauty of the country, both as the effect of terraced mountain sides on the landscape is very pleasant, and as it secures a wealth of verdure where otherwise there

would be little else than bare rocks. Here you see the bold hills in every direction, far and near, with successive terraces rising from the base to the summit, every bench waving with green wheat. The landscape is as beautiful as it could well be in the absence of forests.

In the midst of such scenery you see, in the distance, the ruins of Samaria, on a hill well placed amidst surrounding elevations. There is still a small village here, which amounts to nothing; but the ruins are extensive and interesting. Among them there is a church, built, I believe, by the Crusaders, a considerable part of which remains standing. One basement-room is spread with mats, and used by Mohammedans as a place of prayer.

Passing up the hill from this we came upon a cluster of stone columns, some standing in a good state of preservation, some prostrate, some broken off, leaving stumps erect, and some which, though still erect, are greatly worn by time.

But the largest and most remarkable display of ruins is on the south side, where a triple row of similar columns is found. They were the ornamental supports of an elegant portico built by Herod, running along the whole extent of that side of the city. They are standing now in the midst of a field of wheat. We did not ride along the whole extent of them, nor did we see the full length of the row, as it disappeared over the brow of the hill. It must be a mile or two long. The extent and grandeur of such a portico, supported by innumerable monolith columns, that remain, many of them, standing and perfect to this day, furnish another of the many

proofs of the wealth, the luxury, and the despotism of the Oriental monarchs of the old times. They furnish, also, conclusive proof of the populousness and wealth of the country in former times. No despotism, however absolute and exacting, could grind out of this country now such magnificent and extensive structures, nor build such great cities.

An hour farther upon our way we stopped under the shade of an olive-tree, in the midst of cultivated fields, and enjoyed our lunch all the more from the number of *fellahin*, men and women, who clustered about us to gossip with our dragoman, and pick up the crumbs that we might leave. These people rarely eat meat, and they took our leavings as a treat. One man, especially, gnawed off all the ends of the chicken bones after we had stripped them and thrown them away. He amused us by showing us how he had played the blind man before the recruiting officer, and so avoided the draft for the recent war. His art was really remarkable. He had the power to close his eyes, and, turning the balls upward, open them just enough to show a spot of dead-looking white. The ruse succeeded, his neighbors did not betray him, and he stayed at home with his family to cultivate his little patch and eat his bread and pulse in peace. Among our visitors was a woman, the counterpart of whom I have seen many a time at home, one who would be a notable woman in any rustic neighborhood; self-possessed, chatty, full of good sense, and evidently much deferred to by her acquaintances. There was also a damsel just grown up, and well-grown, dressed in coarse tow linen, with a sort of loose mantle of the same mate-

rial about her shoulders, a small hook for cutting grass and weeds in her hand, and a light line of tatooing around her chin. Her features were fine, indicating decided character. Her whole bearing and attitude were such as to command respect, and the set of her coarse garments had actually an air of elegance. It was remarked among us, that with early advantages of culture and association she would certainly have made a most attractive woman.

In the saddle again, we turned out of our way to see Dothan, where Joseph sought his brethren, and from the midst of the green pastures of which he was sold to the passing merchants, who bought him on speculation for the Egyptian slave-market. Those sons of Jacob were evidently little better than nomadic savages. The slaughter of Shechem and the proposed murder and subsequent sale of their brother are indices of character which cannot be mistaken. One can feel but little respect for them, even after making the fullest allowance for the barbarous age in which they lived.

We soon came to the crest of a ridge of considerable altitude, and found the other side of it covered with wheat, without a single break by ledge or terrace. At the foot of it the valley was wide, and all in wheat. Far up, also, on the foot of the hills beyond, all was covered with the bearded grain. All the wheat in this country is bearded, and the beard is very long. After two weeks among hills whose ledges, laid successively above each other, were like stairways of giants laid in rock, this expanse of gentle slopes and level plains was a pleasant sight. To add to the beauty, brisk wavelets were chasing

each other up the hill as the grain swayed and lifted itself in perpetual pulses before the wind, while varying and ever-shifting tints of green came and went as if they were in a romp of hide-and-seek upon the moving surface. I *felt* a thousand lyrics, but, alas, like all the poetry that is in me, it began and ended in feeling, for it can never form itself into glowing speech, nor crystallize into rhythmic utterance.

Our course was still west of north, and as we proceeded the change already mentioned became more and more marked. We have wider valleys and lower hills. The mountains of southern Palestine are dropping toward the great plain of Esdraelon, that remarkable depression between them and the hills of Galilee—a depression that extends quite across from the Jordan on the east to the Mediterranean Sea on the west.

No wonder that the sons of Jacob, when they left Shechem with their flocks, should go to Dothan. The valley of Dothan is larger than the one we passed through as we approached Shechem, and the hills afford fine pasturage. Probably in that early day the country was but partially under the plow, and it is likely that this magnificent plain itself was open to the roving herdsmen who might be on the lookout for good range.

It is a circumstance to be noted that when Jacob sent his herds to this region his residence was at Hebron, six hours south of Jerusalem. To get this first-rate range for his stock, with abundant water, he sent them away from sixty to seventy-five miles. Near his home he depended almost entirely on wells and pools—artificial sources of supply—but in this

region there were running streams and perennial springs. *There* they must rove over a wide extent of rugged hills to obtain sufficient grass—*here* they could feed and fatten on a little space of level ground. To see the two regions is to have the whole matter explained. One can never be at a loss afterward for the reason of these old stock-growers for seeking a range so distant. They knew this country, having made their residence in the great valley near Shechem when they first came from the east, and fully understood its value for their purposes.

At the northern extremity of the plain is an isolated oval hill on which it is said the city of Dothan stood. There is quite an extensive area of level ground on the top of the hill which might have served for a considerable town. It is now sowed in wheat. Accustomed as our horses were to climbing mountains, they were put to it to make this ascent, and on descending at another point we were compelled to dismount.

At the foot of the hill is a remarkable well. The wall is of dressed stone, and each one is fitted to its place by as neat a joint as I ever saw in a stone building. It is under a roof, and nearly full of very good water. I sat on the curbing and dipped out the water with a glass. They call it the well of Joseph.

We were a little late getting into camp at Gerin. Just a little distance from our camp we saw another, which was the establishment of some Arabs from Damascus on their way home. They joined our train at Nablous in order to be in a larger party, so

that they and we might travel with greater safety in the country near Damascus, said to be infested by thieving Bedouins. But in order, I suppose, to keep the ladies of their party properly secluded, they fixed their quarters for the night a quarter of a mile from us. There were four or five of these ladies, who were all carried by two mules in the same sort of fixture I have before described. I believe, in fact, they are the same party that we then saw.

Gerin is a village situated just at the mouth of a ravine which opens into the plains of Esdraelon. To-morrow we are to cross that great plain.

We are unfortunate, for once, having a foggy day for crossing the plain. It is not a dense fog, but sufficient to hide all remote objects. We were extremely desirous to visit Mount Carmel, but found at the last that our time was too limited for this. It was in some measure a compensation that we should see it from the plain, and get a distinct impression of its general aspects and relation to the country. But the mist was sufficient to obscure it completely. Not less desirous were we to get a full view of the topography of the plain itself, and its situation with respect to certain historical points of great interest within and near it. Gilboa, Little Hermon, and Tabor, are, the two former wholly, and the latter on three sides, surrounded by it. It was the scene of some important battles in the early times—the victory of Barak and Deborah, the achievement of Gideon, and the defeat of Saul. Here, also, were enacted the crimes of Ahab and Jezebel, and the *coup d'etat* of the impetuous Jehu.

Leaving Gerin we crossed the first arm of the plain,

and came to a low spur of Mount Gilboa, near its western extremity. To our left we saw indistinctly through the fog the village which is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Jezreel. By the blunder of our dragoman we had taken a road that did not touch the town, and we determined that, inasmuch as there is nothing of any great interest to be seen there, we would not now make a detour to it. Our main purpose was secured in getting a view of its relation to the country. The precipitous part of the mountain of Gilboa was on our right. Having crossed over to the northern side of it, we turned eastward and rode a mile or two along its base to one of the remarkable fountains that spring out of it. It must have been just along here that the rout of Saul's army took place. I could imagine the defeated host clambering the rocky and steep side of the mountain, all in rout and confusion, embarrassing each other's flight, with the shout of the victorious pursuers behind them, and the sword of the enemy doing bloody work upon the rearmost. There Jonathan, the noble prince, with a kingly heart than the evil-minded monarch, fighting to the death, perished on his high places—and farther over, Saul, in the agony of despair, fell upon the point of his own sword. The sun of Israel was in bloody eclipse this day, and here the discreditable reign of the son of Cis came to an end.

From this point we directed our course toward Little Hermon. Certainly this is a magnificent plain; yet, while its soil is very rich, I am not certain that its fertility is overrated. It is of a quality, at least in some parts where we passed through it,

not so easily cultivated as that in the plain of Sharon, being, when dry, of a hard and stubborn nature. In this respect it reminded me of the adobe soil of Texas and California; but, unlike that, it is of a brown color instead of black. Yet, if it enjoyed the same advantages of cultivation I am not sure that it would not rival even that in productiveness. When I saw the little shovel-plow bobbing about in it, tearing it into clods, and leaving the greater part of the weeds and grass standing, I did long to see some strong, well-turned American plow, drawn by a powerful team, turning the surface over and burying the weeds in a clean-cut furrow.

Having crossed that part of the plain which lies between Gilboa and Little Hermon, we came upon the village of Shunem, elevated just a little upon the swell of the ground at the foot of the mountain. At first it seemed to be made up of little round mud huts of one exceedingly low story, but on closer inspection we found the huts to be built of loose stones, found on the surface of the ground, and used in their natural shape, being afterward plastered over with mud. A meaner-looking village can scarcely be found. The prophet who should come-and-go here now would certainly find no "great woman" to entertain him, or build a chamber for him. As we rode through the narrow and filthy streets, fierce-looking yellow dogs, with bristles erect, flew at us on the flat tops of the houses, yelping furiously, so near to us that we could have touched them with our fingers. It seemed to me that the town was built upon a mound made of the decay of ages. No doubt it stands on the very site

of the old Shunem, and the accumulation of ashes, filth, and fallen houses, has raised the area to its present elevation.

In all cases I give the Scripture names of places instead of the present Arabic names.

It was our purpose to go by the town of Nain, but another error took us so far past it before we discovered it that we had not time to return. The only object in visiting this village is to see the unquestionable spot where one of our Lord's most remarkable miracles was performed, and this we greatly desired. The aspects of the place, and the lay of the ground which constituted the back-ground of the scene, would have made it more real.

By this time the fog was yielding a little, and the hills of Nazareth were in full view to the north, but still another reach of the plain was to be crossed.

I should think a larger area of this plain must be in cultivation now than when Robinson was here. Much of the wheat is very large, and, with efficient cultivation, it would produce cereals sufficient to feed a vast multitude of people.

It is not to be understood that this plain is a dead level. Far from it. Much of it reminds me of the undulating upland prairie of Missouri. There is just sufficient swell for good drainage. There are portions of it, however, that are level, and some places that are swampy.

Geographically, it is a depression between the mountains of Samaria and those of Galilee, with the three independent mountains I have spoken of standing within it. It extends quite across the country,

from the Mediterranean Sea on the west, to the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee on the east.

This plain is bounded on the north by a line of bold hills of sufficient magnitude to be properly denominated mountains. They rise suddenly from the plains so steep as to be of rather difficult ascent on horseback.

Toward their western extremity, on their southern slope, a ravine of perhaps two miles in length opens down to the plain. Toward its upper extremity the ravine, which is narrow below, makes a wider opening in the mountains, while other short ravines sweep suddenly down into it on all sides, with bold hills between them. The space thus made in the mountains is of an irregular oval form, at its upper extremity, with bold hills standing around it. At the upper extremity, or near it, on the foot of one of the hills, or rather a little above the foot, on the somewhat steep ascent, stands the town of Nazareth, just where it stood when the Lord, the holy child, Jesus, toiled in the carpenter's-shop, and grew in favor both with God and man. Back of it the mountain rises to a considerable elevation, having quite a precipitous "brow" at some points.

Far out in the plain, as we approached it, we got a sight of some of the houses that stand highest on the mountain, but as we came nearer the intervening hills concealed it. We saw it no more until we reached the summit of one of the hills that overlook the ravine, when it came all at once into full view. My first impression of it was decidedly pleasant. The houses are of stone, and generally of good size. Several monasteries and a Christian hospital are

large and imposing buildings. The houses rising rapidly above each other on the mountain side, and seeming to hang upon it as a sort of appendage, had a very pleasing aspect.

The present population is estimated at 5,000 or 6,000, 2,500 of whom are Greek Christians, and 2,000 Mussulmans. There are about 100 Protestants. I doubt not that in our Saviour's time it was a smaller town. The present prosperity of the place, like that of Bethlehem, is due in a measure to its Christian memories. Many of its inhabitants are here simply because it is Nazareth. These great monasteries, and this fine hospital, owe their existence solely to that fact. Indeed, I myself felt that it would be a delightful thing to spend the rest of my days where my Lord and Master lived and toiled so long. It requires but slight effort of the imagination to make the very hills seem consecrated.

Soon after reaching our tent we started out for a stroll through the narrow streets of the town. The first place we visited was the Latin Monastery. The building has been destroyed and rebuilt several times during the long ages of its existence, much of the old material being used in successive reconstruction. Evidences of this are seen in the very appearance of the stones in the wall. We found excavations just being made for the foundation of a new wing of the edifice. These excavations disclosed a buried wall of a very ancient date, which had once formed a part of the building. We were surprised to find a two-horse wagon, used for hauling stone—the only wheeled vehicle we saw in Palestine except those which ply between Jaffa and Jerusalem. Ah!

those Germans of the Temple community—four of them are here, and they are the proprietors of this wagon.

Entering the monastery we found several monks engaged in their devotions, being on their knees, and reciting their prayers aloud. An elevated recess is called the chapel of the angels. This is ornamented with a large painting representing a number of angels, but I did not study the picture to determine whether they were connected with the Annunciation, or the birth of the Lord. The fact is that these idolatries, fastening themselves like destructive *fungi* upon the scenes of our Lord's life, pain me so much that I pay but little attention to them. This part of the monastery is ornamented rather gorgeously. Descending a flight of steps we enter the small "Chapel of the Annunciation," which has a niche resembling those in the grotto at Bethlehem. Lights are perpetually burning here, and of course much superstitious folly comes into expression.

From this place we threaded the streets in order to see the town as it is, and especially the quarter occupied by the workshops of mechanics. Blacksmiths', shoemakers', saddlers', and other shops, we saw in numbers, but almost began to despair of finding a *carpenter's* shop—the sort of all others we desired to see. But what place is there for carpenters where all the houses—walls, floors, roofs, stairways—are made of stone. *Stone yards* we saw in abundance, but no carpenter's shop. The nearest approach to it was the workshop of a cabinet-maker. Was it so in our Lord's day? and was this the trade

of Joseph? It is certainly the nearest allied to carpentering of anything *we* have found.

From the streets we ascended to the summit of the ridge back of the town. This ridge is the backbone of the system of hills in which Nazareth lies. We stood at the head of the ravine, the whole extent of which we had in view, but the town itself was concealed from our sight. Turning our faces northward, the hills melt away into a beautiful valley, beyond which another range of low mountains appear, while between us and the valley are two considerable villages. Turning to the left and looking in a south-west direction, we get our first glimpse of Mount Carmel.

Returning eastward along the ridge, and so approaching the town by a circuit, we came upon a very fine view of it from the side opposite to that on which we approached it.

Just at the foot of the hill, on the east side of the town, is the "Fountain of the Virgin." It is the only spring in the place, and there are few if any cisterns, for the people seem all to come here for their supply of water. The water is carried by underground pipes into a reservoir of stone, which is roofed over, and is conducted out of it in two stone spouts, which project from the lower side. There seems to have been formerly a stone pavement here, but it is all broken up, and a puddle of mud and water six inches deep, and several feet wide, is formed by the dripping water. We saw the pool at mid-day and at dusk the day we arrived, and at early breakfast-time the next morning, and there was always a crowd of women, mostly maidens, with

water-jars, each waiting her turn to fill her jar. Sometimes one would be delayed, I should think, for half an hour. The jar is set under the stream that drops from one of the two spouts I have mentioned, which is so small as to require several minutes to fill the vessel. There the barefooted damsels stand and chat, and fill their "waterpots," which are generally large enough, I suppose, to contain two of our ordinary blue buckets full, and then, one assisting another, each raises her big jar, poises it on her head, and walks away up the steep streets. It seems to be quite a time of gossiping for the girls, and, truth to tell, there are generally some grown-up boys sauntering around, with nothing in the world to bring them to the place. But *happening* to be there, they join in the gossip, not without interest, apparently.

This fountain, it is said, was formerly a little up on the foot of the hill, where the Greek Monastery now stands. When we visited this Monastery we saw an ornamented apartment which they called the "Chapel of the Annunciation," which, according to the tradition, covers the fountain or well where the angel Gabriel appeared to the mother of our Lord. A goblet, with the string attached, was dropped through a hole not more than six inches in diameter, and brought up full of pure, cold water for us to drink.

It was with extreme reluctance that we left this place at the end of so short a visit. I had a great desire to linger among its hills. I have no superstitious veneration for holy places. Any hill which God has made is as holy as those trodden by the feet

of his Incarnate Son; but there is an influence in these associations which tends to promote devotion and piety. These are the very hills he clambered over; these flowers are of the same species as those he gathered; the distant reaches of hill and valley seen from these summits constitute the frame-work in which his life was set. It *was* an opportunity most blessed to spend twenty hours in and near the town of Nazareth.

At a point some five miles eastward from the town, the Nazareth range of mountains sends out rather a low ridge, south, into the edge of the plain of Esdraelon. This ridge terminates in an oval mountain of greater elevation than any other in the entire range. Though thus connected with the range behind it, this mountain stands fairly out in the plain, and constitutes a very prominent, if not the most prominent, object in the landscape. This is Mount Tabor, which has generally been taken to be the Mount of Transfiguration. Recent criticism tends to discredit this view. Some are inclined to locate that great event in Mount Hermon, as it occurred very near the time of our Lord's only recorded visit to "the coast of Cesarea Philippi." I shall not enter into the controversy, much less undertake to settle the question. It seems most likely that it took place in one or the other; but even that is not certain.

On our way from Nazareth to Tiberias we had our choice to go by Cana or Tabor, and preferred the latter.

A considerable part of the ascent was made on horseback. From the point where we left our horses the path is extremely tortuous, seeking an easy

grade. Proceeding slowly, we reached the summit with less fatigue than we had anticipated. Two monasteries stand on the plateau, Latin and Greek. The Latin occupies the more elevated position, and we therefore visited it. It is kept by a single Italian monk, with some native attendants. From the top we had a magnificent view. Somewhat to the west of south there rose in a clear atmosphere—for we had a fine day—the ridge of Little Hermon. On its side were two villages distinctly visible, even to the naked eye. That to our left was Endor, the other Nain. They are about half-way up the mountain side. I could imagine the king, forsaken of God, in camp at the foot of the mountains of Gilboa, which we had also in full view farther to the south-west, on the eve of a bloody battle with the Philistines, who were in camp at Shunem, near the point of Little Hermon. The silence of God toward him conspired with a guilty conscience to make him doubtful of the issue. He cannot brave the conflict without some intimation from the awful realm of the unseen world. He hears of a witch—a medium—a spiritist—at Endor. Attended by a few of his servants, he makes his way stealthily, by night, across the strip of plain between the two mountains, having the enemy's camp on his left, crosses the ridge at the base of which the Philistines lay, and, descending half-way upon the other slope, finds the object of his miserable adventure. It would occupy, perhaps, three hours, or less, to go, and as much time to return. What a horrible night!—and what a horrible day succeeded!

Beyond Gilboa, and more to the west, was Mount

Carmel, stretching somewhat dimly upon the horizon. Turning northward we had the mountains of Galilee in full view, and to the right of them—yes, it was so—a strip of water. It was the edge of the Lake of Galilee. To the eastward lay the valley of the Jordan, and the mountains of Gilead beyond, in full vision.

Back of the monastery are some old ruins of great interest to the antiquary, whose knowledge of architecture enables him to classify such remains, and assign them to their proper era.

Was this the Mount of Transfiguration? For aught I know it was. If so, what a glory crowned this summit once!

After remaining as long as prudence would allow, descending rapidly, we heard Hazeez calling. Hazeez had been left in charge of our horses and our lunch. We did not know but the Bedouins had attacked him, he called so lustily; but the faithful Arab was only solicitous for us, lest we might lose our way in the mountain.

As we descended toward the plain we met a woman who had been weeping till her eyes were swollen. She had lost her donkey. After a brief colloquy we proceeded on our way, and she went on wailing with a very bitter cry. My sympathies were deeply touched, and the more when our dragoman explained to us the cause of her distress. She belonged to a company of pastoral Bedouins whose camp we would soon pass. Having been on some laborious errand, and been riding several hours, she dismounted to take a little rest, and let the donkey feed. Unintentionally she fell asleep, and awoke to

find the donkey gone. For several hours she had been seeking him, and if she returned to the camp without him her husband would give her a savage beating. "That is the way these Arabs do," said our dragoman, himself an Arab. If the women of America could only realize what Christ has done for them they would never rest till the gospel should be preached over the whole face of the earth.

We were soon in a comparatively level plain, which may be properly regarded as the north-eastern extension of the plain of Esdraelon. It is perhaps 1,000 feet above the level of the Sea of Galilee. In a few miles we began to descend toward the sea, where the ground again assumes a somewhat mountainous aspect.

Soon the waters of the sea appear in their deep bed, and we hasten on to find the stars and stripes floating over our tent on the shore, just south of the city of Tiberias.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### SEA OF GALILEE.

I HAVE said, in a former chapter, that the plain of Esdraelon is about 1,000 feet above the level of the Lake of Galilee. Sweeping round the east side of Mount Tabor, and stretching out east and north-east, it finally breaks into ridges as it descends toward the river and the lake. Near the edge of the plain, and perhaps as much as three miles from the sea, is an elevation of rather singular shape, which is distinguished as the traditional Mount of Beatitudes, on which the Sermon on the Mount was delivered. Some intelligent men are disposed to regard this tradition with favor. There is nothing in the sacred narrative to contradict it, and it seems, upon the whole, to be at least as likely to have been the scene of the great gathering to which our Lord opened his mission in a formal discourse as any other height in the neighborhood. It has been remarked that there is a place on the side of it where a vast assembly could be conveniently placed with the speaker elevated somewhat above them. This hill was a mile to our left, but as the day was far spent we contented ourselves with this distant view, which gave us a clear notion of its relation to the surrounding country.

Descending some steep and long breaks, we came

all at once upon a full view of the lake, which seemed almost at our feet. We had descended from the plain by a grade so steep and long that I supposed we must be well down to the level of the water. Far from it.

Two things strike the visitor instantly upon his first sight of this remarkable sheet of water—the *depth* of the basin in which it stands, and the *smallness* of the lake itself. It seems as if this place must have been *dug* into the earth for the very purpose it serves. It is not only a lake in a mountainous region, but a lake the surface of which is more than 200 feet below that of the ocean. It lies in the very bowels of the earth.

The smallness of the lake almost startles you. The shore on the opposite side lies so near you that you can scarcely think of it as the “country of the Gergesenes” and of the “Gadarenes,” which our Lord took ship to visit. You may be ever so familiar with the facts, of the case, and say to yourself beforehand, “This lake is only six or seven miles wide,” yet you will not be prepared to see the very gullies in the shore on the other side. But so it is.

Our camp was at Tiberias, on the west shore of the lake, about midway between its northern and southern extremities. We were south of the town, and within thirty or forty yards of the water’s edge. My companions, young men both of them, were eager for a bath. Their ardor, was, I confess, infectious. We were all soon laving our bodies in the beautiful clear waters of that sea which had seemed half divine to us from our childhood, as it reflected

the radiant presence of Him whose name glorifies every object associated with it.

We found the shore at this point covered with water-worn pebbles and small stones, and all along the edge was a line of small univalve shells, thrown up by the ripples. They are innumerable, and our party gathered a quart of them in a few minutes.

Upon consultation with our dragoman, we determined to go by boat the following morning to Tell Hum, the traditional site of Capernaum, sending our horses to Kahn Minyeh, where we would meet them. There are only four or five boats at Tiberias, all of which are the property of one man. We sent a message to him to engage his services. After night-fall he appeared at our tent door, a well-dressed and good-looking man, and was ready to take us to Tell Hum and Kahn Minyeh for a pound sterling. Our dragoman protested against it as an exorbitant charge, and offered ten shillings, whereupon the independent fisherman turned abruptly away without a word, at which indignity the dragoman flew into a great rage, followed him out, and assailed him with hot words, I suppose, as we heard much loud talk. In the end we engaged him for a Napoleon, which we thought reasonable enough.

In the morning we found our boatman prepared and disposed to serve us efficiently, having engaged a double set of hands to relieve each other, as we desired to make the run as rapidly as possible. Rowing up to town we stopped to take on a supply of provisions for the day, as the boat would probably be out all day; whereupon one of our party quoted, "Children, have ye any meat?" Small as it was, the

incident affected me strangely and deeply, bringing our Lord and the twelve into vivid expression before my mind.

Supplies being brought on board, we started again, but soon brought up under a stone wall which projected out into the water, on which a net had been spread out to dry. This was taken out and stowed in the boat, being very deftly handled, and laid in neat folds from which it could be paid out without becoming entangled with itself. So here we were on the Lake of Galilee *in a fisherman's boat!* This was more than we had bargained for—better than we anticipated. The proprietor stood behind, managing the rudder and giving orders. We occupied the seat just in front of him, and before us was the crew, an exceptionally good-looking set of men, plying the oars with good-will, chatting and laughing in a very pleasant way. I could almost imagine that our chief was such a man as Peter, for he was a rather brusque and impulsive, but evidently generous-hearted man, of strong character.

The sun was bright, the water smooth, and every thing propitious. An infinite peace seemed to be diffused like a spirit throughout the firmament above, over the hills around us, and through the waters beneath. Peace! yes; not a dead repose, but a vital peace. It was as if the Prince of Peace were breathing upon us as upon the disciples, imparting the benediction that his words expressed. Surely the baptism of his presence was upon us and upon the scene around us! The sun, at ten degrees above the heights of the eastern shore, flamed forth his radiance with uncommon brilliancy.

About eight miles of vigorous rowing in a straight line brought us to Tell Hum. To complete the experiences of the boat the sail was raised to catch a favorable breeze; but it proved to be but a momentary gust. So we *sailed* as well as rowed.

At Tell Hum, looking southward, we had the entire lake before us. The northern end is an irregular oval, around which the land rises in a grade that is sufficiently easy for cultivation. We observed a good many wheat-fields dotting this slope. Indeed, on the *north-west*, a plain of about five miles square lies upon the shore—the plain of Gennesaret. Of course it is not an exact square, but I give the extent of it proximately. It is elevated but a very little above the surface of the water. The fertility of this small tract is something fabulous. Its northern extremity is at Kahn Minyeh, which Robinson supposes to be the real site of Capernaum, instead of Tell Hum, where the tradition has placed it. The southern extremity is at Magdala, the home of her out of whom seven demons were cast, at which place the lake has its greatest width, the shore-line bearing up westwardly to this point, and then curving toward the north-east. At Magdala the shore becomes precipitous, and continues so to the southern extremity, except that it recedes somewhat at Tiberias. About opposite to Magdala, also on the eastern side, the shore becomes precipitous. Upon the southern extremity the plain of the Jordan opens. The general contour then shows sloping shores around the northern end of the lake, and precipitous shores on both sides along the southern part. Below Magdala the western shore encroaches upon

the lake, so that at the southern extremity it is only four and a half miles wide, while at Magdala it is seven and a half. The eastern shore more nearly approximates a straight line.

As we stood there at Tell Hum, looking south, we saw, on the east side, though we could not, of course, locate it exactly, the "steep place" down which the possessed herd of swine ran violently, and were choked in the sea. It is literally what the phrase imports, not a precipice, but a *steep place*. To our left the river enters, but we cannot exactly see the place. To our left, also, removed a mile or two from the shore, is Chorazin, which we do not see. Near us, and in sight, if we could tell where exactly, was Bethsaida. Tradition has fixed it on our right, about a mile, where a spring-branch pours its flush current into the lake with a sufficient volume and fall to run a little mill. It would have been a delightful situation for it. A mile farther to our right is Kahn Minyeh, south of west from our stand-point, which, as I have already said, some take, and certainly not without reason, to be the site of Capernaum, instead of this. There the plain of Gennesaret sets in; and five miles farther, a little west of south, is Magdala, at the southern extremity of the little plain, and at the foot of a bold hill which juts up against the lake. Two or three miles a little east of south from it—for the shore trends eastward here—is Tiberias. A mile south of that is the hot spring, covered by a bath-house—and south of that, nothing. On the eastern shore, from one end to the other, there is—nothing.

It is not to be supposed that at all the points I have named there are towns *now*. Far from it. In

the summer the hot baths are much resorted to from all over Syria for sanitary purposes, and during the season have quite a stir of life about them. Tiberias is a dirty, flea-infested town of 3,000 inhabitants, half of whom are Jews. It has no commerce, and the extent of its fisheries may be inferred from the fact that it has but four little boats, all owned by one man. I imagine the place gets nearly all its business from the visitors to the baths. At Magdala there is a very small village, and, as we saw it from the boat, it seemed a miserable place, as Bedeker says it is. Its present name is Majdel. At the traditional sites of Capernaum, Bethsaida, and Chorazin, there is nothing. The only signs of life on all this part of the lake are the little water-mill at the point which our boatmen called Bethsaida, and a few huts which the Bedouins occupy when they graze their flocks here, but which are now empty.

What a contrast with the time when Tiberias was a flourishing city, and Capernaum almost rivaled it; when Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Magdala, were bustling towns; when there were at least two Roman garrisons, one at Tiberias and one at Capernaum; and when hundreds of boats dotted the sea with their white sails. Death, death, death! "Woe unto thee, Chorazin; Woe unto thee, Bethsaida!" You have rejected HIM and his mighty works. The bolt that is to smite you is already forged. "And thou, Capernaum—exalted to heaven—shalt be cast down to hell." This is one instance, at least, in which prophecy has taken effect, not only on persons, but on stones. Not one has been left upon another. All these silent and desolate shores are under the blight

of a curse—the curse of the rejected Messiah. The most fearful thing in the universe of being is love when it flames into jealousy. The wrath which is the most consuming is the wrath of the Lamb. “Let it alone this year”—it is the *voice* of Incarnate Love—of the Intercessor. “I will dig about it and dung it”—I will exhaust all the resources of cultivation upon it—it is the *labor* of Incarnate Love. “Then, after that,” if it remain unfruitful, “thou shalt cut it down.” Works that would have brought Tyre and Sidon to repentance, were done here to no avail—and then came the ax, which was already lying, whetted, at the root of the tree. “Cut it down.” Ay! it has been dug up by the roots. Death, death, death! Yes, the doom has fallen, and DEATH reigns over the sea and its shores where the Lord of life came and offered himself to men, and was despised and rejected. Thistles six feet high, and as thick as barley in the field, cover and hide the ruins of Capernaum; and as for Bethsaida, there is no trace even of any ruin. Indeed, the same is true of Capernaum, *if* Kahn Minyeh be the true site.

Poor patches of wheat dot the slopes which once waved with a universal harvest—and even Gennesaret, that fed its thousands, is little more than a mass of rankest bramble. It has been, indeed, more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon, even in the judgments of time; for smitten as they are, they still exist.

Our object in visiting Tell Hum was not only to get a good stand-point from which to survey the lake and its shores, but to get a sight of the locality and ruins as well. The rim of the lake here is composed of round stones, some the size of a man's

head, some larger, some smaller, worn smooth by the waves, but evidently of volcanic origin. A very few steps brought us up to the edge of a level plot of ground of perhaps two or three hundred acres, with a rather gentle ascent of the ground around it on all sides except the front. This was covered with a mass of weeds and shrubs in which the thistle prevailed. The growth was exceedingly rank. A few tourists who had preceded us had broken a narrow path to the ruins. Some archæologists assign a portion of these ruins to the beginning of the Christian era. The most massive are supposed to be the remains of a synagogue, and, *if this was Capernaum*, it may have been the work of that pious centurion of whom they said, "He loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue." They are very massive, and in a good style of art, but I cannot undertake any description of them.

There are other remains supposed to be those of a basilica, built on the traditional site of Simon Peter's house, in the sixth century. These I did not examine particularly.

The ruins of a massive public edifice raise a strong presumption in favor of this as the site of the principal city on this part of the lake, and especially as there are no such remains at any other place. It would be a most singular thing that the only building of such size and material as to resist the ravages of time should be found in a village, and none such in the only city of the neighborhood. But whether this ought to outweigh the considerations which favor Kahn Minyeh as the place where Capernaum stood, or not, I leave others to determine.

Tiberias, built by Herod, and named for the Emperor of Rome, was never, so far as we know, visited by our Lord. It was some eight miles south of Capernaum, on the west side of the lake, and was the largest city in all that region. Having been built on a grave-yard, the Jews refused to settle in it, and so the King had to get strangers to occupy it. It was essentially a heathen city, and noted for its wickedness. I remember only one passage of Scripture that speaks of it, and that in an incidental way. The site of the old city was nearer to the Baths than that of the present town. There are some considerable ruins there, but I had no time to examine them, though I took a moonlight walk to them.

It is probable that our Lord was never in the streets of this city, and that therefore it never had the opportunity of rejecting him in any formal way. Does this account for the fact that it still exists? Who can tell? Yet even *it* barely exists. The glory of it is all gone.

It is one of the very strange facts of history that the place so abhorred by the Jews at first should have become a sacred place with them at a later day. Yet so it was.

There are two places, one on the lake—Tiberias—and one perched high upon the mountains above it to the north-west, and overlooking it—Safed—which are held by many Jews now, and have been for many ages past, in as high regard, or nearly so, as Jerusalem itself. How it came about that the Rabbins connected the Sea of Galilee with the coming of Messiah I know not, but the fact is certain. Whether this belief led to the establishment of the great

university of that people in Tiberias in the early part of the Christian era, or whether its location here rose out of that fact, I know not; but for three centuries that university was the great center of interest and sacred learning among the Jews scattered over the whole earth. Here the great Maimonides was buried. Here the most distinguished Rabbins were trained, and here they taught the Law and the Targum. Here also was "the seat of the Patriarch, who exercised an almost papal sway over the wide extent to which his exiled countrymen had been scattered."

It became a received tradition among them that Messiah would rise out of the Sea of Galilee, land at Tiberias, and fix the seat of his kingdom at Safed. Thus this sheet of water became as dear and sacred to them as to the Christians, and to this day many of them make their home in Tiberias, and in Safed, looking for the day when the Deliverer shall come. They cherish the words of the Rabbins, "I have created seven seas, saith the Lord, but out of them all I have chosen none but the Sea of Gennesaret."

After a brief examination of the ruins of Tell Hum, we returned to the boat, for we had no time to spare. At the water's edge we found a few olean-  
ders, but they were not so large as I expected to see. Our boatmen toiled at the oars with hearty good-will. We passed near the mill which they called Bethsaida, and saw our luggage-train coming up through the plain of Gennesaret. Landing a few rods below Kahn Minyeh, our good-natured fishermen accompanied us out a quarter of a mile to the place where our horses were already awaiting us. Coming to a brook too wide to step over, one of

them stepped into the water, and putting his strong arm around me lifted me to the other side as lightly as if I had been a child. We passed through a jungle, and then came to a patch of the rankest wheat I ever saw, though it had evidently been planted in the most slovenly way. What land this plain of Gennesaret is! Our horses were now in sight, but our friendly boatmen did not leave us. They held our stirrups when we mounted, and shook hands with us with an unmistakable cordiality. It was the only instance of any attention being paid us in a special way by the natives, in all Palestine, that did not seem to contemplate *backsheesh*. For one, I felt gratified that this exceptional instance should appear in the case of fishermen, on the Lake of Galilee.

Passing northward, we ascended out of the plain, and soon reached the summit of the mountain, where we had the lake in full view again. We paused upon our horses to look upon it for the last time. Perhaps it is natural, if not excusable, in writing about these hallowed places, after having seen them, to exaggerate the emotions which were felt at the moment. But of that one sin I have not been guilty. Any statements of the sort that I have made have been well considered, and certainly this last sight of the waters so often traversed by the Master, and around which so great a portion of his teaching and his mighty works were done, I did experience the deepest sensibility. Standing upon the shore, just down there, with the lake spread out before Him, and the harvest-covered slopes in the background, He had called Simon, and Andrew, his

brother, from among just such fishermen as we had been with this morning, to be fishers of men. He had cast his commanding eye on the sons of Zeb-edee, in the boat with their father, mending their net, saying, "Follow me," and they "left their father and the ship and followed Him." There in Capernaum sat Matthew "at the receipt of custom," when the charm of the Divine voice withdrew him from his money-bags, and he, too, forsook all, and making a feast at which the friends he was leaving and the Master he was going with should meet, thenceforth followed Him whithersoever he went. Out there, in such a boat as we had been in, He was asleep on a pillow in the hinder part of the ship—much in the same position as we had seen one of the boatmen asleep to-day—when a fierce storm of wind swept down from the mountains, and the disciples, affrighted, called Him, and he arose to rebuke the wind and the sea. There, in the dead of night, he had come to His disciples in the boat, walking on the tempestuous waters. Overlooking it, probably on the heights of Hattin, He had delivered the Sermon of sermons. In sight of its waters, whether on Tabor or Hermon, He had been transfigured. There His gifts of healing were showered among the people with a divine beneficence. All its hills and all its ripples had been made radiant by His presence. Even after He suffered he had met his heart-broken disciples there, after their night of fruitless toil, feeding them, with human tenderness, with fish broiled upon a "fire of coals," and with divine compassion restoring the apostate Peter.

For a few hours my eyes had feasted themselves

upon its scenery, lovely—so I think—in itself; unutterably so in its history. I had bathed in its waters, had gathered pebbles upon its beach, slept upon its shore, and sailed upon its surface. At Jerusalem I had touched upon his sacrificial death, here I had communed with his all-gracious life.

As I sat there on horseback, gazing upon it for the last time, the whole scene entered too deeply into my heart to be forgotten. I am sure it will never fade. I turned my horse's head and left it—or rather, in a deeper sense, I carried it away, a rich possession of the soul forever.

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## CHAPTER XXXII.

### THE WONDERS OF THE JORDAN.

**A**FTER leaving the Lake of Galilee we proceeded northward some miles over a rocky, mountainous road, lying parallel with the river, but three or four miles to the west, when suddenly before us, and to our right, a large valley opened, having a lake in the midst. Of course it was Lake Merom and the upper Jordan valley. I was quite unprepared to find this valley so large. The bottom-land must be six or eight miles wide, and three

times as long, or more. It was as green as the valley of the Nile, with the barren mountains of Galilee on the west, and of the Hauron on the east, the foothills of Hermon on the north, and the snow-clad summit of the great mountain farther back, a little to the east of north.

The valley was dotted with villages of the pastoral Bedouins. The Bedouin tents are usually made of a coarse fabric of woven goat's hair, and are as black as the "tents of Kedar." But those we saw here are made of a sort of reed matting. A few were covered with the black goat's-hair cloth. But generally the covering and all was made of matting. Their wealth consists almost exclusively of cattle, with a few buffalo—the same ugly creature that we saw in such numbers in China, India and Egypt, but have seen nowhere in Palestine or Syria, except in this upper valley of the Jordan. The Bedouins elsewhere are famous horse-breeders, but here they seem to raise cattle exclusively. I suppose they find a market for them in Damascus, which is only three or four days distant. I presume they subsist to a great extent upon the flesh and milk of their herds. The pasturage of this alluvial region—for this valley is all alluvium—is exuberant. We saw thousands upon thousands of cattle feeding upon it, but nowhere did it seem to be fed down.

Much of the valley is overflowed in the winter, and a good deal of it is marshy always. The banks of the river and the shores of the lake are very low. Toward the border of the valley the land is higher, and much of it is in cultivation. The crops generally are very fine. The wheat, just now in full head,

promises a generous harvest. There are a good many plowmen now a-field, breaking up the soil to plant dhura, a coarse sort of grain that is used for feeding stock, and often also for bread. But what a feeble battle with these rank weeds the little shovel-plows do make, drawn by a single yoke of oxen, and they often very small. O, for a plow worthy of the name, and a California team to draw it! What harvests might then be gathered!

At about three o'clock, P. M., we camped in the edge of the valley, on the bank of a beautiful stream, within two hundred yards of the point where it issues from the foot of the mountain. A small part of its waters run a little mill above our camp. I stepped from stone to stone across a part of the stream, which spreads over a wide bed of pebbles, and went in to inspect the work of the mill. It is a small, square, stone structure. Two sets of small stones were running, surrounded by a rising platform which occupies one side of the house. The top of the lower stone stood a little above the level of the platform. The upper stone was not surrounded by any casing. It was grinding dhura, the meal coming out upon the platform all round the stones. As it accumulated it was drawn by hand into a box-like receptacle, which was sunk into the platform. In one of these boxes, which had been filled, a man was standing in the meal with his bare feet, scooping it out and putting it in a sack. The miller gets about three cents a bushel, as nearly as I could understand it, for grinding, and pays a tax of five Napoleons (twenty dollars) a year for the privilege. When I left, the miller accompanied me to the edge

of the stream, having noticed that I had stepped from stone to stone rather totteringly, and offered me a ride on his back, which I accepted. Having been comfortably landed, I gave him three coppers, which, all taken together, were not quite of the value of one cent of our money. He accepted it with gratitude, and we parted. Think of the owner of a water-mill, glad to carry a man across the creek, not as an act of hospitality, but for the fee, and that one cent! Poor fellow, he was in rags, and I doubt not that after his tax is paid, and repairs of his mill provided for, there remains but little for him and his household. It grinds amazingly slow; yet it is a great improvement over woman-power, which is in very general use from China to Syria.

Nothing would do my two friends but they must bathe in Lake Merom, which was about two miles distant. I had little faith in the enterprise, for I felt sure, by the look of things, that the lake shore was a swamp. Being somewhat fatigued by the day's ride I at first declined to accompany them, but, upon reflection, concluded to do so, lest they might require some one to pull them out of the mud. Before we were within a quarter of a mile of the shore Mr. Hendrix's horse, which was in advance, began to sink so deep into the wet soil that Mr. Samson and I paused. But H., intrepid and eager for the bath, urged his horse on—deeper, deeper, deeper. He had gone beyond the bounds of prudence, and soon discovered the fact. There was a fine expression of solicitude in his eye as he turned and gazed toward *terra firma*. The solicitude must have gone down to his heels, for they plied the sides of his floundering

steed very vigorously. I did really fear for a moment that the noble brute would not be able to get back. What ludicrous associations of ideas will sometimes obtrude themselves upon a man even in a critical moment! I thought of the Florida constable's indorsement on the writ: "*Ad in swampum et non comatibus.*" Did I smile? I hope that question will not be pressed.

We were lulled to sleep that night by the musical monotone of the flowing confluent of the Jordan, on the very bank of which our tent had been pitched.

The next morning for some hours our road lay along the western edge of the valley, just along by the foot of the mountains. The valley to our right was alive with Bedouin villages and cattle. Farther on our road passed through two or three of these villages. As this is the road taken by tourists to Damascus, the children have picked up an English salutation. The little bare-footed and bare-headed crowds, boys and girls, shouted to us as we passed, "Good morning." The demand for *backsheesh*, however, was less clamorous than I expected to hear. Many of the men and women greeted us pleasantly. They never failed to scold the dogs back when they rushed out at us, as they did constantly, and in a very ferocious manner. Two of our party rode up to one of the tents, to look inside and inspect the furniture and general arrangement, when a woman, with eager hospitality, hastened to offer them a drink of butter-milk. One of them who drank of it pronounced it very delicious.

We soon reached the head of the main valley, and, turning to the east, crossed some rocky points, and

in an hour or two found ourselves upon the western branch of these upper streams, which unite a few miles below, and form the Jordan. We heard the flow of its waters before we saw them, the stream being fringed by a line of heavy foliage. Here the road turned to the left again, and we ascended the stream through a rocky gorge a mile or two, and then crossed it on a stone bridge. Here our dragoman stopped to converse with a man we met, and we passed on, ascending a steep hill over as ugly a piece of naked, rugged rock as it was ever my fortune to encounter. Soon the dragoman came up in great haste, and much excited. He had just been informed that two days before the Bedouins had attacked and robbed a party at this very place.

It was our purpose to make a *detour* from the road here, in order to see the fountain in which this stream rises. But the dragoman insisted that we should all remain together, and keep close to the luggage-train. In these war-times the Bedouins were becoming bold, and committing many depredations. We thought it prudent to follow his advice, and so missed seeing this one of the "sources of the Jordan"—much to our regret.

As we ascended the hill, Azeez was in front. Azeez was in charge of our lunch, and always accompanied us. He was an imperturbable man, though with an under-current of humor. Reaching the summit, he shouted, "Bedouins! Bedouins!" and flourished his big pistol. Upon such an alarm our dragoman, who had fallen to the rear, felt duty-bound to gallop up. Alas for chivalry! I could not but contrast his bearing at this moment with that

we had witnessed in the sham fight at the Dead Sea. Then he was boiling over with courage, sat erect, and in defiant attitude, flourished his pistols, and dashed at the foe with furious speed. Now the feeble effort to look brave was really ludicrous. His very horse galloped slowly and hesitatingly, as if he were just ready to turn upon his heels, while he himself sat in the saddle with a drooped and pitiful aspect, which completely dispelled the illusion of the sham battle. I could never afterward imagine that he had the look of Mars. In fact he came quite down, all in a moment, to the level of ordinary mortals. All this upon a false alarm; if the Bedouins had actually appeared, to what diminutiveness he might have shriveled I cannot guess.

We were now in the foot-hills of Mount Hermon, but they were only *hills*, and for the most part I might say undulations. Before us were the middle and eastern branches of the Jordan. The sources of the Jordan are said to be in Mount Hermon, and so they are; but that statement, if left unexplained, will give the reader a false impression. The three principal streams which come together above Lake Merom, and form the Jordan, come out of the ground near the foot of the mountain, at their full size. They do not grow by the confluence of rills upon the surface. On the contrary, the water of the mountains sinks through fissures in the rocks, is collected into considerable bodies under-ground, and, then flowing through clefts of the rocks, or through beds of gravel, comes to the surface at the foot of the mountain.

These fountains are not so high up in the moun-

tain as I had imagined. The western one is fairly up in the foot-hills, but the two others come out, the middle one where the valley begins to rise into rather bold undulations, and the eastern just at the foot of the first cliffs of the Anti-Lebanon range, which are here properly the cliffs of Mount Hermon. True, they are about 1,200 feet above Lake Merom, but the approach to them is over ground that rises so gradually as to belong rather to the plain than the mountain. As we looked down upon it from the first summits, the places where they rise have the appearance of being in the upper edge of the valley of Merom.

Our road passed just to the north of the head or fountain of the second or middle branch, and within a few yards of it. We rode to the very spot. The immediate point of its egress from the ground was so covered with shrubbery that it was concealed, but we saw the water as it emerged from the mass of foliage and flowed away.

Near by was the site of the old city of Dan. It stood, not as I had it pictured in my mind, up in the mountains, but on rather a slight elevation in the upper reaches of the great plain. There is but little there now. The name of the modern village near by I do not remember. The situation is rather commanding, and the landscape magnificent, and in many parts beautiful. The whole extent of the valley of Lake Merom is in view on the south, the spurs of Mount Lebanon rise on the west, while the low ridge which divides Palestine from Cœle-Syria stretches along on the north, and Hermon—Jebel Es Sheikh, the Prince of Mountains, as the natives

proudly name him—with masses of snow scattered about upon his crest, towers up to the north-east. A goodly place those heroic Danites won for themselves at the very head of the river.

Our course lay now about due north-east, crossing a ridge of unusual contour for this country. It is a swell, lying north and south, and is covered with a scrubby growth of trees. I say *covered*, but to an American it would not seem so close set as that word implies. Still it is the nearest approach to it to be found anywhere in this country.

Having crossed this ridge we came upon the eastern branch of the Jordan, and followed it a short way up to the base of the precipitous spurs of Lebanon, to the town of Banias—the Cesarea Philippi of the New Testament. The village lies at the base of the mountain. Springs break out on all sides, and flow off into the valley in copious rivulets. Following the mountain eastward about a quarter of a mile, you come to a sheer precipice of rock, at the base of which there is a strip of level ground a few yards wide, from which an abrupt descent takes you down to the point where this branch of the Jordan comes into the daylight.

It does not burst out of a fissure in the rock all in one body, but flows copiously out of a bed of coarse pebbles. The line along which it flows out, is perhaps fifty yards long, the first flow being over a wide space and very shallow. It is soon compressed into a narrower channel, and rushes away headlong over a rapidly descending bed.

The name of the west branch, the head of which we did not see, is Derdora—that of the middle,

Little Jordan, and of the east, Banias. The principal one is the Little Jordan, and the second in magnitude is the Banias. But the Derdora comes down from a higher point in the mountains than the two larger streams, which originate, as I have said, one of them quite in the open plains at the city of Dan, and the other at the foot of the mountain at Banias—that is, Cesarea Philippi.

We have no knowledge of our Lord's having ever visited the city of Cesarea Philippi. Once he was in "the coasts," that is, in the neighborhood of it—and this was very near the end of his life. Here Peter made, for himself and the twelve, the formal confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," receiving the answer, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." This was said, no doubt, amid the spurs and rocks of Hermon. Only six days later he was transfigured in a "high mountain," *perhaps* one of the mountains of this very cluster. At any rate, immediately after that great event, he made his last journey to Jerusalem to be offered up—going down on the *east side* of the river, which he recrossed only a few miles above the Dead Sea, and taking Jericho in the way where he healed the blind man, and brought salvation to the house of Zaccheus. So that his visit to this extreme *northern* part of Galilee was just on the eve of his death, as was also the great confession of the apostles. The question occurred to me: "Was there any special meaning in this, that the formal and solemn proclamation of the Messiahship of Jesus was made at the very extremity of the Holy Land,

and on the borders of the Gentile world? Why should he wander up here into this region, on the great highway of the nations, for this solemn transaction? Was it the yearning of his heart toward the world? Did he stand by the partition wall at that supreme moment that his word might break it down? Was he showing his disciples already the way to Antioch—to Damascus—to the world?"

Along the very road by which our Lord "came into the coasts of Cesarea Philippi," Saul of Tarsus must have gone on his way towards Damascus, with "letters from the chief priests," on the occasion of that momentous journey, when, having come near to the end of it, a glory which exceeded that of the transfiguration smote him blind, that his eyes might be opened to behold the "true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and felled him to the earth that he might rise to the dignity of the sons of God.

Our tent at Cesarea Philippi stood at the base of the mountain, on which are the ruins of an old castle. There is a circuitous route by which they may be reached on horseback; but as our guide-book informed us that we could make the ascent in an hour on foot, H. and I concluded to let our horses rest, and so we started out with a guide on foot, accompanied by Mr. Samson on a little donkey, he having been lamed by a kick from a horse some days before. We wound our way round and round, at a painful angle upward all the while, for a full hour and a half, when, to our dismay, coming suddenly round a point, the peak on which the castle stands came in sight,

and we saw it rising like another mountain still above us. But perseverance, etc.

An inscription points to the thirteenth century as the date of *some* of the work done here. It was probably repaired or enlarged at that time, but there can be little doubt that the foundations were laid in the old Roman times. Portions of the entire wall are standing, and in some places they are still very high. The rocks of which it was built are very massive; many of them would weigh several tons each. Perhaps they were obtained in flattening the summit of the mountain for the building. It seems almost impossible that they should have been brought up this mountain; but the cyclopean labors of the ancients are so numerous and so stupendous that one comes to be prepared, after a while, to believe almost anything in this line.

This was a fortification of immense strength, both on account of the difficulty of approach, and the impregnable character of the walls. An amount of stone has fallen from them sufficient to cumber the whole brow of the mountain, and yet in some places they are still twenty-five or thirty feet high. Not only the thickness of the wall, but the great size of the individual stones, rendered it exceedingly strong. It covers the whole area of the summit, which was probably cut down and flattened for it—and from the wall the angle of descent is so sharp that no engines could have been planted within reach of it; so that it was unassailable by battering-ram or catapult. Immense reservoirs of water are standing in it, so that it seems to have been well supplied in that

respect. Nothing but starvation could have overcome a garrison occupying it.

We clambered to the top of a tower near the south-west corner, which raises its shattered head above the rest of the ruins, where we sat and gazed out for the last time upon Lake Merom and its beautiful valley, framed by mountains on all sides. From this elevation we saw quite a number of small lakes in the valley, above Lake Merom. The level sun was almost ready to disappear beyond the ridges of the Lebanon, which were already casting their shadow over half the valley. The effect of the shading was very fine. It was one of those scenes in which nature seems to take on an aspect of beauty beyond its wont—when the inner secrets of things come out upon the surface, and God affixes his sign-manual and seal upon his works. The moment, too, was auspicious. We three who sat together on that shattered throne of the god of war had been for a month following the footprints of the Prince of Peace, and were now looking for the last time upon the regions made memorable by his presence while he was in the flesh. No wonder if we were in a subjective condition which made us in a higher degree recipient of divine meanings in nature.

My last look upon Jerusalem from Scopus, upon the Lake of Galilee from the mountains to the northward of it, and upon the upper valley and the sources of the Jordan from the ruined castle of Banias, constitute a series of experiences for which I can never cease to praise God.

But the visitor to the Holy Land must not come expecting to find its beauty such as will answer to

his expectations or sentiments. Much of the country is a mere stretch of barren, rocky hills. There are not wanting many visitors who see little or no beauty anywhere. To my eye there are many beautiful landscapes; yet many parts of America afford far richer scenery. We see Palestine in the light of a religious feeling before we visit it, and the divine radiance constitutes a medium through which all appears in an unreal coloring. The effect of an actual visit is diverse in different individuals. In some the prepossession of religious sentiment is so strong, and occupies the imagination so completely, as to project itself upon all they see—so that *to them* the very desert becomes a paradise of beauty, every mountain glows in the light of another transfiguration, the poorest and most naked landscape is transformed, and where there is a real beauty—as there often is—it appears a very paradise, a new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven. In others, less under the dominion of their prepossessions, there is a sudden disenchantment. Jerusalem—they have seen a hundred cities more beautiful, and with more beautiful surroundings. Even the Mount of Olives suffers in comparison with the hills they rambled over in childhood. The most beautiful valleys here are yet not so lovely as those they have seen in Virginia or Kentucky. The Sea of Galilee itself disappoints them. In the revulsion of feeling which follows they are unable to perceive the beauties that would otherwise be apparent.

God did not select this region as the home of his chosen people on account of its beauty. The seats of the tabernacle and of the temple were not chosen

upon any grounds of natural superiority. The local background of divine manifestations was matter of no consequence. Perhaps it were better that it should not be in any high degree attractive. The glory of the Shekinah must be all its own. Revelation must run no risk of being overlooked and disregarded through the too great interest of its natural setting, lest the glory of the Creator should be transferred to the creature; nor yet must it be exposed to the danger of a sensuous degeneration through a too vital connection with scenes of physical enchantment.

The true interest of all this country is in its history, though a man in sympathy with nature will see much in the aspects of both the mountains and valleys to admire. Those who fail to do so are persons of local tastes, who can appreciate only a given style, and are quite incapable of a broader interest, either in art or nature, than that which attaches to objects conforming to their type. The man of deep insight and true sympathy—the genuine lover of nature—who is open to all that comes to him in its multiform disclosures, will find a real pleasure here, even aside from the main purpose of his visit. But it is, after all, because Jerusalem was the city of holy solemnities, and the place where Jesus suffered; because the tabernacle was in Shiloh, and Samuel judged Israel there; because our Lord sailed upon the waters of the Lake of Galilee, and called his chief disciples from among its fishermen; and because that in the coasts of Cesarea Philippi he was formally confessed to be the Son of the living God, that we take any

special and deep interest in these places, and come from the ends of the earth to see them.

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### DAMASCUS AND THE BARADA.

LEAVING Banias for Damascus, the road passes over the southern spurs of Mount Hermon. Volcanic rock abounds. In fact, the road at one point touches the crater of an extinct volcano. The mountain-sides show the same features as those near the Dead Sea—the same violent contortions of strata with the same kind of stone. I think there can be no doubt that the whole of the Jordan valley, including the Dead Sea at one end and the Lebanon ranges at the other, was once disturbed by volcanic agencies so violently as to have received its conformation from them. Whether the unexampled depression of this wonderful valley is due to this cause or not, I am sure I cannot tell.

A few hours of steady traveling puts you on the

eastern side of these ridges, and into the border of the great plain stretching eastward toward the Euphrates. South and east some isolated ridges appear, but they are of limited extent and of no great elevation. Cultivation in this plain depends wholly on irrigation. In this edge of it many streams coming down out of the mountains are bordered by fields in the valleys which they make; but in every part where irrigation is impracticable it has the character of a desert.

Before coming into the plain we saw a good many small valleys in the mountains which were cultivated, and a good many herds of cattle which find sufficient pasturage in the mountains. The *Druses* live in these and in the Lebanon mountains. We were interested in the first villages of that singular people which we saw. One morning we passed quite a large one on a hill-side. The houses were not so closely crowded together as is usually the case in the villages of this country. At a distance the ranges of houses rising on the mountain-side, one above another, show very prettily. As we came near the village a number of boys came running out to the road with fossil specimens for sale.

The Druses originated, as nearly as I can gather, soon after the incursion of Islamism into this region. These Arabs of the mountains were but partially converted to that faith; and in the uproar and tumult of ideas then afloat several sects were formed whose beliefs were grounded upon the teachings of Mohammed in part, but modified by their own crude ideas and semi-barbarous customs. Of these sects the Druses were the most important, perhaps—at least,

they have become the most widely known, having been brought into notice by the massacre of 1860.

They have secret rites of initiation, and their religious beliefs are scrupulously concealed. Their organization is not purely religious, but political as well. Their chiefs, or sheiks, are implicitly obeyed, and have the power of life and death.

The Druses, it is said, are hospitable to the last degree toward those who are admitted to their hospitality. Once the stranger is in the house of the sheik, and has broken bread there, he is not only secure in his person, but may depend upon being treated with the highest degree of hospitable regard. But to offset this virtue they have many vices. They are deceitful to the last degree. Among Christians they profess to be Christians, and among Mussulmans they profess to be Mussulmans.

Between them and their neighbors, the Maronite Christians, there has been bitter enmity for ages. The fault is not wholly with the Druses, for it is not to be supposed that those Maronites are very exemplary Christians. Intense and bigoted they are in their faith, but as to morals they are little better than the Druses themselves. No doubt it is in the hearts of both parties to exterminate each other.

After the treaty of Paris of 1856 the conviction became prevalent here that the Christian Powers would abstain from any interference in the internal affairs of the Turkish Government. The Druses knew the hatred of the Turks toward the Christians, and, in the absence of European interference, they knew that the Turkish Government would do nothing to protect them, nor punish any crime that might be

committed against them. The moment to gratify the enmity of ages had come. Indeed, there is no doubt that the Druses and Turks had an understanding with each other.

Suddenly the massacre broke out in Damascus, and spread among the villages in the mountains. It lasted for several days, and many thousands of Christians perished, both in the city and in the villages. In one respect the Druses were right in their expectations—the Turkish authorities showed no disposition to protect the Christians, nor to punish their murderers. But they had miscalculated in another particular. They did not know the temper of the European Governments. The news of the atrocities aroused the civilized world, and the Sultan soon learned that unless he took measures to punish the guilty parties, and showed himself in earnest about it, the armies of Europe would avenge the blood of the Damascus martyrs. Not only were the Druse Sheiks brought to punishment, but some French regiments penetrated Syria, and many of the frightened Druses fled to the Hauran, and have never returned.

It is said that those who remained here have been declining in numbers and prosperity ever since, and that even in the Hauran a blight seems to have fallen upon them, as if they had filled the measure of their iniquity, and were now perishing.

After emerging upon the plain we came upon a flush mountain-stream, not over two feet deep, on the bank of which we stopped for lunch. Its present name I do not remember, but in Naaman's time it was called the *Pharpar*. It does not flow through

the city of Damascus, but several miles south of it, though one or two of its canals connect, I believe, with the system of canals from the Barada, or Abana, by which the city and its outlying gardens are irrigated.

On a confluent of the same stream we pitched our tent for the night. As we approached the camp our eyes were astonished by the fringe of trees—not shrubs—that lined the bank of the stream at this point. That which was most abundant was the slender and graceful tree which we call Lombardy poplar in America, and which is indigenous in Syria. These groves of tall, slender trees constitute a most striking feature in the landscape wherever they occur. The heavy green foliage contrasts most vividly with the naked desert. They are found nowhere except along the water-courses.

It had been our purpose and expectation to reach Damascus on Saturday, but we found it impossible to do so without overworking the mules that packed our luggage. Our camp for Saturday night was in a miserable village several hours from the city. Should we spend the Lord's day there in perfectly objectless repose? or should we ride to Damascus, and endeavor to join with the missionaries in the public worship of God? We determined upon the latter course. But we had been misled as to the time required for the ride, and had the mortification to spend the entire morning in the saddle, and to find ourselves, on arriving, too late for any English service. It was a raw, uncomfortable day, and we were glad to find in our tent the opportunity of reading the word of God, and worshiping in a quiet way.

As we approached the city that most remarkable oasis in which it stands came into full view. It is about eighteen miles square, and I presume there is no *greener* spot on the face of the earth. Trees and gardens cover it with a verdure that is indescribable. We saw it in the early spring, when it was at its freshest and best.

The city stands at the foot of the Anti-Lebanon mountains, just where the river Barada—the Abana of the Scriptures—enters the plain. This is a small stream, but rushing down from the mountain as it does, with great rapidity, it delivers a large amount of water. So soon as it emerges from the mountain it is tapped by canals, which distribute the water in every direction through the city, and through the plain around and below the city, to the lagoon, eighteen miles east, in which it is lost.

No city could be better supplied with water. The canals, sometimes open, sometimes running under archways beneath streets and houses, traverse it in every part. In walking through the city one is often taken by surprise, coming upon a spot where the water rushes from under a wall; and at every turn you will find fountains in the bazaar, in the market, and in niches in the walls of the houses. One set of canals furnishes pure water for use, while another serves for drainage.

All the fields and gardens in this oasis are protected by concrete fences, such as I have seen in south-western Texas, and made in the same way. The gravel and earth are thrown together into a frame on the spot where the wall is to be made, and beaten down solid with a *maui*. Upon every few

spadefuls being thrown in it is beaten down; thus it becomes extremely hard. The frame is then removed, leaving the wall naked. These fences, or more properly walls, are two feet, or more, in thickness, and five or six feet high, so that in many cases the traveler on horseback can hardly see the ground inside. They mar the general beauty of the place greatly, being very clumsy, and obstructing the view so largely.

The population of Damascus is considerably over 100,000, but its buildings and bazaars are not what one expects. There is very little good architecture here. The houses are low, and nearly all rather shabby. The bazaar contrasts strongly with that of Cairo. The one very celebrated mosque is in a poor style of art.

The "street that is called Straight" is sometimes ridiculed by superficial tourists. It is not, in fact, perfectly straight, but it is the only street in the city which holds a persistently straight course *through* from one side to the other—a general course which is very direct, and which the short offsets here and there do not interfere with. It is eminently *the straight street* of Damascus. In any city having such a system of streets—or, rather, such a *no system*—with one thoroughfare from side to side, bent a little here and there, but keeping a direct course throughout, this very name would be most naturally given to it.

All the prophets and patriarchs are honored by the Mussulmans. You will find in Damascus the Mosque of the "Prophet Solomon." In fact, you have to come to this country to learn that Abel and

Seth, and almost every man whose name appears in the Old Testament, were prophets. I am told that the average Arab Mussulman thinks that Abraham, Moses, Christ, and Mohammed, all lived at the same time, all being inspired prophets, the greatest of whom was Mohammed. The dense ignorance, even of men who seem to be intelligent in many respects, in regard to religion, is beyond belief.

There is a Christian and a Jewish quarter of the city. The Christian population is much larger than I supposed, and some of the leading business men are of this faith. We had been told that it would be worth while to see the inside of one or two dwellings of wealthy Mohammedan merchants, and that there would be no objection on the part of the proprietors. Our guide, however, assured us that it was impracticable, but that we could get admission to the private residences of some Christians. Moreover, he assured us that the most elegant residences of the city were the property of Christians. But it must be understood that the number of really elegant houses is very limited. The one we visited did not impress us favorably on the outside, though we were informed it was the best in the city. Inside we found things wearing an aspect of Oriental magnificence that exceeded our expectation. We were very politely received by a woman of thirty-five or forty, who was, no doubt, the house-keeper. She had an air of good sense, and a propriety of deportment that impressed us very favorably. The master of the house was at Beyroot, with his family. We were shown seats in a very magnificent drawing-room, paved with

marble elegantly laid in mosaic, and invited to take coffee, which, for want of time, we declined.

The house was of two stories, and the upper apartments were not at all in keeping with the magnificence of those below. The rooms were small, and the plain pine doors not even painted. What a contrast between the part which was for use and that which was for show!

Our guide took us to the "house of Ananias," but we did not go in. The Christians, scarcely less ignorant than the Mohammedans, seem to have no question that this modern dwelling is the very one in which the good Ananias lived. They will show you also the window—the very same window—from which St. Paul was let down in a basket. We saw, in fact, a number of windows from which a man might be very well lowered over the wall, and so make his escape from the city. There are many houses which have the city wall for their back wall, with bay windows projecting over the wall of the city, that of the house rising a story above. Nothing would be more inevitable than that a man's friends would let him down from such a window, if he were in danger and desired to escape.

We saw two—and only two—business houses of good size, both of which were wholesale establishments, and warehouses for grain and provisions. They were really spacious, having massive walls, and each being surmounted by a rotunda, having a gallery round it at the base. The wooden work of the gallery had a look of age that was indeed impressive. Protected from the weather, and subjected to no friction, it still seems to be wearing out. It

looked as if it might date from the period when Darwin's ancestors were tadpoles. We noticed the same thing in several places.

Among other places, our guide showed us the slave-market, where people come two days in the week to purchase Nubian women. It was not a market-day, but we saw two of the women that were there on sale. They were bad stock, one of them being lunatic, and the other affecting lunacy with so much skill as to keep purchasers off. I was glad to see, that though they were only an expense to their owners, they were evidently treated with humanity.

There is a large school here, founded and maintained by some English ladies. It seems to be doing a good work. The American Presbyterians have a branch of their Syrian Mission here. So far as we had time to inquire, the work seems to be faithfully done, and as good a yield of fruit appears as could be expected from the agencies employed. But it is only a drop in the bucket. Yet the heaven will doubtless spread.

Before leaving our camp here we rode out to see *one* of the places where Saul was struck down by the manifestations of the Son of God. This locality is *now* just outside the eastern gate, near the Christian burial-ground. Formerly, I understand, it was at a more distant point, and in a different direction. It seems to be shifted about to suit the convenience of those who make tradition a trade, with very little concern about the probable direction in which Saul approached the city. If this is the place, then he came by a very roundabout way. One is per-

petually disgusted by the absence of all reason and probability in these traditions.

Having spent Monday in seeing the city, we broke up camp on Tuesday morning, and started across the Anti-Lebanon range of mountains for Baalbec. But before taking a final leave of what is believed to be the oldest city in the world, we must ascend the mountain and see it from a commanding point. We soon left all verdure behind us, and our horses were toiling up the steep mountain-path toward the "Tomb of the Forty Apostles." Up, up we climbed for near an hour. From this elevated point we had the city and the entire oasis in full view. The form of the city has been compared to a spoon—it is much more like a huge pipe with a long stem—a very singular contour. This is the only striking peculiarity discovered in the view, except that which distinguishes this from all other cities in the world—its rich emerald setting.

From this position there is nothing to mar the beauty of the gardens, the concrete fences scarcely appearing in the distance. It looks like a forest, the trees being distributed so as to conceal the cultivated parts. Everywhere the slender poplar towers above the other trees, giving a most picturesque expression to the landscape by its graceful figure, and the darker and more decided hue of its foliage.

It was an event in a man's life to touch upon this scene, and we indulged ourselves in reverie for some time. This was already an old city when Romulus and Remus were quarreling over the mud huts of their village on the Tiber, when the foundations of Tadmor were laid, when the Jebusite built his first

rude fort on Mount Zion. This was a center of commerce as long ago as there was any commerce. When Abram's affairs became so large as to be unwieldy he employed "this Eliezer of Damascus," a man trained to business here, to take charge of them. Perhaps only Babylon was as old or older. But Babylon is gone, Tadmor is gone, commerce has been shifting its centers a thousand times, nations have come into existence, played their great tragedies on the stage, and disappeared, while here still stands Damascus. A hundred revolutions have been consummated within its walls. It has changed masters, perhaps, ten hundred times. It saw the dawn of history—it is likely to witness the end of time.

The Mohammedans have a tradition to the effect that the prophet, in one of his mercantile journeys, approached Damascus, but on coming in sight of it up here on the mountain, he exclaimed that as no man could have but one paradise he would not forfeit that in the future by entering this. So he never set foot in the city. Once he had got well *inside* he would have dismissed all apprehension of that sort.

We descended the mountain on the western side, and in two or three miles came to the diligence-road to Beyroot, which follows the course of the Barada for some miles. We were to make camp to-night at Suk Wady Barada, so that our course in the main would be along the river, though at one point our dragoman insisted on leaving it for a better road. This we regretted, when we learned that by taking this course we missed seeing the great fountain in which the principal part of the waters of the lower Barada come out of the mountain in a body.

All along this stream it is fringed with poplar and other growths, and where the precipitous mountains retreat a little here and there, leaving space for small valleys, every foot is in cultivation. In many places irrigating ditches are taken out and trained along the steep mountain-sides, so that even they are made fruitful. I doubt if any one stream of the same volume in all the world nourishes as much life as this one. Villages stand along in the gorge it makes in the mountains, often at intervals of only a mile or two. All around them is a mass of desert mountains except those acres that are touched by the water of the life-giving river.

Our tent was pitched in a gorge, and we had a very disagreeable night on account of a fierce, chilly wind. Here we fell in with a party traveling under Cook's auspices, one of whom was Dr. Philip Schaff, with whom we spent a delightful evening. On our leaving his tent at 9 o'clock the gray, barren mountains, towering above us on all sides, took on an aspect of weird beauty in the bright moonlight that seemed to me the most peculiar I had ever seen.

The next morning we climbed the mountains to the right of the road, about a mile from the village where we had camped, to see the remains of an old Roman road, which, at that point, was cut through a mass of solid and very hard rock. It was just wide enough for two chariots to pass. The sides of the rock through which it was dug are perfectly perpendicular, showing even yet the tool-marks, and contrasting strikingly with the powder-blasted road-beds of our time, which leave the walls all reft and

ragged. At one point a space was polished and surrounded by moulding. In the panel thus made is a Latin inscription, setting forth that this road was made by the Emperor Lucius Verus at the expense of the people of Abila. So solid is this rock that the lettering is perfect to this day. This was in the second century of the Christian era.

We followed the course of the upper Barada to its head, passing over on to a confluent of the Litany, where we camped for the night. It was difficult to tell where we passed from the waters of one stream to those of the other, as there is a continuous depression between the mountains from one to the other.

On the upper waters of the Barada its valleys are wide, and the mountain slopes less precipitous, while every available acre is in cultivation; but much of it is very sterile and will scarcely return the seed committed to it.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

BAALBEC—ZALEH—BEYROOT.

THREE DAYS from Damascus brings you to Baalbec by easy stages. There is a considerable country village here, but the only real interest of the place is in its ruins. These have made it famous throughout the world. There are scarcely any architectural remains anywhere, coming from the old times, so well preserved as these. But they are not so old as many others—Karnak, for instance—nor so extensive as those at Karnak; yet they are so massive as to be the wonder of architecture in all modern eyes. They are what survives of two temples—one very large, the Temple of Jupiter—and one small one, the Temple of the Sun. I say small, but that is only because it is put in comparison with the other. If it were off somewhere by itself it would be a huge affair.

The walls of the smaller temple are standing, and at their full height, but the arched roof is all gone. The ornamentation of the walls on the inside was very elaborate and very rich, consisting of mouldings, projections, and figures cut in the stone in great variety. At the end opposite the entrance there was a space partitioned off by a series of arches, used, I suppose, for religious solemnities. In after-years, at least, it was so when the building

was used as a church, as it was for a time, in the age of Constantine, and later. The ends of the broken arches still appear, and the stump of one of the supporting columns still stands; but the other is prostrate. Within this space the designs and carving are different, and perhaps more abundant.

The front entrance is very large, but much injured now, many of the stones in the arches having fallen. It has been propped in one place to prevent a great keystone from coming down. Around the entrance, above and on both sides, there is much and elegant chisel-work in the stone. Before it was a portico, supported by fluted columns, with ornamented capitals, only two of which are standing now. This portico was, no doubt, a most magnificent and elegant structure, but nothing remains of it except the two columns I have already mentioned. I doubt not that it presented a gable, and perhaps arches, of rich design and delicate tracery.

Besides this front portico there were rows of columns along both sides and the rear end, on the outside, standing about ten or fifteen feet from the wall. These columns were the full height of the wall, from the top of which arched slabs, curving upward, covered the space between the wall and the columns. These immense slabs were ornamentally carved on the under surface, and in the center of each is a mythological figure of nearly life-size. On one which has fallen is the figure of Ceres. On some, perhaps, are busts of emperors instead of gods, but the greater number are of gods or goddesses.

Very near this, and in the same inclosure, is the great Temple of Jupiter. It is a singular structure,

and covers many acres of ground. The buildings in front of the principal temple were larger than the temple itself. The walls were very thick and very high. In some parts they were much broken, in others quite perfect. I can attempt no description. At the rear of this wonderful front structure, and considerably narrower, was an area surrounded only by columns on three sides, and the wall of the front building on the other. The columns were surmounted by a cornice, but there was neither wall nor roof—just these rows of columns and the cornice joining them on the top.

All but six of these columns have fallen, and those that still stand are much injured on one side by the weather. Until 1759 there were nine standing, but the earthquake of that year prostrated three of them.

The columns of the smaller temple are  $46\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, and those of the larger 60 feet. Those of the smaller building stand around the walls, and are connected with them. The look of the whole is very grand. But the six of the other stand out by themselves, having the mountains in some directions, in other directions the sky, for a background.

If we were disappointed in the size of the stones in the Pyramids, so we were here—only that the stones *there* were smaller, and these are much *larger* than we expected.

Take the columns, for instance. Most of them are in three pieces. At the base they are  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet in diameter, and taper but very little towards the top. Think of a stone 20 or 30 feet long, and  $7\frac{1}{2}$  across, hard limestone, or granite, separated from the solid mass in the quarry, trimmed perfectly round, brought

to a high polish, moved several miles, lifted forty feet into the air, raised on end, poised and set on a column of two similar pieces, already raised! It makes my head swim to think of it.

Then some of the single *stones* in the outer wall are thirty, forty, fifty, or more, feet long, the other two dimensions corresponding. The question of questions with all modern mechanicians is, how were these stones handled? What sort of machinery was used? What adjustment of levers, screws, wedges was it by which such stupendous forces were delivered and directed, so as not only to move and elevate these immense blocks, but to lay them exactly in their places in the wall, or set them on end on the top of a column already forty feet high? The necessary fixtures for this elevation and placement must themselves have cost millions of money.

We entered the great enclosure on horseback, through an arched vault, which must be a hundred yards long. This is now properly *underground*, but I could not determine whether it was always so, or whether the earth that covers it is not merely a mass of ruins. Before proceeding with our explorations we took our lunch in the peristyle of the Temple of the Sun, under the decorated ceiling, from which all sorts of gods and goddesses looked down upon us. When our train came up the tents of both parties were pitched in the Entrance Court of the great temple, where we found room for 9 tents, 25 persons, and 48 horses, mules, and donkeys, with space for as many more. This court is 147 yards long from east to west, and 123 yards wide.

But those who desire an elaborate description of

these wonderful remains must seek it in books. The buildings were the work of the Romans. Two Latin inscriptions on the bases of columns which stood in front of the great temple set forth that it was erected and dedicated by Antoninus Pius and Julia Domna.

In the village, at a distance of a quarter of a mile, are the remains of a very small circular temple, well preserved, which is by some considered a gem of art, and which has, at least, the merit of being entirely unique in its whole design.

Scarcely less interesting than the ruins are the quarries from which the stone was obtained. Many great blocks, already quarried and shaped for their place in the wall, lie still in the vast excavation, having never been removed. Others were partially prepared only, as if work had been suddenly arrested. Two immense square columns, separated from each other by a space of four inches, fifteen or twenty feet high, stand rooted in the living rock below, having never been separated from it. They were hewed as they stand from the solid bed in which they were once contained.

But the lord of the quarry is a block 71 feet long by 17 wide, and about the same in thickness. It is perfectly dressed on three sides to its full length, and was cut under, so that perhaps half the work of detaching it was done. Some have supposed that it was abandoned for the reason that the architect found it so large as to be unwieldy. But there is abundant sign, both in the quarry and in the outer wall of the building, that all work came to a sudden stand-still before the structure was finished. Possibly the death of an Emperor, or the outbreak of war,

or some such event, brought it to an end. After the miracles of stone-lifting which had already been performed, it scarcely admits of a question that this might also have been done. At least they would have separated it from its bed and made the attempt.

How much the idolatrous religions of the ancients cost them! Is it not true that the devotees of false religions bestow their money and labor more freely than the followers of Christ? Surely nine-tenths of us are not more than half-converted.

Leaving Baalbec we descended the valley of the Litany, which is well cultivated, and quite thickly populated. This valley divides the Lebanon from the Anti-Lebanon range, and in the scope of country formerly called Cœle-Syria. Some forty miles south of Baalbec the river forsakes the valley, turns abruptly to the west, and plunges through a gorge of the Lebanon on its way to the sea.

After lunch at a wayside khan we turned from the main road to visit the village of *Kerak Nuh*, just at the edge of the valley on the Lebanon side. Here is the tomb of "the Prophet Noah." We paid two or three piasters to see it. Is it worth seeing? Let me describe it. We entered a rickety door, which was unlocked for us, ascended a flight of stone steps to a low stone roof fifty yards long. On this again we found a long, low, narrow structure, to which we were admitted. In this we found a sort of rude sarcophagus, made of plaster, I should say, measuring three or four feet across at the largest part, and—now as to the length of it: my pencil hesitates, but—it is 44 yards—132 feet. If any conscientious

or cautious reader doubts, he must make a visit to Kerak Nuh, and see for himself.

A half-hour farther brought us to the Christian village of *Zahleh*. This is a flourishing town of 15,000 inhabitants, lying on a slope of the mountain, on both sides of the brook El-Berduni, a copious mountain torrent which flows into the Litany. As we approached this village our eyes were delighted with the fresh, white aspect of its houses, many of which are of good size, and actually have glass windows. This goes to establish the truth of the statement several times made to us, that the most vigorous and enterprising people of this country are the Christians. They are decidedly superior to both Mussulmans and Druses.

The Christians of Syria are more numerous than I had supposed, and are divided into three classes—the Maronites, who are Roman Catholics; the Catholic Greeks, who acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope of Rome; and the Orthodox Greeks, who adhere to the Patriarch of Constantinople. The Maronites are a Syrian sect which submitted to the See of Rome some centuries ago, on condition of being permitted to use the Syriac as their sacred language, and to retain the privilege of marriage for their priests. At a later day a large body of the Greeks of Syria, having a quarrel with the Patriarch, were courted by Rome, giving their adhesion to the Pope, but reserving the use of the Greek ritual, and the privilege of marriage for the priests, with some other special rights, conceded at the time, but now being gradually taken away.

These Christians are scarcely less superstitious

than the Moslems; yet the universal testimony is that they are a shade more elevated in morals and intelligence, and that they are greatly in advance in industry and enterprise, being decidedly the most prosperous class in the country. Their progressive character and evident increase, it is supposed, provoked in part the massacre of 1860. Since that event the Turks have been compelled by the European Powers to allow a special government of the District of the Lebanon, the Governor being a Christian, and under a species of Protectorate of the Christian Powers. Under this government a new era of prosperity has dawned upon the country, which is strikingly in contrast both with its past condition and the present condition of other parts of it. The taxes, when collected, are faithfully returned. Property is held by a more secure tenure, and life is protected with some efficiency.

Yet religion among them is a mere form. A man is a Christian, not on the ground of repentance and faith, but because he has been baptized and confirmed. Faith he has, in a certain sense—a faith that is very intense and bigoted—but of that faith which is a vital grasp of the atoning merits of Christ he knows nothing. The Church exercises no moral discipline, a consequence of which is that the most profane and profligate are in the Church, and reckoned Christians all the same. It is ritualism gone to seed—Romanism in full flower. Religion is in the ritual, not resting on any spiritual, nor even moral basis.

Never was a reformation more needed. We were glad to find here in Zaleh two Americans of the Presbyterian Board—Messrs. Dale and March.

They have been at work here less than four years, but with marked success. They have organized a Church, had a number of instances of most remarkable conversions, established several schools, built a house of worship, and extended the work abroad in many neighboring villages. They are men of large intelligence and great energy, and seem to be devoted to their work with single-minded consecration. They have encountered strenuous opposition from the native clergy. The Jesuits are opening opposition schools. In fact, the presence of the missionaries creates an opportunity for the Jesuits, who are distrusted and hated by the native priests, especially as they are not under the control of the resident Bishops. But on the plea that their work is necessary to counteract the influence of the missionaries, they are allowed to come in with their convents and schools. Whereupon the missionaries rejoice; for the people are *learning to read*, and will be able to read the Bible as it becomes more and more disseminated. The Jesuits are driven to the extremity of even making a translation of the Bible for their people into the vernacular language.

At Zahleh we met Mr. Dale, who accompanied us to our camp. As we passed over the spur of the mountain he pointed out to us, across the valley of the Litany, the ruins of Chalcis, which we had not time to visit. On the way we met Mr. March, coming from a visit to some of the neighboring villages, who also turned back and accompanied us. At Shtora we came again into the diligence-road. Half an hour farther on was our camp, where our missionary friends dined with us, and spent the evening.

We invited Dr. Schaff, and the three or four ministers who were of his party, to meet them. They were full of information, which they gave us freely, varying thus the monotony of camp-life for us in a most delightful way. The occasion was as pleasant to them as to us, for in their inland station they rarely see friends from America. They are not without some solicitude about the war which, as we have just learned, is now imminent, though they have no fears as to their own safety. At ten o'clock we sang, "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" Dr. Schaff led us in prayer, and our friends returned to Zahleh to devote their lives to the work of God in Syria. Our hearts went with them, and we did most earnestly commit them to the care of Him whom they serve.

The next morning we crossed the great Lebanon range by the diligence-road, the only improved road in all Syria. It is owned by a French company, and there is scarcely a better road in the world. The diligence runs each way between Damascus and Beyroot twice a day, making the distance, seventy miles, in fourteen hours. The road is Macadamized, being kept smooth and hard from one end to the other.

From the summit of the range Beyroot and the Mediterranean were descried, but we had a descent of 5,000 feet to make. Three or four miles from town we took our lunch. A Nubian had come out in a hack, in hopes of getting a job. He offered to take us in cheap, but we could not think of ending our tour of Palestine and Syria in so tame a fashion. So we mounted our faithful steeds again, and made

our last ride at a brisk pace, bringing up at the New Oriental Hotel, on the very shore of the sea, with the waves dashing against the rocks immediately beneath our window.

For my part I enjoyed the saddle, and was not at all over-fatigued. It was going back to old habits, and proved to me that I was not yet disqualified for circuit work. I had become quite attached to my little bay horse. He was the best walker I met with anywhere on the road. He was "tough as a pine-knot," though it must be confessed that he was both lazy and hard-headed; albeit a good stout hickory always brought him to a sense of his duty. He had but to know that it was there and *would be used*—the actual use of it being seldom necessary. Under such circumstances he was a most exemplary quadruped, and when I remember *what roads* he carried me over without ever making a serious misstep, I do most freely forgive him everything I considered wrong at the time, and part from him with a feeling of gratitude and regret.

Beyroot is a city of 80,000 inhabitants, having grown to this importance from a population of 20,000, in less than thirty years. What the cause of this surprising and sudden start into prosperity is, I scarcely know. Several causes have been at work. The Christian Government of the Lebanon has brought a large district of country immediately tributary to it into new life. The French road to Damascus has made traffic with the interior practicable and easy. It is also the head-quarters of Protestant Missions in Syria. One English company has brought the water of Dog river to the city,

conveying it to every part, while another has lighted it with gas.

Be it noted that all this stir in the immemorial stagnation of the place is due to *foreigners*. This despot-ridden country has not life enough to make a road, or construct water or gas-works, nor, indeed, to do anything else. It would be difficult to invent a worse government than this. It seems to have no idea of government, except as an engine for collecting taxes; nor has it the sagacity to collect the tax on principles that will enable the people to pay more another year. To squeeze out of them the blood that happens to be in their veins *now*, is the ultimate wisdom of the Turk.

The American Board of C. F. M. established Missions here more than fifty years ago. The work is now in the hands of the Presbyterian Board, and a great work it is. The actual communicants do not number over one thousand, but the American reader will get no idea from that fact of the extent and importance of the results already secured. The Bible has been translated into the vernacular, schools have been opened in many towns and villages, a large printing establishment is in operation, and a flourishing college, with a medical department, is well launched.

In this Mission there are: Central stations, 5; out-stations, 44; ordained missionaries, 11; female missionaries (unmarried), 6; native pastors, 3; native licensed preachers, 12; school-teachers, 60; other helpers, 14; preaching-places, 38; girls in boarding-schools, 125; pupils in day-schools, 2,107. The number of volumes printed at the Mission Press,

30,000; tracts, 15,000; pages printed during the year, 14,317,200; pages of Bibles, 8,410,000.

Besides the translation of the Bible, a number of valuable text-books, scientific and historical, have been prepared for schools, in Arabic—a great work; for many of them will be used in native schools.

In addition to these Missions, the United and Reformed Presbyterian Churches have occupied several points, and established a good many schools.

I ought to have said that the statistics given above are four years old. The statistics of this date would show a large increase in several items, and steady advance in all, for the work was never more prosperous than now.

There are, then, "The British Syrian Schools and Bible Mission," carried on by Church of England people, with schools at Beyroot, Damascus, Tyre, and other places, and 2,652 pupils enrolled. The Free Church of Scotland, also, has quite a large number of schools. All taken together there is a volume of Protestant and Evangelical agencies and influence active here, that has already quickened the country to a perceptible degree, and promises to produce a moral, intellectual, and religious revolution.

The College, which I have already mentioned, does not belong to the Mission proper, nor to any Church; yet it is founded on strictly Evangelical principles; the Bible is a text-book, and the faith of the gospel is earnestly inculcated by all proper means. It has been built and partially endowed by Christian men in England and America, the property being held by trustees in America, incorporated

under the general law of the State of New York, in 1863. The incorporators were, Wm. A. Booth, Wm. E. Dodge, David Hoadley, S. B. Chittenden, of New York, and Abner Kingman and Joseph S. Ropes, of Boston. A special act of the Legislature, in 1864, invested them with important special privileges. The immediate management of the Institution is in the hands of a local Board of Trustees, most of whom reside at Beyroot. Already it has done a great work, and stands head and shoulders above any educational institution in Syria. For the extent of its curriculum and the thoroughness of its instructions in the country it has no rival. The graduates of the Medical Department already number twenty, who are the only thoroughly educated native physicians in the country.

We received very cordial attentions from Mr. Edgar, the American Consul at Beyroot. He is the son of Dr. Edgar, one of the former Presbyterian pastors of Nashville, a man largely known in the South.

Our visit to Syria has been very suggestive. Here, where there was a high state of civilization, while yet the greater part of Europe was still in a savage condition, society is now in a semi-barbarous state. How is this? Why is it? Is Moslemism responsible for it? Did these countries, in rejecting Christ, recoil into stagnation and render progress an impossible thing? A mere glance at the country is sufficient to show that it is not due to physical conditions, for there is everything here to constitute the basis of the highest prosperity. Enterprise, intelligence, and moral power, are all that is needed to

make this what it once was, one of the most magnificent countries on the face of the earth. The Turk and the False Prophet have shed a blight upon it.

In proof, see the prosperity already brought about, in less than twenty years, under the Christian Government of Mount Lebanon.

On the last day of our stay in Beyroot, our Consul invited us to ride with him to the Prussian Cemetery. There we saw a granite shaft of good size. On one side we read, "Rev. Calvin Kingsley, D. D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Born in the State of New York, United States of America, Sept. 8, 1812. Died in Syria, April 6, 1870, while making for his Church the first Episcopal tour of the globe." On the opposite face are these words: "May his tomb unite more closely Asia and America." The Consul gives attention to the monument, and it is in good condition. The grounds around it are neat, and very well kept.

In the rear of the Mission Press is a small cemetery in which I read the following epitaph on a small and modest slab, which serves as a horizontal covering of a grave: "Rev. Pliny Fisk. Died Oct. 23, 1825, *Æ.* 33 yrs." That was all. It is enough. If I am not mistaken, Pliny Fisk was the first man sent by the American Board to Syria, the forerunner of all that followed, and all that is to follow.

Protestant Missions are not a failure, but a great success. We have had large observation of them now, from Yokohama to Beyroot. The men engaged in the work are generally of a high order of intelligence and personal force. They are the represen-

tatives of the Son of God among the heathen—and among the half-heathen found in degenerate Churches. They are charged with his word, which is quick and powerful, and is proving itself to be so by incipient victories already achieved. This divine word is the sword having two edges that proceeds out of his mouth, and pierces to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow, of the soul and spirit, being a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. The nineteenth century is a new point of departure in the history of the Church. It opens the missionary epoch, and is itself the outgrowth of the great revivals of the eighteenth century. Those revivals are again the fruit of Reformation, which expended itself in controversy for two hundred years, until its ideas became crystallized and its forms defined and animated with their proper spirit.

The forces that are potential in the Eternal World are coming into full expression, and he is going forth conquering the nations. Surely he will never stay his hand until the last enemy is prostrate under his feet.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### ON BOARD THE STEAMER ESPERO.

ON TUESDAY, May 1, at 6 o'clock, P. M., we embarked on the steamer *Espero*, of the Austrian Lloyd line, for Constantinople, taking leave of Beyroot after a very pleasant sojourn of three days. Be it known by all travelers that the Austrian Lloyd steamers do no extra feeding. Their dinner-hour is five, and when they sail at six, as they generally do, if a passenger gets his dinner he pays for it *extra*. Moreover, they take great pains to land you at the port of destination *just* before a meal. In the run of the year a good deal of bread and meat is saved by this close sort of economy, and I must say this Austrian bread is worth saving. It is the sweetest bread I have ever eaten.

Our captain is a burly Italian, a funny, genial fellow, who plays a practical joke on some one every now and then. He takes more pains to get off a poor trick than any man I ever saw. For instance, he fastened the plate of Cook's dragoman to the table-cloth with sealing wax, just before dinner one day, burning a hole in the table-cloth in doing it. How he did laugh when the man's plate was to be changed and the table-cloth was lifted with it. The man who can get so much laughter out of a joke no better than that is to be envied.

We have several Turkish officers on board, bound for Constantinople. The war has begun; the whole weight of Russia is coming upon the Empire, and Turkey "expects every man to do his duty." Some of the officers of the lower ranks amuse me. Their uniform is blue, and the skirt of the coat is sewed to the body in plaits nearly an inch wide. H. says they remind him of a negro in his master's cast-off coat. Those we have seen are certainly as ungainly a looking set as can be well imagined. Now and then one makes a show of dressing up, but there is always sure to be something *outré*. I have seen some quite elegantly dressed, except that their feet were in slippers which were down at the heel, with no stockings on.

But at Smyrna some officers of high rank got aboard. They were faultlessly dressed in European style, and as fine-looking men as you will see anywhere. One, especially, is a man of very imposing presence, who would be taken for a man of mark in any country. They are very courteous and self-possessed. One of them sits next to me at meals. On my asking him if he spoke English, he shook his head and said, "No." But we manage by a sort of pantomime to keep up an exchange of amenities at the table, in which he will never allow me to get ahead of him. I have taken a decided liking to him, which, I imagine, he reciprocates. Two things I hope for in connection with this Russo-Turkish war—one is that the Turks may get a good drubbing, for they need it; the other, that this particular Turk may not get a hole shot through him.

Most of our passengers are Englishmen and

women. Two of them are clergymen of the Established Church. They and their party are the jolliest set on board. They are the only ones who act like snobs. One of the reverend clergymen, especially, puts on airs, and affects the elegant gentleman in many respects, while at the same time he pays assiduous attention to the ladies, and often sings snatches of humorous songs with grimace and gesture that—well, I will not say it. This gentleman was invited to read prayers on Sunday, but he had the grace to get his older and better-behaved friends to officiate. After prayers there would have been a sermon, but the ship was just landing at Mitylene, and the confusion was so great as to render it impracticable.

Nearly all on board are people of good sense and modest behavior—that is, I mean of the first-class passengers—and some of them are men of very large information. The English, so far as our observation extends, travel more than any other people, and, with very few exceptions, they are sensible travelers. They dress for it in a plain, substantial way, and do not overload themselves with luggage. They are ready to take things as they come, rarely making any ado if they encounter some mishap or have some discomfort to undergo. Only now and then one is a little snobbish. Perhaps they are somewhat too much given to ordering servants about in hotels and on ships, and once in a while one is noisy and blustering in his way of doing it. One of our snobs, going ashore in a boat at Mitylene, quarreled with the boatman on his return, and fell foul of him with

his fists. I am glad to say he was not one of the clergymen.

The English ladies know exactly how to travel, dispensing with all finery and nonsense, dressing in stout goods of somber colors, and taking things as they come. Two unmarried ladies, not over-young, out without any male friend, taking care of themselves under Cook's auspices, were in Dr. Schaff's party through Palestine. I admired them, not for their personal beauty—for they had none of that—but for their good sense, which they were liberally endowed with, for their unaffected good manners, their remarkable intelligence, self-possession, and first-rate horsemanship. They were provided with gentle, but active, and sprightly horses, and were as fearless riders as any in the company, complaining less of fatigue than the men. They sometimes unconsciously led the cavalcade at so rapid a rate that the venerable Dr. Schaff was compelled to break into an undignified canter to keep from getting lost. He protested that it had never been in his expectations to *gallop* through Palestine, but he was obliged to do it to keep in sight of the rest. Once the spell was broken, and he had begun to gallop, I half suspected him of enjoying it. Certainly he was not *always* behind. I am not sure but that with practice he would excel as much in horsemanship as in Hebrew. I have rarely met with a more genial, enjoyable man.

Both companies of us were photographed together amid the ruins of Baalbec. Two negatives were made, in one of which a heavy shadow fell from me upon the Doctor. He consoled himself that the

shadow was not upon his head, and I acknowledged that it would be impossible to throw that in the shade. It always shines out clear.

But I must get back on board the good ship Espero. We had on board the Rev. Dr. Post, of the Mission at Beyroot. He is, by the necessities of his position, in a large practice as a physician and surgeon at Beyroot. His reputation as a surgeon is all over Syria. Patients come to him for capital operations from great distances. He is also Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the Medical Department of the College, and of Botany in the Scientific Department—work enough for one small man; but, like many intellectual men of small stature, he has the nervous and muscular fiber that can bear almost any strain. He can turn off work and stand it like Dr. Summers. He is going to Constantinople with the scientific text-books which have been prepared in Arabic by the missionaries, to show the Government that the hard work of the Mission looks to the substantial and permanent advancement of the Turkish Empire, and to request certain franchises for the College. But I suspect the Government has its hands too full of the war to give him much attention. Little cares it, at best, about the education of the people, though it does sometimes grant favors to distinguished men when they apply. At any rate, under whatever auspices of Government, and in spite of all wars, these great labors and educational enterprises, carried on in the name of the Son of God, will go forward to the happiest issue.

In addition to the first-class passengers, we have a

motley crowd below, in all styles of dress, European and Oriental, of all colors, from the fair Greek to the jet-black Nubian, men and women, distributed about in the most picturesque way; each individual or group provided with its own mattress and quilts, which serve them to squat on by day and sleep on at night. The gabble they keep up is incessant. Some of them are remarkably fine-looking, and some as squalid as dirt and rags can make them. There is not a single native traveling first-class, except the three distinguished officers who came on at Smyrna.

A devout Mussulman is often seen in his devotions. He takes no pains to get out of sight. The "corner of the street" is as good a place as he wants for prayer. Turning his face toward Mecca, he bows repeatedly, touching the ground with his head, and runs rapidly over his set form of words. The floors of mosques and chapels for prayer are always covered with mats, and the man who performs his devotions out of doors, so far as I have observed, always spreads down his blanket or cloak, to stand and kneel and prostrate himself upon. There is always a decent aspect of reverence. I think I have never witnessed an instance of indecent flippancy.

Our first landing-place was at Larnaka, in the Island of Cyprus. After Paul and Barnabas had been solemnly and formally set apart to the work of Missions, at Antioch, they came first to Cyprus. On this island the first missionary trophies were won, though not on this part of it. But we were in the neighborhood of those great events. Just beyond the mountains, to the west of us, was Paphos, where the Deputy, Sergius Paulus, was converted, and

where the sorcerer, Elymas, was struck blind. Of what a career was that the beginning!

We landed and walked through the town, visiting the bazaar, an old church and convent, and, best of all, a Greek school. In the church I suggested to Dr. Schaff to go up into the two-story pulpit, and give us a sermon, which he did, but in an unknown tongue. However, it had the merit of being short, consisting of two passages of Scripture in Greek, followed by the apostolic benediction. The school was a large one. For our entertainment the boys—for there were no girls—sang one or two pieces, and one of them recited the Lord's-prayer and the *Credo*, but in the most rapid and irreverent manner.

We visited Mr. Cesnola, the brother of the former United States Consul, who was so successful in collecting antiquities here. Besides the two collections that have been sent to America, there is a fine one still here, which we saw. Mr. Cesnola received us with great courtesy, and presented each one of us with a specimen.

From Cyprus we steered direct for Rhodes, so long the head-quarters of the Knights of St. John. Here we saw a specimen of the harbors of ancient times. Heavy stone walls, built out into the water, affording ample room for the ships of the old-time mariners, and sheltering them completely from storms and waves, are still in perfect preservation. But they have out-lived their day. Great steamers cannot enter. I was impressed, however, when I went in, in a little row-boat, with the perfect security of the place. There was a brisk breeze, and the waves were running somewhat, outside; but within

the space protected by these walls the surface was perfectly smooth. The masonry must be of the most remarkable solidity; for, at the very least, these walls, so perfect, have stood against the waves from the days of the Crusades.

We visited such of the castles, barracks, hospitals, and churches of the Knights as are still standing. There are two houses pointed out as residences of the Commanders. The buildings are all of stone, very solid, but not of the magnificent proportions nor high finish I expected to see. They are in rather a rude style. Coats-of-arms appear here and there, in relief, with an occasional figure of Christ, or the Virgin, or a saint; but the carving is not abundant. Yet one cannot but honor the history of those doughty knights, whose chivalry was devoted, however superstitiously, yet, according to the light they had, to the honor of Christ and the glory of his kingdom. They were high-souled men, who held for ages this stronghold of Faith, in the Levant, by force and arms, against the power of the infidel. But they are gone now—gone forever; for the Christian civilization has realized a spirit and taken on forms that render such an arm of support and defense impossible. Her battles now are on a different arena, and she has come to know the weapons of her warfare better. They are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. The Church has become more skillful of fence with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. With this she turns to flight the armies of the aliens, and overthrows the mighty. If, now and then, the Russian makes the defense of Christians

the pretext of a war, all the world knows that it is *but* a pretext—that political considerations, at bottom, determine her course at all times.

In the Grecian Archipelago we have islands in sight all the time, and, generally, on our right, the mainland. Cnidos, Kos (Coos), Mitylene, Troas, remind us of that journey of the great apostle, when he "must keep this feast at Jerusalem." On Thursday evening the sun went down directly over Patmos, which lay just in sight upon the horizon. Patmos! It looks like any other island in the distance, most truly, for its glory is not of its rocks or hills. But of what a drama was it the theater! With what scenic splendors, with what display of celestial grandeurs, with what coming and going of mighty angels, did God open the unseen world, and disclose the future there! The book sealed with seven seals was opened by the Lion of the tribe of Judah. Harps and trumpets, thunders and voices, shook the atmosphere, and lightnings striped the sky. But the drapery of the vision all passed away, and Patmos became only as another island.

We landed at Smyrna. This was the seat of one of the Seven Churches. There was no fault found with this Church. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." This was the message of her Lord to her, from among the sublimities of Patmos. This, also, was the warning, "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer," for persecutions were in the near future. "Some of you shall be cast into prison, and ye shall suffer tribulation ten days." The faithful Polycarp did indeed suffer here afterward, bearing a glorious testimony to the last,

and loving not his life unto the death. They have made a poor modern tomb, under a cypress-tree, which they point out to travelers as Polycarp's tomb. It is on an elevation back of the city. There is an old castle, built, probably, in mediæval times, of stone and fragments of old marble structures, on the spot, they say, where the martyr died.

Smyrna is now the second city of the Turkish Empire, having a population of 200,000. More than half of them are Greek Christians. There is a large Jews' quarter. Passing through it we saw many good-looking people, and many signs of prosperity. Two or three fine groves of cypress and several large gardens add greatly to the beauty of the place. The shops in the Franks' quarter look for all the world like small retail stores in America. The native bazaar is like all other bazaars in Oriental cities. Viewed from the castle, or from the sea, the city is one of the prettiest we have seen. One thing impresses me—wherever we have seen any decided marks of prosperity we have found a predominant Christian population. So it is here in Smyrna.

It was in our plans to run down to Ephesus by rail; but our steamer was a day late, having been delayed by foul weather off Jaffa, and the captain would not give us time for it. But, as it turned out, we *did* remain long enough to have made the trip. This was a great disappointment to us, for we had a great desire to see that city where the books of the magicians were burned. Interesting ruins are still to be seen. It seemed a pity to be so near, and yet not able to meet our expectations.

This railroad was constructed and is owned by an

English company. *Foreign enterprise* again. Poor Turkey! She does nothing for herself; she has not sufficient life, and does not know how.

At Mitylene we discharged a good deal of cargo—amongst other things some barrels of petroleum—"Refined—Baltimore."

Monday morning we had the "plains of Troy" on our right. It is a beautiful and fruitful region. Of course, we thought of Priam, and Hector, and the wooden horse, and Helen; but much more did we think of another and later event. It was at Troy (Troas) that St. Paul, having reached the western extremity of the continent of Asia, had the vision of the man from Macedonia calling to him, "Come over and help us." But this Troas, though in the same neighborhood, is not to be confounded with the Homeric city. That call was the voice of God. In that little ship that sailed by a straight course from Troas to Samothracia, and from thence to Neapolis, were the fortunes of Europe and the ages. The gospel of Christ contained the seed of the civilization of the Germanic peoples, and on that voyage this one man carried it into Europe. This was its fourth great point of departure. Jerusalem, Joppa, Antioch, Troas. From each of these successively the word of God started out on a new campaign, and to new conquests.

Some events stand by themselves; others are so related to human affairs that they continue to reproduce themselves to the end of time. Such was this voyage of the apostle to Europe. It carried into the West that faith which was to type European society, and infuse into it all that wonderful energy which

would make it what it is to-day. In fact, the gospel contained all that is distinctive in the Western civilization, in germ. Long time was necessary to bring it into full development—indeed, it is not yet at its highest point; but, after being repressed and retarded for ages, its proper issue began to appear in the higher civilization of Europe and America.

If all this is true—and it seems to me to be unquestionably so—then St. Paul carried in his own person across the *Ægean* Sea, to Europe, the printing-press, the telescope, the cotton-gin, the powerloom, the modern plow, the steam-engine, the microscope, the magnetic telegraph, railroads, Kepler, Sir Isaac Newton, the Herschels, Christopher Columbus, and America. What a cargo for one little ship!

When Asia took Mohammed to be its Prophet, rejecting Christ as its Saviour, it staggered back some centuries toward the barbarism from which it had emerged. Since that time it has had its history of wars, has witnessed the creation and decay of great empires; but in government, in art, in industry, in science, in commerce, its only movement has been in a retrograde direction. At one time the Moslem power seemed to have sufficient force to subjugate Europe, and did actually establish its capital on the west bank of the Bosphorus; but there was wanting that inward vitality which would suffice for development; and now at this moment, having given the seeds of civilization to the West, Asia is receiving back from the West the ripened fruit. The tide of life that rolled westward is now, after so many ages, returning in a reflux wave upon the shores from which it took its first departure. The little of new

life that is starting up in the East at this moment comes from Europe and America.

And most deeply is the new life of the West needed here. If we saw men made beasts of burden in Japan and China, we have seen the same thing in a worse form here. The most fearful burdens are borne on men's backs. They are actually prepared by a pack-saddle so constructed as to distribute the burden evenly all along the spine. On this the most incredible loads are placed, and the loaded man, going half bent, approximates the very posture of a dumb brute. I saw two men in Smyrna carrying a log that I am sure any six men I ever knew in America would have found too heavy for them, even for a rod or two; but these men had it to carry for a great distance. These pack-saddles are in common use in Constantinople, and men may be seen staggering under great boxes and barrels along every street. To-day I saw *three* men strain themselves painfully in lifting a bale of cotton upon the back of another, who walked off with it I know not how far. The doom of the laboring man here is not overdrawn in the primal curse. Two words give the sum of his existence—overwork and scant pay. What horses, and mules, and steam, and wheels, do in America, *men* do in Asia.

The plain of Troy is bounded on the north by the Dardanelles—the Hellespont—which is a long, narrow strait connecting the Ægean Sea with the Sea of Marmora, which is again connected with the Black Sea by the Bosphorus. On the west side of this strip of waters is Europe, which we sighted first at the entrance of the Dardanelles, May 7. Nov. 28

we had landed at Yokohama, and from that day to this, with the exception of eight or ten days in Egypt, we had been traveling in Asia—a period of more than five months. What a world in itself this great continent is! so vast in extent, and, in many parts, teeming so with human life. More than one-half of the human race live on it, for its population exceeds that of Europe, Africa, and America. In some parts of it there was once the highest civilization, but at this time the most cultivated and enlightened portions of it have a civilization, certainly, of a very low order. I know there is a class of literary men who will criticise a statement of this sort, and affirm that I am unjustly applying to them *my standard* of civilization, and judging them by that, and that there can be no absolute standard. Of course this class of men affect great large-mindedness, if not great wisdom; but, in truth, they seem to me to be shallow in proportion to their breadth.

Is there not, after all, a positive standard by which all civilization is to be judged? It seems to me so. The general intelligence of the common people, the cultivation of the arts and sciences, the comforts and refinements found among the laboring classes, architectural elegance of houses, command of the forces of nature, and such knowledge of the laws of nature as to free the mind from a superstitious feeling with regard to its operations—these, among other things, it seems to me, give a just standard by which *all* civilization must be tried. Judged by such a standard, there is no civilization of any high order from Yokohama to the Dardanelles. Much has been writ-

ten about the magnificence of Oriental architecture; but we saw no really elegant architecture that is not to be traced to European influence, unless a few of the most famous mosques may be excepted, but it is not, by any means, certain that they are exceptions, properly. It is certain that the most celebrated edifices of the Moguls in India owe their magnificence and perfection chiefly to European artists.

I have already spoken of the work of the Presbyterian Board of Missions in Syria. What is called the *Turkey Mission* is in the hands of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. The work in this field has been, and still is, prosperous. It lies in European Turkey and Asia Minor. It has quite a large number of Churches, widely scattered, with a membership of near 6,000, and a registered Protestant community of 30,000.

*Registered Protestant Community.* This phrase suggests a state of things which the American reader will not understand. Every person in Turkey is registered as of some faith, for purposes of the civil and municipal administration—especially the collection of the taxes. Each religious community in a village—Mussulman, Greek Orthodox, Greek Catholic, Maronite, Druse, Protestant—has a chief person through whom the Government deals with the community. This person is notified of the amount of tax his community is expected to pay. The Government looks to him for it, and he collects it as he may choose. But if he reports any one as delinquent the Government authorities quarter a soldier in the house until the amount is forthcoming. The soldier makes himself at home, orders whatever he wants,

and makes himself as intolerable as possible. The poor tax-payer in such circumstances will sell his last she-goat, or borrow money at any rate of interest, to rid his family of the hateful intruder.

Before any man has himself *registered* as a Protestant he has weighed the matter well. Especially as in most cases he will be subjected to many mortifications and annoyances by so doing, for generally there is very pronounced and vexatious opposition. It is known that many are very favorably disposed, and, indeed, secretly convinced, who have not yet had the courage to come out. But as the Protestant communities become stronger, and grow to such numbers in given localities as to suffice for all social ends, adhesion becomes less difficult, and the work progresses more rapidly.

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## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE best position for a great capital, both political and commercial, in the world we inhabit is that occupied by the city of the Sultan. Any one who will take the trouble to study its geographical relations will soon convince himself of this fact.

It is the center of the most remarkable system of waters, the like of which is nowhere else found. It has the great Mediterranean Sea on one hand, and the Black Sea on the other, and is on that most remarkable channel which connects the two with a depth of water at all points much more than sufficient for the largest vessels. The Mediterranean is 2,500 miles long from Gibraltar to Beyroot, with a coast line greatly extended by the Ægean and Adriatic Seas. It washes the shores of Europe, Asia and Africa, and touches many of the fairest and most fertile regions of the earth. Human civilization dawned upon its shores. From immemorial ages it has been the highway of an opulent commerce. The length of its coast line, following all its irregularities, and taking its larger islands into account, is more than 10,000 miles. On the other side the Black Sea extends from the Bosphorus to the Caucasus, bounding Asia Minor and Armenia on the north, and Western Russia on the south, having its coast line extended by the Sea of Azof, and receiving the waters of the Danube, the Dnieper, and the Don, opens to it a vast area and some of the richest regions of Europe. Thus all of Western Asia, Eastern Europe, and Northern Africa, are at the very door of Constantinople, which is accessible to them by easy water communication, and is so related to the different parts as to hold the thread of their commerce in her hand. The area that she thus commands extends over a range of latitude and embraces a variety of productions which ought to give rise to the most active commerce, of which she would be the center and chief point of distribution. Then the

Straits of Gibraltar and the Suez Canal open all the world to her, east and west. If the Bosphorus had been in the hands of the people who have made London, Constantinople would have been equal to two or three Londons.

Just at the end of the Bosphorus, where it enters the Sea of Marmora, is Constantinople, on the European side. As you enter from the sea of Marmora you have the city on your left. By the time you fairly enter the Bosphorus you see an arm of water a mile wide starting out at right angles from it on your left. It penetrates the land about ten miles, first in a direct course, and then, toward the head of it, curving to the right. This is the Golden Horn, the mouth of which is the harbor of the city, which lies on the sea on one side and on the Golden Horn on the other, with an oval point on the Bosphorus, as the shore curves around and turns up the Horn. The business front is on the Horn.

But, as at New York, there are *three* cities here—one on the opposite bank of the Golden Horn, called Pera, or sometimes Galata, and one on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, called Scutari. The principal city itself is called Stamboul by the Turks. So, on the western side of the Bosphorus there are Stamboul and Pera in Europe, with the Golden Horn dividing them, and on the opposite side Scutari in Asia. Southward from Scutari, and only a short distance from it, fronting on the sea, is the old city of Chalcedon, a place of little consequence now.

This cluster of cities is said to contain a population of 1,000,000.

The shores of the Bosphorus are bold and beautiful

in a very high degree, often rising in steep elevations of three or four hundred feet, just above the city. The ground on which the city itself stands is not so elevated, but sufficiently so for the finest effect in the display of its buildings. Those which show to the best effect are the mosques, of which there are several very large ones, their domes and minarets rising above all other buildings, with a cluster of smaller domes around the base of the great one. In Stamboul there are also the buildings of the Sublime Porte—that is, the great Government offices—not in a very commanding position. But the building occupied by the Minister of War is some distance from the others, on a commanding site. Besides these public buildings and mosques the houses of Stamboul are generally of a poor class. The same is true of Scutari. But a large part of the city of Pera is occupied by Europeans, and in this quarter the houses will average well with those of our American cities. The East and the West are face to face here. You may pass from the streets occupied by elegant European retail stores, cross the Golden Horn on a bridge, and in twenty minutes find yourself in the midst of an Oriental bazaar. The contrast is striking and impressive. The two civilizations are represented in the aspects of the contrasting scenes. The European shop, or *store* as we call it in America, with ample room, and goods classified and neatly ranged on shelves, the whole place having an aspect of order and convenience, with an air of artistic arrangement, on an open street, belongs to a different world from the narrow, covered street of the bazaar, with its little crowded shops, eight or ten feet

square, having the whole front open upon the very edge of the street; or, what is often seen, the goods exposed for sale in the street itself, sometimes on a little platform, and not unfrequently on a piece of canvas, spread on the pavement.

In Stamboul there is no room for carriages, except on one or two thoroughfares. Even in Pera only a few of the streets are wide enough for wheels, and they are paved so badly with stones a foot in diameter, as to make it unpleasant. Most persons get about on foot, or on horseback.

We reached Constantinople on the same steamer with Dr. Schaff's party. An English gentleman and his two daughters had joined the party at Beyroot, so that we had quite a crowd together. On landing, there was a little show of examining trunks by a custom-house official, and then the baggage was placed on the backs of the human animals, who were waiting for a job. A walk of half a mile up a rather steep street, paved with large stones so as to make a lumpy surface, each stone being from six to twelve inches, brought us to the Luxembourg Hotel. It is the poorest hotel in the city, having any claim to respectability, a fact which we did not know beforehand. If we had the thing to do over again we would never set foot inside of it.

We were in Pera. After breakfast the whole party started out to see Stamboul on horseback. You ought to have seen us, ten men and four ladies, four of the men Americans, counting Dr. Schaff, all the others English, mounted on fat stallions that were squealing and spoiling for a fight all the time. It happened that the finest one of the lot fell to me

—a magnificent Arab, pure white, fat, well groomed, and so full of life that he could not hold himself still. But he was well broken, and by nature, tractable. Besides that, he had the most powerful bit, with tremendous leverage; it almost hurt my conscience to draw upon the reins. Three hostlers went along on foot, whose business it was, when two of the horses charged upon each other, to dash in and part them. We crossed over to Stamboul, went to the Sublime Porte, and got a firman authorizing us to enter the mosques, rode through the streets an hour or two, and passed out through the old wall at the Seven Towers. How proudly my Arab did comport himself, and how anxious he seemed to whip every other horse in the crowd; yet he responded to my voice and hand with more of affection than fear, apparently, so that I soon felt quite at my ease. But after we got beyond the wall, some of the party set off, not on a gallop, but on a run at full speed. I thought my Arab would go mad. He was fairly frantic with the irrepressible sense of power. To be passed and left behind by meaner horses was too much. It took the full advantage of the powerful bit to enable me to moderate him into a rapid gallop, and at that he bounded into the air, and shook his head, and kicked, so that he was a magnificent spectacle. Could an old-time Methodist preacher be condemned if he enjoyed such a moment with a sort of intoxication of delight? In fact I claim credit for not disgracing the cloth by distancing every thing on the field. I scarcely know any thing in the way of physical enjoyment better than the sense of being borne along by a bounding horse

that scarcely feels your weight while yet you rein him and control him at your will.

We visited all the principal mosques, though none of them are equal to the great mosques at Cairo, nor at all comparable to the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem. That of St. Sophia has a special interest for Christians, as it was built for a Christian church, and long used as such. The Moslems changed it in some respects, but the body of the building is as it was made at first. In some places even the cross is to be seen, though, in most instances, it is more or less mutilated. It was built by the Emperor Justinian, who boasted, when it was dedicated, that he had eclipsed the work of Solomon. It is indeed a magnificent structure. But I cannot undertake to describe it. Another old Christian church, the Church of St. Irene, is now used as an arsenal. Guns, and pistols, and swords, are stacked all over the floor, and hang thick on all the walls and columns.

We happened at Constantinople at the time of the Annual Meeting of the Missionaries. It was an occasion of great interest, especially as the war just commenced may place some of the missionaries in the interior in difficult, and even perilous, situations. Their annual sacramental-service was one of much interest, and constituted another occasion, of which we have enjoyed so many, in which we might commune with the people of God in the symbols of our Lord's death. From San Francisco on, our way has been marked by sacramental opportunities. What though these brethren are not of our own immediate sect? and the service not in the form we are most

accustomed to? They are the followers of our Lord, and this bread is broken "in remembrance of him." Moreover, they are men who have forsaken all to follow Christ. Our fellowship with them is deep and holy.

At that service I met the Rev. Dr. Long, of the M. E. Church. He was the first Superintendent of the Bulgarian Mission of that Church, but has been now for some years Professor of Natural Science in the Robert College at Constantinople.

The history of this institution is a remarkable one. Mr. Robert, a merchant in New York City, a man intelligent in Oriental and missionary affairs, came to the conclusion that the cause of Christ would be served in a very effectual way by the establishment of a college, under evangelical auspices, at Constantinople. He had the good fortune to secure ground near the city, on which he erected a large stone building, well adapted to its purposes. It is situated six miles from the lower bridge of the Golden Horn, on one of the most commanding summits in the vicinity, just at a curve of the Bosphorus, commanding a magnificent view of that most remarkable channel in both directions, toward the city, and toward the Black Sea. The view from the summit of the college-edifice is remarkably imposing. Across the Bosphorus the Asiatic hills rise in grand masses, steamers and sails dot the water-line below, villages in quick succession lie along the shore, the palaces and suburbs of the city, on both banks, refresh the eye to the right, the Black Sea is just beyond the range of vision on the left, the hills of Europe lie in the rear, while the curve of the Bos-

phorus, with its deep depression between the two continents, forms a magnificent arc on the cord of which the college stands. I believe I have never known a public building in so grand a situation.

Upon the invitation of Dr. Long, I spent a night at the college. There have been as many as 200 students at one time in attendance, though the number at present is reduced to 120. The cause of the falling off is not to be sought outside of the prostration of the business of the country, which sympathizes with the universal stagnation in Europe and America, and, from local causes, is exceptionally severe in Turkey. I was informed by intelligent men that for two years there has been no business done here beyond a trade in the necessities of life.

Students come from all parts, but chiefly from Bulgaria. Three or four different languages are represented among them, and as it is necessary to have a uniform language for the college, the English has been selected. Before entering the classes the student must be able to pass an examination in that language.

This institution is not connected with any Church, but is founded upon a strictly evangelical basis. The religion of the Bible is taught in it as a part of the curriculum, and the word is preached in its chapel. Its graduates go abroad everywhere, deeply grounded in the saving truths of the Christian faith.

The curriculum of the college covers the whole classical and scientific course, and it has established the reputation of thoroughness wanting in the native schools, which must in better times command a large patronage among the higher classes. The

scientific and philosophical apparatus, I observed, is very ample and in excellent condition.

In company with Dr. Schaff I attended the opening exercises in the morning. After roll-call, reading of the Scriptures in concert in English, and prayer by the Rev. Dr. Washburn, the acting President, Dr. Schaff was called upon to address the students. When "the old man eloquent" sat down, the cheering was the heartiest I ever heard in a college. As for myself, I will risk the egotism of saying that the opportunity of addressing those young men was one of the most gratifying incidents of my tour. I have rarely had a better average of faces before me, or spoken to a more attentive or responsive audience. By the way, I had one false impression corrected. I had supposed that every Slav had light hair and complexion, and blue eyes. In many instances quite the reverse is true.

The Mohammedan patronage of the school has always been small. Just now there are none of that class. Missionary laborers here have little or no access to the Moslem population. It is next to impossible for a Mohammedan to avow himself a convert to Christianity, not only on account of the overwhelming social pressure, but also on account of official interference. It is among nominal Christians alone that anything is or can be done, so long as the Ottoman rule continues.

The Turks impress me favorably in some respects. Physically, they are a fine race. After their fashion, they are cultivated. Their manners are easy and pleasant. So long as their religious prejudices are out of sight, they are polite. They are brave and

self-possessed. As a matter of course, there must be great force in them to have acquired, and to retain for centuries, such foothold in Europe. The time was when it seemed as if they would master the whole of Europe. True, their power has been waning for a long time now, and for a quarter of a century they have owed their continued existence, in Europe at least, to the English. For some real or fancied cause, England has thought it necessary to her general policy to keep the Sultan on the Bosphorus. But in spite of all, the work of disintegration goes on. She has lost Greece, as well as Eastern Hungary. Roumania and Servia are as good as lost. She finds little Montenegro more than a match for her. It is said she is ready to give up Crete. Even in Syria, the Government of the Lebanon has a certain autonomy, which almost amounts to independence. In Africa she retains only a pretense of suzerainty over Egypt and the Barbary States, and it is likely that before these lines are in print her boundary will be changed so that both in the East and in the West she will show a diminished area upon the map.

The cause of this is inherent in the Turks themselves. They are not progressive; they are a human fossil. In immediate contact with that Europe which is so vital with forces born of Christian thought, fossil Turkey must suffer disintegration. It is the order of the day to exhume and scatter fossils—to label them, and lay them away in museums. The Turk is a barbarian, and barbarism cannot exist in Europe. The day is rapidly approaching when it can no longer exist even in Asia; but in Europe it is already intol-

erable. Bulgarian massacres, under the very nose of Christian Europe, are a stench that cannot be borne. Upon no pretext of financial or imperial exigency can England continue to patronize such a Government. At this moment the ministry of Great Britain represent the commercial and imperial instincts of the nation on the Eastern question, while Gladstone represents the conscience of the English people. The Ministry, it is true, have had a sort of formal triumph in Parliament; but Christian civilization has the real triumph in the fact that the Government is forced to declare itself *neutral* in the war, thus abandoning its barbarian *protege* to its fate.

Events crowd upon each other in time of war, and I am well aware that before this gets into type there may be a new state of facts. In any course of eventualities, the Powers, especially England, will see to it that the supremacy of the Bosphorus shall not fall into the hands of the Russians.

But the day is advancing when the empire of the Sultan will be no more. The gangrene has spread too far and struck too deep to be arrested. Even the Turks themselves feel that they are under the shadow of a swift-coming doom. The hour is inevitable, and is near, and Europe will have to assemble her ambassadors in high debate on the question of the Bosphorus and of Constantinople. The Bosphorus must be free—must be the property of the world. So much, I suppose, may be taken as a foregone conclusion. But to whom shall Syria belong? and Asia Minor? and the European Provinces? Poor preparation for self-government is there anywhere. How shall they be preserved from anarchy?

How shall the advance of civilization be assured to them? Must they be partitioned among the Great Powers? or is local government, under the protectorate of the Powers, possible? What greed of empire may not be awakened!

But above all, Constantinople?—how to dispose of Constantinople? Let it be a free city, say some. Let the young kingdom of Greece have it, say others. Ah! Greece, a new destiny of empire dawning upon Athens? Who can tell? At the least, she will desire to annex Thessaly and Macedon. With less than this she can scarcely be a respectable power.

But the future is not within my horoscope. At best, I can only see men as trees, walking. The light of the present is reflected upon it but dimly. But at dawn we know the sun is flaming along up toward the horizon, and that under his resplendent disc the damps and darkness of the night will vanish like the hideous phantasms of an oppressive dream. All “mephitic vapors” and stifling, miasmatic death-odors will be dissipated. And the dawn *is* upon the Levant—not Phœbus, drawn by celestial steeds evolving flame by friction from his whirling wheels, but the very Sun of righteousness is mounting the sky and taking supremacy amid the signs of heaven. The doom of barbarism is in his coming. “Mephitic vapors” of ignorance, and the mouldy smell of superstition, and oppression, and despotism, and infidelity, must yield to the glow of his beneficent beams. So much we may predict with assurance, but what the effect may be upon the map of the world I cannot conjecture. That must be left to

diplomacy, and, perhaps—to war. But no diplomacy, nor even war, brutal as it is, can check the civilizing, saving power of that blessed gospel, whose radiance shines more and more unto the perfect day.

The preceding part of this was written before the war had fairly commenced. I then supposed that fighting would begin much sooner than it did, and that a few decisive battles would end it. But the unprecedented floods in the Danube delayed operations for more than a month. This delay was invaluable to the Turks, enabling them to prepare for the conflict.

The forces of the Sultan have exceeded my expectations only in one respect. I knew, as I said at the time, that they were “brave and self-possessed,” but I did not see how they were to command resources sufficient for one campaign. They had not been able to pay interest on the public debt for three years. In large portions of the Empire the taxes had been collected for a year in advance, and they were already resorting to forced loans. With a prostrate commerce I did not suppose this could be made to yield so much as it has. This is written Oct. 25, 1877.

As to the final issue, my opinions are not changed. The success of the Russians seem to me inevitable, and if the disintegration of the Turkish Empire is delayed it will be through the interference of the other great Powers of Europe.

While I say so much as this, I disclaim any special confidence in my ability to understand the future, but it does seem to me that the Turkish

Empire is too rotten to stand in the presence of European civilization.

To an American it is cause of gratulation, upon visiting the East, to find America contributing so much to the advance of the dawn here. By preaching the gospel, creating literature, and establishing colleges, the new West beyond the Atlantic Ocean is contributing mightily to the final result. It cannot but be that when the revolutionizing forces of modern civilization shall have reached their issue, American thought will be found to have been a powerful factor in the processes which led to it. For myself, though there is so little done by Methodists of either hemisphere in this particular field, I rejoice greatly that the work is in hands so truly and deeply evangelical. The presence of God is with the American missionaries in Eastern Europe and Western Asia. My fellowship with them I have felt to be as unselfish as it is deep. If they do not advance the glory of my particular Church, they do what is the only vital thing—they advance the glory of Christ.

But amidst it all my heart yearns for China. There is our opportunity. God himself has set before us the great and effectual door there. By his help and grace we will go in and possess the land.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### ATHENS.

THE GREAT Plain of Attica is bounded on the south by the Saronic Gulf, on the west by Mount Ægaleos and Mount Parnes, and on the east by Mount Hymettus and Mount Pentelicus. I give the boundaries as if the valley lay north and south; but, in fact, from the south end its course is a little east of north. The highest of the mountains named is a little over 3,000 feet. They are bold in outline, and in the distance seem bare. In fact, there is but a scant vegetation upon them, with here and there a slope covered thinly with trees of a small growth.

This Great Plain has an average width of not more than eight miles, and is about twice as long as it is broad; yet, comparing one thing with another in Greece, it is, what its name purports, a *great plain*.

There is a range of independent hills running north and south in the valley, near its eastern edge, rising southward from Pentelicus, and terminating about three miles from the Gulf. About midway of this range is Lycabettus, which is the highest of these independent hills, being about 900 feet high. South of it, and in the same range, though separated from it by a valley near a mile in width, is the Acropolis, 400 feet high. To the west and south of the

Acropolis there are several other elevations, separated from it by narrow valleys, or ravines rather, from which the range drops down and ends.

In the valley between Lycabettus and the Acropolis lies the modern city of Athens—the *neopolis*, called by the Greeks, *Athenæ*. The old city occupied the same area, and also spread around the eastern end, and to the south side, of the Acropolis.

Of what this city was in the time of its classical splendor I will not write, nor of the unhappy vicissitudes of its mediæval and later history. At the beginning of this century it was a town of 10,000 inhabitants, but at the end of the revolution in 1832 it was a ruin.

What it is now it owes mainly, I suppose, to its classical renown; for *that*, I imagine, more than any thing else, determined its selection as the capital of the new kingdom of Greece. It is not well located either for a commercial or political center. Its salubrious atmosphere, its reputed freedom from earthquakes, which are frequent and severe at Corinth, and its memories, no doubt, secured for it its present metropolitan position. "What is it that makes Athens?" I asked an intelligent Greek. The reply was prompt and concise: "Three things—it is the center of education—it is the center of the Government; it is the center of Hellenism." The center of *Hellenism*—that signifies much. All over Europe and Western Asia, and to some extent in Northern Africa, there are Greek merchants and bankers, who are generally prosperous. When they have amassed a fortune they go to Athens to live, or, in some instances, expend large sums of

money there in establishing institutions of learning. A family of Greek bankers in Vienna have devoted over a million of dollars in erecting an Observatory and an Academy of Sciences in the city of Plato. Another has established a great grammar school, named for its founder, Varvakion, his name being Barbakes. The modern Greeks give *beta* the sound of *v*. Still another—Arsakes—has built a girls' school, and endowed it very handsomely. This school is also named for its founder, the Arsakion.

The University, with its four Faculties—of law, theology, philosophy, and medicine—its pharmaceutic school, anatomical museum, collection of ancient coins, cabinet of natural history, and its library of 120,000 volumes, including a good many fine manuscripts, is a grand seat of learning already, where twelve or thirteen hundred youths are in annual attendance.

There is also an Archæological Society earnestly at work, collecting and preserving the hitherto neglected specimens of classical art that abound in the country. They have exhumed many fine specimens of sculpture in Athens and elsewhere, and provided a spacious museum for their preservation and exhibition. Nearly all are more or less mutilated; but, even to an uncritical eye, like mine, they show the genius that brought them into existence.

Thus, since its emancipation from the deadly power of the Turk, in 1832, Greece has brought her great historical city into a new life, and started it upon a new career. From being nothing at the end of the war of independence, Athens has come to be a city of 65,000 inhabitants, with a large proportion of

elegant houses, streets well paved, lighted with gas, and planted on both sides with beautiful shade-trees. Many of the streets are narrow and irregular; but several of them are wide and beautiful. In addition, the old port is revived, and Piræus has a flourishing business and a population of 18,000—all this from *nothing*, in the space of forty-five years. Even an American can afford to call that Progress. Ay, and there are many religions in the Levant which await only the day of their redemption from the power of the Moslem to start up, like Greece and the Government of the Lebanon, into development and vigor. There is the most lamentable fatality in the touch of the Turk. He is the Upas-shadow of the Levant. A blight falls from him upon all human activities.

But it is the antiquities of Athens that attract the traveler; and while I cannot attempt any exhaustive account of them, I will attempt a running sketch.

For this purpose let us ascend the Acropolis. Here we are, with the city on the north, at our very feet; for this Acropolis, over 400 feet high, is very steep. Beyond the city is Lycabettus, rising abruptly 900 feet, and crowned with a mass of perpendicular limestone. To our right is the dry channel of the Ilissus, which separates this independent chain of hills from the Hymettus. The Ilissus is not above eight miles long in its whole course. In the time of heavy rains it becomes quite a little torrent; but usually, as now, it shows a naked, rocky bed. Its course is within two or three hundred yards of the foot of the Acropolis. East of that, and from the very bank of it, the foot-hills of Hymettus appear, and within two miles the bold ridge of the mountain

begins to swell up, its summit, nearly 3,000 feet high, running north and south for eight or ten miles. North of it, and a little east of north from us here on the Acropolis, is Mount Pentelicus, projecting its bold, rounded mass, over 3,000 feet high, farther westward than the line of Hymettus, so encroaching upon the valley on that side. Due north, the eye detects no mountain barrier, though the valley does actually rise into low hills.

Turning now to the *west*, we have a valley of level land about four miles wide just opposite to us, and still wider both to the north and to the south of this point. This reach of level land is covered with olive-trees, so that it looks like a forest from this distance, but, in fact, the trees are so thinly scattered over the ground that there are cultivated fields and vineyards among them. Directly west of us, beyond the olive-trees, is Mount Ægaleos, about 1,500 feet high, and north of it Mount Parnes. These are separated from each other by the Pass of Daphne. All these mountains in sight are precipitous, with scant vegetation, and trees growing only on a few slopes. For the most part they are masses of limestone and marble. If Lycabettus were not in our line of vision we could see, from where we stand, a marble quarry on Pentelicus, as white as snow. Remember, we are on the Acropolis.

Turning to the west again we see a road crossing the plain, and trace it distinctly to where it disappears in the Pass of Daphne. It is the road to Eleusis.

Coming down from the north, and running down through the plain, is the Cephissus, hid from our view

by the olive-trees. It is more than twice the length of the Ilissus, and has a little water, though very little, in the summer time. These two insignificant streams are called rivers here. They are *hard up* for rivers in Attica.

Turning to the south, and looking due south-west, we see the Island of Salamis, at a distance of not more than eight or ten miles from where we stand, and on this side of it the Straits of Salamis. Just to the right also we see the spur of the mountain on which the Persian monarch took his seat to contemplate the battle of Salamis, and witness the destruction of the Greeks. But every school-boy knows that Xerxes did not see what he climbed the mountain *to see*. Poor man, he took a world of pains to bring that disaster upon his army and himself. But I am getting along slowly with my description. Look here, right over the water, just to the right of Salamis. Do you see that oval hill in the dim distance? That is the Acrocorinthus. It is even so—the Acropolis of Athens and that of Corinth are in sight of each other.

Now turn your eye a little farther to the left and look still south-west. The houses you see are in the suburbs of Piræus. You can scarcely see the water of the harbor, which is a very narrow strip of water projecting right up into the land. It is of limited extent, but very secure, and has a depth of water sufficient for the largest steam-ships. Indeed, we saw one of the great iron-clad monsters of the English navy lying in it.

To the left still, but yet west of south, you see a wider bay putting up inland. That is the bay of

Phaleros, or Phalerum, the old port of Athens in the ante-classical times. Beyond is the Saronic Gulf.

Having now swept the horizon in the distant view, let us see what lies close around us. We have seen the city at our feet on the north, in the narrow depression between us and the Lycabettus. Let us turn now toward the left. Due west from the *north side* of the Acropolis is a much smaller hill, and about half as high. Indeed, it is a part of the same swell as the Acropolis, though the two summits are divided by a sort of ravine, and are, perhaps, two hundred yards apart. The end of it that is toward us is a perpendicular rock, narrow and coming to a rounded point. Toward the west it slants down and becomes much broader. Very near the end, on the south side, a flight of steps is cut in the perpendicular rock. These steps are well preserved, except one or two near the bottom. Up this stair-way in the living rock, St. Paul climbed to the summit of *Mars' Hill*, and delivered that wonderful sermon which converted Dionysius the Areopagite. The court of Areopagus was held here in the open air. The area of the summit is small, but taking in the slope on the west, from which a man on the highest point might be seen and heard, several thousand people might be assembled. On the *north* side, near the east point, the rocks projected far over, until some years past they were broken by an earthquake and fell down. When this mass of projecting rock fell the Cave of the Furies ceased to exist. What has become of these fierce divinities I did not learn.

Now we look again beyond the Areopagus, across another small ravine, just a little north of west, and

see another swell crowned by a perpendicular crest of limestone. There is a modern building on it now, surmounted by a dome. This is the Observatory built by the Vienna bankers, and the hill it stands on is the *Hill of the Nymphs*. Science usurps the very throne of Mythology. If the Furies have been dislodged by an earthquake, so have the Nymphs by an astronomer and a telescope. They are gone, all gone, and I trod their primeval haunts without the slightest feeling of trepidation. Indeed, I scarcely thought about them at the moment.

But now—we are on the Acropolis still, you know—we have never come down, from the first—there is Mars' Hill west of the *northern* side of the Arcopolis. If we stand in the center it will be a little north-west. Then there is the Hill of the Nymphs farther over in the same direction. Now, turn your eyes to the left just a little. A little south of west of us, and due south from the Hill of the Nymphs, is another hill, not quite so high as either of the others we have seen. The top of this hill, like the others, is naked rock, but the rock does not, as on the others, rise up at any point into a cliff. But on the northern declivity of it the rock has been cut down by human hands to a depth of ten or twelve feet, leaving a perpendicular wall. In front of this the ground has been leveled off into a semi-circular plat, a heavy wall having been built in the lowest part, so as to level *up* from that side as well as *down* from the upper. Thus the northern side of the hill is the arc of a circle artificially leveled, and the line of rock cut as I have mentioned is the cord of the arc. Midway of this cord is a mass of rock,

hewed as it stood into proper shape, with platform and steps, to constitute a rostrum. This is the Pnyx, the place where the popular assemblies of Athens were held, and from which the Attic orators "fulminated over Greece." It was *here*, and not on the frontier, that the heroic Demosthenes fought Philip!

Turning still farther to the left you see the Hill of the Muses, the highest point in the immediate vicinity of the city except Lycabettus. For aught I know, the Muses are there yet, for no modern matter-of-fact intrusion is to be seen. As for the ruins of the monument of Philopappus, I should think the Muses and it might be at home together forever. They seem to be all of a sort.

So much for natural scenery. Now let us look for objects of "art and man's device."

First, then, a few hundred yards from where we stand you see a new stone bridge across the Ilissus. Just there, in the same place, was a stone bridge 2,000 years ago. The only use for a bridge there in the old time was for an approach to the *Stadium*—and the memories of the Stadium have caused it to be rebuilt now.

The Stadium. Imagine a perfectly level plat of ground lying north and south, 650 feet long by 106 wide. Then imagine a steep ridge of ground around the east and west sides, and the south end, from 100 to 150 feet high, the north end being open, and near and opposite the Ilissus bridge. At the south end it curves evenly. The foot of the ridge was trimmed to a true line, straight on the sides, and curving round the oval. At a distance of eight feet within

the foot of the ridge all around was formerly a parapet wall. The eight-foot way, between that and the foot of the ridge, was a paved corridor, the pavement being of white marble, as was also the parapet. The sides of the hill all around were seated with white marble from Pentelicus, with aisles running up through the tiers of seats from the corridor. Thus spectators crossing the bridge would enter the corridor, right or left, and, passing along it, distribute themselves freely among the seats to the number of 50,000.

An artificial underground way leads out of the Stadium, through the ridge, near the curve.

The racers started at the open end, ran along inside the parapet, made the curve at the opposite end, and ran back along the other side to the open end again. The whole length of the track, in and back, was about 450 yards. The victorious contestant was crowned on the bridge amid the acclamations of the multitude, while the defeated sneaked out through the underground way, glad to get out of sight, and suffer unobserved the agony of their dishonor.

Nearer to us, and on this side of the Ilissus, is a cluster of massive columns, fourteen in all, and at a little distance two others, erect, and one prostrate. It is only a few years since this one was overthrown by a hurricane. This is what remains of the great Temple of Zeus Olympus, begun by Pisistratus, B. C. 530, but left in neglect until it was finished by Adrian, A. D. 135.

Not far from this, again, is the Arch of Adrian, or Hadrian, as the Greeks write it. This arch is not so

grand an affair as I expected a Roman arch to be, nor is it very massive, but it must have been excellently constructed to stand the wear and vicissitudes of ages and remain almost perfect.

Turning to the east we shall see a singular octagonal structure, very small, situated in the midst of a suburb of the city. It is much admired, and is said to be the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates, but the natives call it the Lantern of Demosthenes.

In a northerly direction from where we stand on the Acropolis is the Tower of the Winds, but we do not get a good view of it from this point. It is an octagonal structure, and served as a sun-dial, a water-clock, and a weathercock. On each of the eight sides, on the cornice, there is a human figure, of nearly, or quite, life size, each one representing the particular wind that blows from his quarter—Boreas, Zephyr, and so on. Boreas is muffled in a heavy cloak, Zephyr is scattering flowers, and so each one represents the nature of the wind that blows from his side. These figures are not erect, but in a horizontal posture, as if floating in the air. The Athenians speak disparagingly of them as belonging to the Roman period, and in a somewhat degenerate style of art, but to my uneducated eye they seemed to be of a high order of merit.

In the same general direction from our stand-point is the Gate of the Market, so called because it stood near the market-place, but which, it is said, formed the entrance of a temple. Near it is the *Stoa* of Hadrian. It consists of a wall, one fluted column, and several monolith Corinthian columns, remarkable not so much for their beauty, as that, being Corin-

thian monoliths, they are unique, nothing else of the sort being found here. But these objects are not in sight from the Acropolis.

Turning now to the north-west we have in full view the famed Temple of Theseus. It is regarded as a perfect piece of art in its way, and is the best preserved of all the buildings that remain here from the classical period. It is supposed to have been erected by Cimon, B. C. 470, because it was said that Theseus had appeared at the battle of Marathon and secured the victory for the Athenians. It is said to be of a style earlier than that of the Parthenon; yet if it was built by Cimon it antedated that wonderful edifice but a very few years. But it seems that Pericles created a new era in the history of art. This temple is not a large nor a very elaborate one, consisting of a *cella* and peristyle, with some elegant metopæ, representing the achievements of Hercules and Theseus. Its proportions are perfect, and the sculpture would itself have rendered Grecian art immortal, even if Phidias had not followed with his peerless chisel.

But what shall I say of the Acropolis itself? Hitherto we have been standing on it, looking at other objects near and remote. Now let us see what *it* is. It is a hill about 400 feet high. On three sides it rises up abruptly from the plain; but on the *west* its roots, or lower swell, are connected with the Areopagus, and more remotely with the Hill of the Nymphs and the Pnyx, which is connected with the Hill of the Muses. But, as to the Acropolis, it is to be remembered that it is *immediately* connected only with the Areopagus, and with this only by a com-

paratively low root projecting out west. On the north, east and south it rises sheer out of the plain, and on the west stands up boldly above the swell that extends to the Areopagus. From the top half-way down—in some places less and in some more, perhaps—it is a perpendicular rock, except on the west side, which is steep but not perpendicular. The summit is a plateau, the east half of which is level, and the west a slightly inclined plane. This plateau is 1,080 feet long, east and west, and 540 in the other direction. The rock at the top, where it was not originally perpendicular, has been made so by walls. It was originally the castle or fort of the city.

Now look down on the south side. For 200 feet, or thereabouts, you have the perpendicular descent, and from that point down to the plain a *steep* hillside. Toward the eastern part of this, at the foot, you see an amphitheater excavated into the side of the hill, a full half-circle, with marble seats rising one above another. Along the cord of the arc, on its lower line, are stones which were evidently the supports of a marble platform. In front of the platform is a level space, and beyond that the circular seats rising in tiers. This is the Theater of Dionysius. It is all open above and in front, and always was. The plays were performed in the open air. At the *west* end of the south side this lower part of the hill is a nearer approach to the perpendicular. Here is the Odeum of Herodes Atticus. It is made in the same way as the Theater of Dionysius, only the ascent of the amphitheater is at a much sharper angle, and in *front* there is a wall. But the amphitheater is shaped in

the hill-side like the other. It once probably had a roof; but if so, it is all gone.

This south side of the hill has been much encumbered by modern and mediæval defensive structures and *debris*, which the Archæological Society are removing. They have laid bare the marble ruins of a Temple of Esculapius within the past year. Half-way up, just at the base of the perpendicular part, stand two elegant columns, said to be a choragic monument.

On the other sides there are no ruins of any monument; but some grottoes have a mythological history upon which I cannot enter.

Now let us imagine ourselves *down*, in front of the hill on the west side. The view is encumbered by a mediæval wall, erected for defensive purposes. It is to be hoped it will soon be taken down. Inside of this wall we have first a steep ascent over natural rock which brings us to the Propylæa. This was a purely ornamental structure, standing, as its name suggests, in front of the gate through which the plateau on the summit was reached.

The gateway is a shade over sixty feet wide. Remember, this gate points west, and was the only approach to the summit. Outside of the gates, one on the south side of the wide gateway and the other on the north, are two wings, like porticoes, *fronting each other*. The side of the *front* of each is a row of columns, the outside and the ends being of heavy walls. At the western extremity of the wings the sixty feet space between them is traversed by a row of Doric pillars, very massive. The direction of this row of columns, six in number, is, of course, north

and south. The two central columns—that is, the third one from each end—are fourteen feet apart. Stand between these two and look *eastward*. The great gate, with two smaller ones on each side of it, is forty-five feet from you, and the way to it has, *on each side*, a row of Ionic pillars, smaller and more slender than the Doric pillars of the front row. Between these two rows the way to the gate is over the native rock; but on the right hand, along the front of the south wing, there is a stone stair-way. Passing through the gates you will find on the inside another row of Doric columns running north and south.

There was once surrounding these columns a wonderful structure of frieze and gable, metope and pediment, with sculptures of gods and heroes innumerable. But that is all gone. Even the upper sections of some of the columns are gone. Ruin, with her work half-done, sits enthroned over this structure which the ancient Greeks considered the greatest triumph of their unrivaled architecture.

Inside of the gate you face the east. In front and to your right, near the south edge of the plateau, and about midway of it, east and west, stand the ruins of the Parthenon. This grandest of all the Greek temples I cannot undertake to describe. But this I must say, that I had to come to Greece, and see the *ruins* of a structure erected 2,300 years ago, to understand how surpassingly beautiful the expression of the Doric, the plainest of all the styles of architecture, might become under the hand of a genius of the first order. One such creation of mingled beauty and grandeur, massiveness and elegance, is sufficient

to secure its author a place in human memory to the end of time.

A great part of all the beauty arises out of a simple rule. Except in the walls of the *cella*, which are little seen, there are *no straight lines*. The curve is very slight—so slight that you do not see it at first—but it is there in stylobate, column, and entablature, and before your eye detects the curvilinear form you have been charmed by the expression which results from it.

The fluted columns, for instance, do not taper toward the top in straight lines, but in lines just slightly curving. The combination of effects from this is as wonderful as the various impressions made by it are delightful. In one column by itself it would not amount to much, but where many columns are seen in a hundred different angles, with respect to each other, the effect is as charming as it is subtle. And like the beauties of nature, you need not perceive the cause in order to enjoy them, though the pleasure is enhanced when the cause is discovered. The building is 243 feet by 108.

Sculpture gave the finishing touch, and the entablature seemed once a moving scene of mythological reality. But little of that remains now. Much of it is effaced by time, and much is, with the Elgin Marbles, in the British Museum.

In this temple stood the Athene Parthenos, the grandest work of Phidias. This image of Athene was all of ivory and gold, standing forty-seven feet high, and bearing on her extended left hand a statue of Victory, six and a half feet high.

The ruins of one other building remain on the

Acropolis, the Erechtheum, so named from one of the demigods of the Attic mythology. It, too, contained an image of Athene, who was the tutelary divinity of the Acropolis and the city. This image was called the Athene Polias, and was the oldest one of the goddess in possession of the Athenians. This was a very beautiful little temple. One of the porticoes had its roof supported not by columns, but by female figures very elegantly designed. One of them is among the Elgin Marbles, having been replaced by an imitation in *terra cotta*.

In an open space on the Acropolis you see the square on which the Athene Promachus stood. That was a statue of Athene 80 feet high. The Athenian sailor saw the crest of her helmet and the gilded point of her spear far out at sea.

There were other images, and at least one other temple, on the Acropolis; but they have disappeared. Only the shattered ruins of the Propylæa, Parthenon, and the Erechtheum, with fragments of columns, and pieces of broken frieze and triglyph, remain. It was once populous with gods made with men's hands, in temples made with men's hands.

Ah! it was just over there on Mars' Hill—the Areopagus—that St. Paul preached *that* sermon. He saw the columns of the Propyæa and the gleaming spear-point, probably, of the Athene Promachus. The Agora, lying in full view below, was studded with statues of gods and men, and full of shrines. The Acropolis was covered with "temples made with men's hands," and devotees were constantly coming with offerings in their hands. The beautiful Temple of Theseus was in full view. There was not, per-

haps, in all the world, another spot where idolatry made such a display. What the preacher saw furnished fuel for his eloquence. I never in all my life so enjoyed the 17th chapter of Acts as I have in reading it here.

The present condition of Greece is in many respects interesting and hopeful. The Government has not reached a condition of real stability, nor is full liberty of religion granted to the people. The Greeks are not aware of it, but they were so long under the government of the Turks that they have retained much of the spirit of Turkish barbarism. But there is *progress*—which there is not among the Turks—and where there is progress there is hope.

The Greek Church seems wholly destitute of the *life* of religion. I am convinced, from large inquiry, that the people know absolutely nothing of repentance, of living faith, and the great fact of the new birth. It is a great field for missionary labor.

There is as yet, however, but very little evangelical work done here. The American Episcopalians have been at work in schools ever since the revolution, and have done much to stimulate the educational impulse. More recently the American Woman's Union Mission have established a school, which, on account of its thoroughly evangelical tone, has met with a good deal of opposition. The officials insist on having the image of the Virgin in the school-rooms, and on having the pupils instructed in the catechism of the Greek Church, and by a priest of the Church. But the ladies are inflexible on all these points.

The Southern Presbyterians have a Mission in

Athens. The Superintendent is the Rev. George Leyburn, of Virginia, who has been here only about two years. The Mission also employs Dr. Kallopothakes, a native Greek. There is a Church of not more than twenty members worshipping under the shadow of the Acropolis.

The Rev. Mr. Sekellarios, a Greek and a Baptist, labors here also, and has baptized a few persons, but has, I believe, no organized Church. So the Rev. Mr. Constantine, a native of Athens, a Congregationalist, labors regularly, and has a few converts, but has not organized a Church. He has published a Commentary on the Gospels, of which he is now bringing out a second edition. This is the *first* Commentary in modern Greek. There is also a good deal done in the way of circulating the Scriptures. I believe I have now mentioned about all the evangelical agencies at work in Greece. The Presbyterian Mission has an interesting and suggestive history, but I have not space to give it.

Our stay in Athens was prolonged by the illness of Mr. Hendrix; but the excellent Christian people of the city, particularly those from America, surrounded him with such cordial attentions as to give his room a cheerful aspect.

Imagine our gratification in finding two Methodist ladies here from Missouri. One, Mrs. Fluhart, is in charge of the Woman's Mission School—and her sister, Miss Thatcher, is here studying modern languages. Mrs. Fluhart is a member of the Church at Columbia, and Miss Thatcher at Mexico, Mo.

We left the Piræus in a storm of rain; but as we steamed out a gleam of sunshine broke upon the

Straits of Salamis. Does this presage another epoch of splendor for the Greeks, delivered now again from Oriental barbarism?

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### ITALY.

LEAVING Athens, we embarked in the steamer Cariddi, and in about forty hours landed at Corfu, the principal town in the Island of Corfu, in the upper part of the Ionian Sea. It is an outlying possession of the Kingdom of Greece. There is a population of 50,000 in the Island, one-half of which is in the city. Our ship lay at anchor here long enough for us to see the town, which is well built and has a decided air of prosperity, and also to take a drive of several miles into the country. The scenery is beautiful near the city, and the verdure contrasts well with the barren appearance of the mountains in the distance. The Queen has a summer palace here, with large grounds, through which we walked. The soil is very rich, and some of the views, including the bay and the Mountains of Albania, were very fine.

In the city we visited the palace of the King,

which is not very royally furnished. His Majesty usually spends a few weeks in midsummer here.

At four o'clock we weighed anchor and steamed down the narrow channel which separates the Island of Corfu from Albania, and found that we had received a large accession to our list of passengers, among whom was an Italian comedy troupe. They were a motley, jolly set of men, women and children—sprightly, good humored, noisy, and addicted to card-playing. The women were forward, and the children rude. They made things lively on the promenade deck.

Among our passengers was a correspondent of the *London Times*, who had incurred the displeasure of the Sublime Porte by the too great candor of his letters from Constantinople on the subject of the Turkish atrocities. He had found it necessary to leave the country. We had also an English millionaire, who had been on a bootless errand to Constantinople. English capitalists hold Turkish bonds to the amount of near \$1,000,000,000, on which they have received no interest for more than three years, and the war makes it likely that they will lose the whole amount, principal and interest. These capitalists form the nucleus of the anti-Russian party in England. One other passenger attracted our attention, not by his merit, but by his officiousness. He was an American—a strolling gambler, I imagine. He volunteered to inform us that he had been traveling for many years, had no object in life beyond his dinner, could see nothing to live for, and was unhappy—unhappy. When I suggested that the

catechism gives a noble end of life, he began to swear, and I cast no more pearls before him.

We were delayed by a fog several hours, so that we did not land at Brindisi until noon the next day. This is the old Brindisium, and was the southern terminus of the Appian Way. The harbor is small but very deep, and we landed at the wharf. Getting our baggage through the Custom House without difficulty, we were soon off by rail for Naples. At last we were in Italy—beautiful Italy.

Until night-fall we were in a very fertile region, and I was happily disappointed by the appearance of good farming, industry and thrift among the people.

For the first time since we sailed from San Francisco we were in the midst of rural life. Why do the farmers in Asia all live in villages? Is it for protection? If so, is it not Christianity that renders life more secure in Europe and America? Unquestionably the Christian civilization is of a higher order than any other in the world. Even in those regions where the Church is most corrupt this is apparent.

In the night we crossed the mountains between Foggia and Naples, and were at the village of Caserta early in the morning. Here is an old palace of the Kings of Naples. The grounds and avenues are still very fine. From this point to Naples the road passes through a most charming region. It is perfectly level and the soil is as rich as the best bottom lands of America. Rows of Lombardy Poplar stand in the cultivated fields, covered with grapevines which are trained across from tree to tree at a

height of ten or fifteen feet. The wheat, oats, hemp, flax, corn and other crops are luxurious.

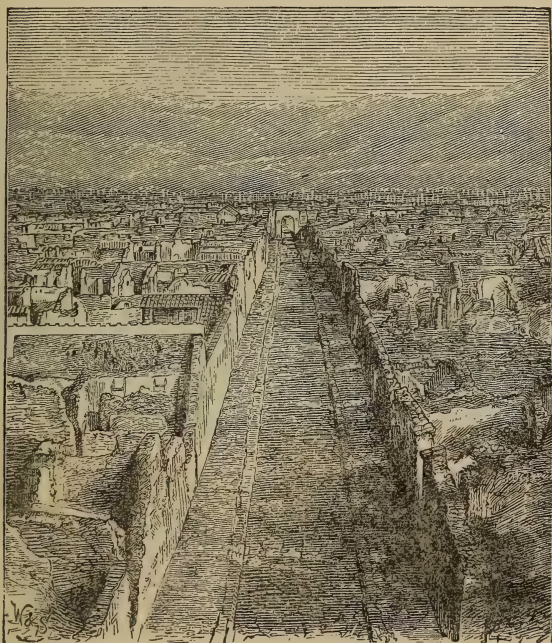
As we approached the city, Mount Vesuvius came into full view, with its great volume of smoke rising slowly and bending off southward before a gentle wind. It was the first active volcano I had ever seen, and I confess to a feeling of awe in the presence of it.

At Naples we visited some few churches, the museum and the public cemetery. This cemetery is a square yard surrounded by a high wall, and paved with dressed stone. Under the pavement there are three hundred and sixty-five pits. One is opened every day and the dead of the last twenty-four hours are dropped into it. It is then closed by replacing the stone and filling the cracks around it with cement, so as to make it air-tight. With the bodies a quantity of fresh lime is thrown in. We saw two bodies in the receptacles prepared for them, awaiting their turn.

But the great object in visiting Naples is to see Pompeii, some eight or ten miles from the city.

The houses are not generally in so perfect a state as I had supposed, but still it is wonderful. Some of the walls and columns are well preserved, and all of the pavements are perfect. Even the fresco on the walls, in some instances, is quite distinct. Only a little imagination is requisite to enable you to see just how the people lived so many centuries ago. You see the dwelling houses, with parlor, dining-room, bed-room, servants' rooms and kitchen. Some of these were very elegant. They had water works and hydrants. Some of the lead water pipes

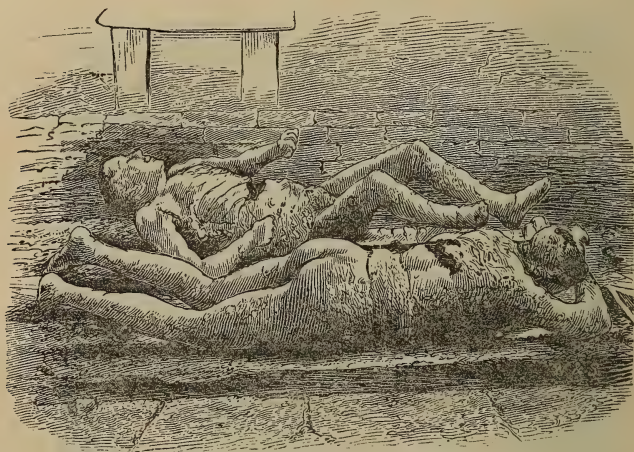
are still in place. We saw the old jars still standing in the wine shops, as well as a baker's shop where loaves of bread were found in the large brick oven, with the stable where the skeleton of the baker's



RUINS OF POMPEII.

horse was found. We also visited the house of a great wine merchant, with immense cellars, a hundred yards long, I should think, in one of which the bodies of several women were found, probably the wife and daughters who had fled to the cellar in their fright.

In a museum we saw many things exhumed in the excavations. Two of the petrified bodies are well represented in the accompanying cut. Many cook-



PETRIFIED BODIES IN POMPEII.

ing utensils, some eggs and a great variety of articles, are preserved in the Museum. We saw, also, a dog well preserved and in an attitude expressive of the sudden and dreadful death that overtook him.

This city was destroyed in A. D. 79, by a shower of loose stones, ashes and mud ejected by Mount Vesuvius. The dreadful volcanic storm raged for more than a week, and the city was completely covered to such a depth as concealed it entirely. About the middle of the last century the excavations were commenced which have been prosecuted from time to time until the greater part of the city has

been brought to light. Among other things there are evidences of a degraded moral and social life too gross to be described.

The ascent of Mount Vesuvius is difficult, the cone being very steep and covered with volcanic ashes, into which the feet sink deep at every step. A practicable path, however, has been found. Reaching the edge of the yawning crater I caught at once the fumes of the sulphureous gases which are perpetually ascending. A man appeared with a basket of eggs and proposed to roast me some in the hot ashes. It required but a few minutes. My guide put a piece of a newspaper on the end of a stick and thrust it a few feet into a fissure in the rock, when it took fire and burned up in the blaze. I could see but a little way down into the crater for the smoke, but the roar of the fire waves was like the sound of the waves of the sea breaking upon the shore. It was sublime !

On Sunday there was a military parade in honor of the Anniversary of the Constitution. Work on the streets went on the same as on other days. I attended service at the Wesleyan Chapel, and heard a sermon in English by the Rev. Mr. Jones, the Superintendent of Wesleyan Missions, in Southern Italy. He has a good many schools, several native preachers at work ; has preaching stations in sixteen towns and cities, with four hundred and seventy church members, and one hundred and sixteen on probation. The priests do all that is in their power to oppose the work, and the converts generally become outcasts among their friends. Many who are convinced of the truth refuse to make an open con-

fession on account of the opprobrium that would follow. They believe secretly but are in fear of the Pharisees.

Among the converts much has to be done in the way of instruction, they are so entirely ignorant of the scriptures. All they know is about Masses and Mary, confession and absolution, Lent and Easter, and Saints' days, and so forth. They need the gospel here almost as much as the heathen. The people who have been exclusively under the tuition of the Church of Rome know nothing of the "Truth as it is in Jesus."

From Naples to Rome is only half a day by rail. The country is very pretty, but not so productive as you get on toward Rome. The towns have an older look—in fact many of them appear rather dilapidated.

For an hour or more after I left Naples I had Vesuvius and its smoke in full sight. I could not look without emotion upon this cyclopean smoke-stack—this vent for subterranean fires that have been burning ever since the world was made—fires that come from sources no one knows how deep.

Approaching Rome I looked out and saw a great dome standing out against the sky by itself. There could be no mistake, it was the dome of St. Peters. We had emerged from the mountains and were in the Campagna. Those old arches on the left are the remains of aqueducts by which water was conducted from the mountains to Imperial Rome. They are of brick and it is wonderful how much of them remains, and how perfect they are, in places.

We had delightful quarters at Rome in the *Costanze*, one of the most elegant Hotels in Europe.

The first place we visited was the Catacombs. They are narrow, subterranean avenues cut in tufa, which is a soft volcanic rock that underlies much of the country hereabouts. In the walls of the avenues are niches cut for the bodies of the dead. Each niche is just large enough for one body: These catacombs are very extensive, the avenues crossing each other at different angles. I doubt much if they were ever used as a retreat for the living, as some say, though they might have served as a place of temporary concealment in times of great persecution.

The slabs that closed the niches in which the dead lay in the catacombs, had very brief inscriptions on them, with some simple figure, as a bird or fish, very rudely carved. At a later day the more wealthy were deposited in sarcophagi, which were covered with elaborate carvings, representing subjects taken from the Bible. A great deal of this early Christian sculpture is to be found in a museum connected with the Church of St. John Lateran.

In all the cities of Italy there are museums and art galleries, containing countless specimens of art, both in painting and sculpture, both ancient and modern. I was greatly interested in ancient sculpture. Much of it represents mythological subjects, but there are a great many statues which are likenesses of the persons they represent. Thus from remote ages there have been preserved to us the likenesses of emperors, philosophers, poets, and orators. There are Cicero, Terrentius, Homer, Plato, Cato, the two Brutuses, Cato the censor, and a

multitude more. By the way, I think Cato the censor is the crossdest looking man I ever saw. But Socrates really amused me. You ought to see his nose! especially the lower end of it. It flares out and turns up, and is in what I should call the exaggerated pug style. There are several busts of him, and they are all much alike, being, no doubt, excellent likenesses.

There are several statues of Julius and Augustus Cæsar, correct likenesses, I imagine. Titus, Vespasian, Nero, Trajan, Adrian, and many Emperors, are represented, and the wives and daughters of several. Several of these marble likenesses of women show remarkably fine faces, intellectual and beautiful. I was quite struck with the various ways they had of dressing their hair. Some had it heaped up in a mass of curls on the top of their heads, for all the world like some *finiky* women I have known. Some had rows of curls running along the side of the head from the temples back, some had the hair parted in the middle of the head, combed neatly back and done up behind, and some had one or two long curls hanging down the back of the neck or drawn forward over the shoulder. One or two had a fringe of frizzed hair just over the forehead, the rest being smooth.

Many interesting objects have been brought to light by recent excavations, such as palaces, imperial baths, and old walls that date back to the time of the Republic, and even earlier. Of course only fragments of the old buildings remain. There is one building, indeed, in a pretty good state of preservation, that has come down from the time of the kings.

It was built by a lucky man who, from the lowest condition, became a king of Rome. He built a Temple and dedicated it to the God of Fortune or Luck, and, truth to tell, it has been a lucky edifice, for it has survived all the structures of its own and even of much later times. It has often been repaired, but the old plan remains, and a good deal of the old material.

Near the Forum is the old Mamartine prison, a most gloomy place, consisting of two underground rooms, one below the other, with massive stone walls, very damp and dark. The lower one must have been always underground. They have a tradition that Peter and Paul were confined here. My own conviction is that Peter was never at Rome. Paul, during his first imprisonment, occupied his own hired house. Of his second imprisonment we have no account in Scripture, but it is certain that he was condemned and executed at that time, and it is therefore not unlikely that he suffered imprisonment in this repulsive dungeon.

The *custode* showed us the column the apostles were bound to, and an indentation made in the solid rock by Peter's head as he ascended from the lower to the upper apartment!

The old Forum has been laid bare by recent excavations, in a low, flat piece of ground between the Palatine and Capitoline hills. Here were the popular assemblages of the citizens. Here Cicero used to thunder out his grand orations. Here Julius Cæsar fell, and here his body was exposed to the public view with its ghastly wounds and in its bloody mantle, and here the funeral oration was delivered

over it by Mark Antony, which so excited the populace that they gave it instant cremation in the very Forum—an honor accorded to none other. The *Via Sacra* passed through the Forum. Some pavements and fragments of Temples remain here. The site of the Rostrum is pointed out, and some old statuary remains *in situ*. Like the Pnyx and Areopagus at Athens, the Forum was in the open air.

St. Peter's is grand, yet I was disappointed in it. In the interior the effect is destroyed by the number of massive columns, and no good outside view can be had for the buildings which surround it, except in front. The dome is grand, and the circular colonnade and fountains in front are much admired.

The Vatican is an oblong square of corridors surrounding an open court. At one corner of it is the Cistine chapel, famous for the frescoes of Michael Angelo, one of which, covering an entire end wall, is the Last Judgment, considered a wonder of art. But it is now a good deal faded, and is seen in a poor light. The artist had a personal enemy whose likeness he painted in this picture in hell, with a snake coiled around him. The man applied to the Pope to make Angelo erase it. His Holiness replied that if he had been put in Purgatory he could get him out, but that over the *other place* he had no jurisdiction. Angelo, hearing of this, gave the head a pair of donkey's ears, and there it is, ears and all, to this day.

We were in Rome at the time of the Pope's Jubilee—the celebration of the fiftieth year of his Episcopal life. The presents sent to him from all

over the world were displayed in the Vatican. Such an array of finery and gewgaws I never dreamed of! Silk and satin things, with brocade work and gold fringe, and I do not know what all. I saw two well-fed priests eyeing a great stack of wine bottles, while their eyes fairly sparkled at the thought of so much good drinking. No wonder that a Pope should have the gout if he has to drink all the fine wines that are sent to him.

There is a flight of stone steps in a church here, said to have been brought from Jerusalem, and to be the same that was in Pilate's Judgment Hall. It is considered a work of great merit to ascend them on one's knees. I went to see it, not from any faith in the tradition, but because it was on these steps, as Luther was on his knees, that that text which in his mind became the germ of the Reformation, was thundered upon his ears, "The just shall live by faith."

Our stay in Rome was full of sight-seeing, but of the Tiber, of the Seven Hills, of all the churches and monasteries, and the many things, old and new, that I saw, I can say but little. When I was wandering about among the ruins of the palaces on the Palatine Hill, and thought how the world was once ruled from this point, and how the wealth of the world was once concentrated here, and yet how all had passed away, I felt more deeply than ever before how chaffy is all the glory of this world. A short ride on the Appian Way brought us into the vicinity of some remarkable old tombs, the most remarkable one, like the Taj at Agra, was erected to his wife by a bereaved husband. But the most

imposing of all ruins at Rome is the Coliseum, which has been so frequently described that I will not attempt it. There are also some triumphal arches that are quite imposing. That of Titus still bears the figures in relief which represent the captives brought from Judea by the conqueror.

We called on Dr. Vernon, of the M. E. Church, before we left. He has a neat house of worship in the heart of the city, and the Wesleyans have recently finished quite a large one. The progress of the work of God is slow here, but there *is* progress. Evangelical congregations are small everywhere, and great patience and perseverance will be required to insure success.

From Rome we went to Florence. This was the native city of Michael Angelo—painter, sculptor, architect. In all these arts he was the great master of modern times, nor was he contemptible as a poet. What a many-sided man! He also took an active interest in public affairs, and was the most influential man of his day.

Italy is full of art, and Florence is the heart of it in this respect. Foreign artists come here to perfect themselves, and live and die here. Here is Powers' studio, and his sons still keep his name fresh among artists. Here we expected to see Hart, renowned even in Italy, whose name is dear to many people in the Mississippi Valley. Sending in our card at his studio, we were admitted by a polite attendant who showed us some of his most remarkable pieces. We gave him to understand that we desired to see Mr. Hart himself. A cloud came upon his countenance,

and he answered us with a single word, "*Mort*"—*he is dead.*

There are a good many elegant churches here, but the most unique of all the works of art I have seen are the bronze doors of the Baptista. Mr. Ruskin had photographs of them made—so I was told. Of one of them Michael Angelo said it was beautiful enough to be the gate of Paradise.

I have spent a good deal of time in various art galleries in Italy, and have enjoyed it more than I expected. I do not understand art sufficiently to write about it, nor even to account to myself very intelligently for the interest I feel in it, but certainly some pieces that have come down from classical times, as well as the creations of the most distinguished men of a later day, do attract me wonderfully. But I cannot reconcile myself to the evident want of modesty in many of the most celebrated works. Many statues of Venus and Apollo are objectionable on moral grounds, and this is especially true of those which have the greatest merit as works of art.

One of the grandest things in Italy is a "Moses," by Michael Angelo. It is in the church of St. Pedro, in Vincoli. It is in a sitting posture, the body a little drooped, as you have seen a man in deep reverie, the face full of expression, the very eye looking as if it were alive, though it is mere cold stone, and the whole aspect such as you might well imagine the old law-giver to be in just after he had received the two tables of the law. These tables he has, and the right arm is resting upon them. As in

the Mediæval representations of Moses there are short horns on his head.

Many of the most celebrated paintings in Italy are frescoes, as the Last Judgment, already mentioned, the Transfiguration, by Raphael, and the Last Supper at Milan. These all have a world-wide celebrity, and have been reproduced in innumerable copies.

There are many pieces by Michael Angelo *unfinished*, though he died at an advanced age. *Unfinished!* Does any man accomplish all his expectations? Does not every one die in the midst of unrealized ideals?

There is a Museum at Florence that is devoted to scientific subjects, in which there is by far the most extensive collection of specimens I ever saw—quadrupeds, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects, worms, bugs—every thing imaginable. There were some species and many varieties entirely new to me. The variety of anatomical subjects illustrated in wax, representing both normal and abnormal conditions of the various organs of the human body, is surprising, as is also the artistic perfection of the work.

But one small room in this Museum interested us more than all the rest—a room devoted to the memory of Galileo, who was a native of Florence. It contains a portrait of him when, a lad of eighteen years, being in the Cathedral of Pisa, he playfully swung the massive chandelier which was suspended from the ceiling, and watching its vibrations, took the suggestion of the law which governs the motions of the pendulum. From this discovery he went on until he demonstrated those great cosmical laws which appear in the movements of the heavenly

bodies, and that the earth *does* move in spite of the Jesuits and the Inquisition. Then there are portraits of him at various stages of his career, besides some symbolical frescoes on the walls. I wished that President Wills and Prof. Pritchett had been in my place to examine the old scientific apparatus of the great astronomer, which they would have understood, but I did not.

Florence takes a great pride in honoring thus the greatest of her scientific names. How gladly would the Roman Curia blot out that *infallible* proceeding of theirs against Galileo and the Universe. By the way, they have the grace to keep the room at Rome which has the frescoes of the St. Bartholomew massacres, locked against the public, though a few years ago they were proud to display it.

On my birth-day we ran down to Pisa, only two hours by rail from Florence, down the beautiful valley of the Arno, where we saw the celebrated Campo Santo, a cemetery made in earth transported from Palestine in the Middle Ages, the Cathedral where Galileo's lamp still hangs, the Baptista, which is as remarkable as the Taj Mahal for its echo, and several other objects of interest. I celebrated the fifty-fourth anniversary of my birth by climbing the celebrated Leaning Tower. From the summit of this wonderful campanile we had a fine view of the surrounding plain and the distant mountains, and got a glimpse of the Mediterranean.

We returned to Florence by night-fall and the following morning started by rail for Venice, crossing the Appennine Range on the way. Tunnels are as plentiful as on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad

between Parkersburg and Grafton. Entering the great valley of the Po, we approached the city of Bologna, where we laid over for a few hours. In a great part of the city the upper stories of the houses project over the sidewalks, completely shading them—a great relief on this hot day. We visited the Campo Santo, which is unique and in the style of that at Pisa, but much more elegant and extensive.

The art gallery here contains the celebrated painting of the Crucifixion, by Guido. He had a man tied to a cross to serve as a model. When the picture was near completion he was not satisfied with the expression of agony in the face, whereupon he seized a dagger, stabbed his model to the heart, transferred the dying expression of his victim to the canvas, and then, visited by remorse, or fear of the gallows, locked his studio and fled the country. After a time he was pardoned and permitted to return, and men excuse the artist because he was in a frenzy. I admire these great artists, prodigiously, but they must excuse me from believing in any such frenzy as an excuse for crime. Some of them are flattered for their genius till they get beside themselves with vanity, and are petted till they are no better than spoiled children. A good spanking would mend their manners. Most of them, I am glad to believe, however, are very sensible, well balanced men.

The lower valley of the Po through which we passed is perfectly level, and as fruitful as the valley land near Naples, with the same exuberance of cereals and hemp, the fields having rows of small trees running through them and festoons of grape-

vines swinging from one to another. Passing Ferrara, we crossed the Po, the great river of Italy, its valley having the Alps on the north and the Appennines on the south. It empties its waters into the Adriatic some miles south of Venice. Ages ago levees were thrown up on both sides of it to protect the wide valley from overflow. The bed of the river has since been elevated by a deposit of sediment until it is said that now the bottom of the river is above some inhabited portions of the valley. In this state of things an overflow must produce the most wide-spread ruin. Nor is such an event without precedent.

Before reaching Padua we came upon a spur of the Alps jutting far down into the valley, and before we reached Venice, which was near midnight, we found ourselves in the midst of the first good, honest thunderstorm we had witnessed since we left home. Reaching the depot on the bank of the great canal, we made a rush in the midst of a crowd of passengers, for a gondola, found one and got into it and under cover in a minute cabin, in which two constituted a crowd, and which was so low that our heads touched the roof when we were seated. We were in a hurry, but our gondolier was not. To our urgency he only replied, "*fulmine*," and trotted off, we knew not where. *Fulmine*—ah! yes, true enough; all the heavens seemed in a rage, and he must get a man to help him with his little boat in such a tempest.

At last we were off, at the outset along a wide canal, then in a very narrow and tortuous one, shooting along under low bridges, and then coming into a wide one again, when we were soon landed on the

steps of our hotel and nearly on a level with the floor.

The grand canal bisects the city, and on each side numerous small canals take the place of streets, but it is not to be inferred from this that there are *no* streets. In fact, there are a good many, but they are narrow, designed only for pedestrians. Boats take the place of carriages, drays and wagons. I did not see a horse in the city, to every part of which the canals penetrate.

The model of the gondola is graceful, but it is painted black, and is nothing like so large or beautiful as I had supposed. The "gay gondolier" fell quite below my standard. In fact he is just an ordinary mortal, much like a hack driver, and makes his living by his little boat. How much poetry I have been cured of since I reached this city—the Queen of the Adriatic. H. was dreadfully disappointed because the gondoliers were not singing all the time. He had even more poetry than I to be despoiled of. But it *is* an interesting thing to see houses rising from the water's edge, and to be riding about everywhere in boats.

From the summit of the Campanile we had a fine view of the whole city and its surroundings. Of the churches and the bronze horses and winged lions I need not write. The arsenal contains a large collection of antique weapons, such as swords, maces, spears, battle axes and rude fire-arms. I was surprised to find breech-loading revolvers of the sixteenth century, that were fired by match-locks. We saw there several complete suits of mail, and—would you believe it?—the helmet of Attila. But I cannot

enumerate. However, I must not omit to mention the collar, the thumb-screw, and many other horrible instruments of torture invented by the devil and appropriated by the inquisition.

In a private palace which is open to visitors at certain times, we saw the last and greatest work of Canova; his Hector and Ajax. I gazed at them a long time, more fascinated than I had been by any human work. Each answers to its ideal in the attitude, the face, the form of the limbs, the set of the head and in the expression of every muscle from head to foot. I doubt if Phidias ever did any thing better. In the same palace are profile busts in relief of Canova and Titian. In a Museum here are some of the master-pieces of Titian, particularly "The Assumption of the Virgin." It is *magnificent*, but like so many of the pictures in Italy, it is guilty of the profanity of attempting to represent Almighty God on canvas. We saw also his first piece, painted when he was a boy—Mary's visit to Elizabeth, a beautiful design—and his last, an unfinished painting of the entombment of Christ.

One picture I saw in Venice haunts me still—a representation of the "woman that was a sinner anointing the feet of Jesus." Luke vii: 36, 38. There was the comfortable and self-righteous Pharisee, looking on with contempt, a guest avoiding contact with the woman, the beautiful face of John, the Lord with an expression of mingled majesty and compassion, having his hand extended toward the woman, and most striking of all, the kneeling figure of the conscience-stricken woman, every feature, every line of whose face was expressive of peni-

tential agony. The features were not distorted, the expression not exaggerated as in many pieces that undertake to represent great mental agony, but the lines were drawn just as I have seen a few times in my life, when a remorseful sense of sin seemed to border on despair. The guide books do not mention this work with any special praise, nor do I know the name of the artist, but *for me* it is a masterpiece.

Of course we visited the old palaces of the Doges, and the prison in which political prisoners, as well as criminals, were incarcerated in vaults that were utterly dark and without ventilation, and the Bridge of Sighs, over which they passed only to die.

From Venice we went to Milan. It would amuse you to see us taking our departure from an Italian hotel. Every servant that has had anything to do about our room or table, stations himself in our way to take an affectionate leave of us. You never saw such cordial politeness. The interest taken in us is as great as if it had been grounded on the friendship of years. Nor can this yearning affection be satisfied with anything less than a gratuity of one or two francs. How many are there here to dismiss us with touching adieux at a franc each? Let me see, there is the boot-black, the hall servant, the chambermaid, two or three table-waiters, and the porter.

I will put an Italian against the world for polite begging. In Venice, wherever we landed in a gondola, there would be an idle man or boy to seize the edge of the boat, and pretend to hold it for us till we got out—a thing there was no occasion in the world for—then off comes the hat for a penny. The

same upon re-entering. At Florence, when we were out in a carriage, if we stopped some loafer was at hand to open the door and bow for his centime. When we returned, another would pretend to brush the cushions, and, holding the door, would bow us in with a sort of courtly humility, and turn up a beseeching face for his copper. Women and girls press their flowers upon you at every turn with persistent importunity.

The first thing we did at Milan was to ascend the tower of the Cathedral, one of the grandest in all Europe. The atmosphere was not clear, so we got no good distant view. From the walls of this building rise a good many small towers, each crowned with a marble statue. Many other statues are scattered around in recesses and wherever a place can be found to put one, amounting in all, I believe, to three thousand. The roof is so arranged that you can walk all over it.

Milan is in many respects a fine city. In the region of the best retail stores, two streets, which cross each other, are roofed over with glass, the roof springing in the form of an arch from the lofty walls of the houses, and taking the form of a dome where the streets cross. Ladies shopping are thus protected from rains. It is very beautiful.

Of course we would see the "Last Supper," by Leonardo de Vinci, here. It is on the wall of the refectory in an old monastery, and is much faded. Engravings of it abound in America. It is intended to represent the moment after our Lord has announced, "One of you shall betray me."

On Sunday we visited a Waldensian church. The

building is small. The worshipers were mostly of the poorer classes. The service did not impress me so favorably as I had hoped, but as I did not understand the language, I was, of course, not a competent critic.

A two hours' run by rail from Milan, brought us to Como, on Lake Como. The town lies in an amphitheatre of mountains. The lake is long and narrow, with clear water, and bold mountains rising on both sides. The lower slopes are cultivated by terracing; in some places this extends to the summits. Trees abound. The course of the narrow sheet of water is tortuous, somewhat; just enough to enhance the beauty. Caves, gorges, precipices, appear in the mountains, as we shoot along rapidly on our neat little steamer, with here and there a mountain stream rushing down, and snow-covered ranges showing in the distance. Add to this the ever-changing views of towns and towers and villas, with the varying shades of a day partly cloudy, partly clear, as we had it, and you have a scene of beauty that would baffle a poet for description.

At the town of Bellagio we spent an afternoon and night. My room fronted the lake. My pen is discouraged. Everywhere, as I look out, beauty nestles in the lap of sublimity—loveliness smiles upon the brow of grandeur. A bluish haze invests the distant reaches of the landscape like a transparent veil. Between me and the distant mountains a great bird came sailing into the field of vision and brought back a feeling of my childhood; a strange longing to rise in the air and float up and away, away, off into those supernal regions in the impossible heights, which, in

the infinite mystery of their remoteness, mock all mortal aspirations.

The following day we crossed over to Lake Laguna, through a pass in the mountains, had a ride on it, and then over to Lake Maggiore. This lake we descended to its southern point, landing at Arona. We had made the tour of the lake in two days from Milan. By taking an early start it may be made in one. I give my suffrage to the universal verdict as to the grandeur and beauty of this scenery. That on Como is considered the best.

Leaving Arona at midnight, we had a twenty hours' ride by diligence, crossing the Alps by the great Simplon road. Precipices, gorges, cascades, grandeurs everywhere! On the summit is a hospice for the relief of storm-bound travelers in the winter. Even now, June 20, heavy snow-banks lie along by the side of the road. The air is fresh, and I don my overcoat.

What a piece of engineering this road is! At one place it runs right under an overhanging rock and behind a water-fall. It is a monument of the power and wisdom of the first Napoleon.

Passing the summit, we looked down upon the little city of Brieg, nestled in the valley of the Rhone. We had been for some hours in Switzerland. At nine o'clock at night we reached Seusse, where we slept, and in the morning took rail for Lake Lemman. At noon we took passage on a beautiful little steamer, ran the whole length of the lake and reached Geneva before sunset. At the upper end this lake lies in the midst of lofty mountains, but as you approach Geneva they recede from the water's edge and leave

it a wide border of level or undulating ground in which villages and villas abound. Toward the upper end is the castle of Chillon, standing out in the water—a good place for a prison, I should say. The class of tourists who know all about counts and dukes and princes point out many *chateaus* of famous people here. About two miles from the shore, and not far from Geneva, is a beautiful one built by Necker, to which he retired after he lost his prestige in French politics. Here his daughter, Madame de Stäel, lived at one time. It now belongs to her grandson, de Broglie, and it is said he is putting it in repair for occupancy—perhaps not sooner than he will need it. He seems in a fair way to repeat the role of his great ancestor, in some particulars.

Near the upper end of the lake there is the rarest little island, only about twenty feet long, and just barely rising above the surface of the water, with three trees growing upon it, said to be elms planted by some lady a hundred years ago.

There are twenty-two Cantons in the Swiss Confederacy. They have two legislative bodies, answering to our Senate and House of Representatives. The lower House is called the National Council and represents the people. The upper House is composed of forty-four members who represent, not the people directly, but the Cantons, as such. The chief executive authority is vested in the Federal Council, consisting of seven members. Each one of these has charge of some one department of public affairs—the Treasury, the Army, and so on—while together they constitute the supreme executive power of the confederacy. They serve for three

years at a time. This constitution was made recently, in 1848, I believe.

Of course I visited the old Cathedral, made famous by the ministry of Calvin, and the Academy and the Museum of Antiquities, which contains many portraits and autographs of distinguished men. There are the autographs of Necker and de Stael, of Mirabeau, La Place, Leibnitz, Fenelon, Bossuet, Lagrange, Diderot, Montesquieu, Frederic "le grand," Louis XV., Humboldt, Talleyrand, Napoleon I., Marat and a great many others. What a mixture! Marat and Fenelon; could there be a greater contrast? I ought to have named Dugald Stuart and Thomas Jefferson. Some specimens are very elegant, some very inelegant.

The portraits interested me more. There was the Admiral Coligny, a noble face, and Luther, much the same as in the common engravings. Melancthon's countenance is at once noble and amiable, just what you would expect. Zwingli—I have seen a face just like it somewhere. Erasmus has an exaggerated nose, not Roman in type, but very long, while the sharp end turns up somewhat. John Knox looks as if he might be ready to fight a battle any day. F. M. L. Laville looks for all the world like Bishop Early. Sismondi is fat and looks the very impersonation of good humor. But there is no more striking face among them all than that of John Calvin. The nose is prominent, but straight and thin and sharp, while the forehead, eyes and cheeks seem ready to follow where the most adventurous nose might choose to lead.

In the Museum are also many specimens of ancient

manuscripts, some illuminated and some on papyrus, one sheet of which is said to be the writing of St. Augustine. There is a remarkably fine Bible, too, which was to have been presented to Henry IV. of France, but he fell away from the Protestant cause and the gift was withheld.

In the Academy is a collection of specimens of Natural History even larger than that at Florence. The varieties of swine, squirrels and rodents really amazed me. But to cap all, they have stuffed specimens of the rhinoceros, hippopotamus and elephant. I cannot imagine how they managed the unwieldy hides of these monsters, but by some means they have done it admirably.

On leaving Geneva we went to Interlaken, stopping a while at Berne on the way. On the way we saw a good deal of Swiss rural life, the characteristic cottages, the neat farming reminding us of Japan; women at work in the fields, and chubby, fat-faced children waddling around in old-fashioned homespun. Berne is the capital of the Confederacy. The public buildings are not very remarkable. What interested me most was the fossils in the Museum. For the first time I saw the Ichthyosaurus. It is just what the name imports, a mixture of lizard and fish.

Between two lakes, Thun and Brienz, lies the town of Interlaken. There we spent a rainy Sunday and heard two capital sermons by a Scotch minister of the Free Church, which keeps a pastor during the tourist season.

Monday we went out to Grindenwald to see a great glacier lying in a gorge near the town. This

glacier was once much more extensive than it is now, as the worn and striated rocks about the lower end of it show. An artificial grotto has been made in it, which we entered, and were interested to see the effect of the light shining through such a mass of ice.

Portions of the glacier are clear, solid ice. Here and there is a deep indentation made by streams of water formed upon the thawing surface. In places where the slow, onward movement carries it over uneven surfaces, it becomes broken into fissures. Near the foot the mass must be a hundred feet in depth, possibly much more. What it is in the deep gorges above, it is impossible to guess.

We heard a pistol shot, and the Alpine horn, the echoes of which, among the mountains, are very fine.

We returned to Interlaken in time to take the boat for Geissback on Lake Brienz. Here is a fine hotel. The object of interest is a water-fall that comes down a mountain-side in several successive leaps. It is illuminated at night. Light of varying colors is thrown in behind the water, first white, then blue, then yellow, then blood-red, and then it is suddenly extinguished, leaving a darkness that is positively black. It is a spectacle that would repay a voyage across the ocean.

Morning comes, we cross to Brienz, take diligence for the Lake of Lucerne, on which we steam down to the city of the same name, which we reach in time for the steamer to Rigi landing. On the summit of the Rigi are two hotels. You have here a remarkable view of the whole range of the Swiss

Alps, including the Bernese Oberland. The ascent to the summit is made by rail, by a grade which is in some places twenty-five per cent.—five feet in every twenty. A frightful chasm is crossed on the slenderest of iron bridges. The train climbs along the edge of precipices, and at first you expect to have your neck broken.

We slept in the Rigi Hotel, and following the fashion of tourists, answered the call of the Alpine horn at daybreak, got out of a warm bed, and went out to shiver in the chill mountain air and see the sun rise and flood the snow-covered masses with his first beams. There was a crowd of people out, all solemnly impressed with the duty of the hour, which was to be enthusiastic. Many had their red-backed guide-books in hand, doing their best to make out which was "Pilatus," which was the "Matterhorn," the "Wetterhorn" and other famous peaks, "too numerous to mention." Meantime every one was shivering. It was an effort to get up enthusiasm "under difficulties." Now and then you would hear a vigorous exclamation, but it sounded as if it was premeditated. People, you know, must show how susceptible of the sublime they are. I would have given a dollar for a blazing fire to go to. After all, the sun rose under a cloud.

The next night found us in Germany at Strasburg. We had an hour at Basle, on the way. Basle is, perhaps, the wealthiest city in Switzerland. There we had our first view of the Rhine, and visited the famous old Minster.

The object of especial interest at Strasburg is the great Cathedral, which was several centuries in

building, and is said to show in different parts the birth, the culmination and finally the degeneration of the Romanesque style of architecture.

On our way to Frankfort we made a detour in order to see the city of Baden Baden. The gambling is stopped here by law, at last. But the waters—warm springs—are very celebrated, and the place is still much resorted to. It is as famous as Switzerland for fine hotels, inasmuch as, like Switzerland, it makes all its money from travelers. The “Conversation House,” where the gambling was carried on, is magnificently fitted up, and is now used for lectures, reading rooms, and such like purposes. The place is said to be visited by forty or fifty thousand persons a year.

At Heidelberg we stopped mainly to see the old castle, which is said to be the most remarkable one in Germany, though it was nothing like so large as that at Banias. It was, however, much more elegant, being not only a fortification, but also the palace of the Electors of the Palatinate of the Rhine.

We were shown through the castle by a very sensible young woman, who spoke English well, and explained to us the uses of the various parts of the building. The great Heidelberg Tun is here. The Neckar, a tributary of the Rhine, flows by the city and close below the castle.

We had but three hours for Frankfort on the Main, the old residence of the Rothschild family, and the birth-place of Goethe. The people are proud to point out the quaint old house in which the Baron Rothschild was born. On the principal streets are statues of Goethe and Schiller.

From Frankfort we came on to Mayence—Mainz, the Germans call it. You must know that the English form of several names in Germany and Italy differs from that used by the people of those countries. You will never hear of Florence, for instance, in Italy. It is Fienzi. Vienna, in Austria, is Wien. Venice is Venezia.

Mayence is on the left bank of the Rhine, and dates from the time of Augustus Cæsar, who occupied the place by his General, Drusus, as a fortified camp. From this place we expect to take a ride on the Rhine, by boat, as far as Cologne—Koln, they call it.

I am struck with the absence of what I expected to see in Germany—that is wooden shoes and such. The people, rich and poor, dress just as in American cities. No doubt in the interior the wooden shoe still abounds in some parts, but in the cities we have visited it is rarely seen. The laboring people are dressed as well as among us, if not better. The dressy women even walk exactly as in American cities, with the same swing, and holding up the back part of their skirts, in the same lovely way.

But Germany is becoming modernized, and so is every place where the railroad goes. I wish I could find a place outside of heathendom where the charming simplicity of the past might be immortal. Just think of a train of cars puffing away between Athens and the Pireus, passing by the Hill of the Nymphs and the Pnyx and rolling the black volume of its smoke against the base of the Acropolis! The moment it is done the Greek girls get into tight-

waisted dresses, and wriggle along the streets in pull-backs, holding up their skirts behind.

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## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### CONCLUSION.

THAT part of the Rhine which is so much spoken of for its beauty lies between Mayence and Cologne. Above Mayence to the Alps, and below Cologne to the sea, it passes through a level region. A short distance below Mayence the hills close in upon it. For a considerable distance they are very bold, and rise from the water's edge. In many places the steep slopes are terraced and set with vineyards, just as I had supposed, only the vines are more stumpy than I had imagined, and for that reason less beautiful. Yet they are very pretty, especially as every turn in the tortuous course of the river reveals new angles of the slopes with the horizon, and with each other and the river. In the swift movement of the boat the scene is shifted so rapidly as to seem almost like a picture of the imagination. As in the kaleidoscope, you see new combinations so rapidly as to be almost startled by the pleasure of a surprise.

The old castles on the hills that skirt the river are more numerous and better preserved than I expected to see, and constitute a notable feature of the scenery. But they are for the most part smaller than I had supposed. But this is compensated in part by the prominent and picturesque situations they occupy. One I observed standing on a rock projecting out from the face of the hill towards the river, so narrow and so high that it seems incredible that any one should have thought to build on it. But the more inaccessible the better in those old feudal times. One of them has been recently put in repair by the Emperor, and is sometimes occupied, I understand, as a summer residence, by the Crown Prince.

The principal cities along this part of the river are Bonn and Coblenz, the latter of which has played a somewhat conspicuous part in European wars. The fortress on the bank opposite the city is so strong that it has been compared to Gibraltar. In fact this river is fairly lined with defensive works, which are kept in perfect repair. This is owing, I suppose, to the fact that it lies so near the frontier.

We also passed "Bingen, sweet Bingen on the Rhine." The scenery around it is very fine. To a soldier who was born there, whose kindred were there, and his sweetheart besides, when he was dying on a distant battlefield, it would seem a very paradise. I plead guilty to a special interest in Bingen. I used to think, when a boy, that that Bingen girl ought to have died when she got the message of her dying lover—but ten chances to one she was already engaged to another—probably some

beer-bloated clod-hopper in wooden shoes. Don't you think so? But the case does not trouble me as much now as it did then.

We spent a Sunday at Cologne, where I saw the name of the city spelt three different ways—Köln, Coln and Coeln. All the world knows about the *Eau de Cologne* which is manufactured here in incredible quantities, and gets into foreign markets, probably, in still greater quantities. Coleridge has given this city a wide notoriety for its filth and vile odors, but either the poet has done the place an injustice or it has improved greatly since his day. There is also a great Cathedral here, somewhat in the style of that in Milan, but decidedly inferior to it.

Our next point was Amsterdam, by rail. The eastern portion of Holland through which we passed is a low region, not perfectly flat, but undulating. It is sandy, sterile and uncultivated, but yields some fair pasturage. At Utrecht we entered the real low country, intersected by canals and ditches in every direction, with neat cottages and an abounding cultivation.

Amsterdam has long been a leading commercial centre, famous for its old-style houses, its great bankers and its merchant princes. After all the descriptions I had read of it, it was different from any preconception. The houses differ from those of an American city more in the quaint style of the roof than in any other respect, but many of them are now wanting in even this peculiarity.

Long time ago a *dam* was constructed on the river *Amstel*. Just there a city was built. You see the

genesis of the name. It is said that in early times there was a mining town near a dam on the Yuba River. A colporteur once entered the place and asked the name of it, first of one and then of another, and got the uniform answer, Yuba Dam. He was greatly shocked by their profanity. He could not ask a simple question but they would swear at him.

The women on the streets, young and old, wear caps, white as snow, with ruffled border, just such as the old ladies had when I was a boy. There is nothing in this world in which a pretty woman looks sweeter. No frizzed hair, nor pancake bonnet, nor flashy ribbons can begin to compare with it. And one thing I am disappointed in here is the great number of good looking people. I had supposed the Dutch were nearly all fat and chuffy, with coarse features. Far from it. I have never seen in any city, at home or abroad, a better average of beautiful women; beautiful both in face and form; many, even, of the working classes are very pretty. I have seen them scrubbing the pavement with their white caps on and their clean dresses tucked up in a becoming way, presenting a charming picture.

A good many elderly women wear a piece of head gear that is very peculiar. A thin gold plate, slightly convex and perfectly polished, is fixed on each side of the head; they are three or four inches in diameter, and from the front edge, projecting forward, is a spiral gold wire, from the end of which several small pieces of jewelry are pendent. It looks very odd, and must be an old style, as I saw no young women wearing it.

The ladies here have a contrivance which enables them to see what is going on in the street while they sit at their sewing or reading in their rooms. Two looking-glasses are set outside of the window at such angles that one gets the object on the street and gives it to the other in which it is seen from within. We saw them in all the cities in the Netherlands, as well as a few in Paris. I noticed them on one or two houses in London.

I am often reminded by signs on business houses of the affinity between our language and the Dutch. That which I have often seen over carpenters' shops amuses me by its length—*Timmermannsverkplaats*. Four words were used up in making it, after the fashion of making compound words, for which both the German and Dutch languages, are, I believe, somewhat remarkable. These four words are all closely allied to their equivalents in English. I afterwards saw in Brussels, where the French language is much in vogue, city lots placarded for sale in these terms, "*Terraine a vendre en partie au en bloc.*" It at once occurred to me that the words of our language which are from the same root as others in the *German* or *Dutch* are always of the old *Saxon* stock, it is words of *Latin* origin which we have in common with the *French*.

In Amsterdam we found quarters in the old "Bible Hotel," so named from the circumstance that it is the house in which the first Bible in the Dutch language was printed. A copy of the first edition is kept in the house and exhibited to guests if they desire to see it.

At the Hague we saw the very interesting old

Museums and drove out to the Queen's palace, where is a likeness of Mr. Motley, who was on terms of friendship with her Royal Highness.

There is not much to interest one at Rotterdam, though the Church of St. Lawrence is a very large building, several hundred years old. As in many other old European churches, the floors are of large stone slabs, on each of which is an epitaph of some person buried under it. Very often these stones are so old as to be deeply worn by human feet, so that the epitaphs are well nigh obliterated. A space is railed off in this church in which all marriages take place. I observed the slabs with epitaphs, so that Dutch youth stand on the graves of their ancestors when they plight their troth in holy matrimony.

Passing out of Holland into Belgium, our first point was Antwerp. At the boundaries of all these little European Governments the traveler has to submit to the annoyance of a custom house examination of his baggage—that is, all except Switzerland. It is the policy of the Swiss to give every encouragement to travel and every facility to travelers.

Antwerp—Anvers, they write it—has quite the look of a modern city, and is a growing city. An artist would enjoy the museum of paintings, all in the Flemish style and by native artists; Rubens, Van Duyk, Rembrandt, and others. This style is peculiar in some respects, especially in the coloring, which is very rich. Perhaps Rubens is considered the greatest of these artists, and there are several of his masterpieces here. The crucifixion, the descent from the cross, the dead body of the Saviour surrounded by his friends, and the entombment, seem to have been his

favorite subjects. He made a good many paintings of Christ on the cross. One very striking one represents the spear thrust into the side of our Lord after he was dead. Few paintings, even by the great Italian masters, impressed me more than this.

Brussels, the capital of Belgium, is called the *Paris* of the Netherlands. It is indeed a fine city and very prosperous, but its chief interest is in its vicinity to a small country village called *Waterloo*. Of course we visited the battle-field.

With the aid of some reading and an intelligent guide I comprehended the ground and the whole process of the conflict. What an advantage the allied forces had in their position! It would have argued imbecility in Wellington if he had been defeated.

Napoleon was in desperate circumstances and was obliged to play a desperate game. The great gambler in kingdoms staked every thing on his last card here—and lost. Alas! so must all human greatness end. No Cæsar can be so great but he must perish, no imperial pride so lofty but it must come down.

The Dutch have thrown up a great mound of earth here, two or three hundred feet high, and surmounted it with a colossal figure of a lion. Our Belgian guide, who has the common contempt of his countrymen for the Dutch, laughed at this Dutch lion with his tail between his legs. The British lion, he affirmed, always carries his tail up over his back.

Brussels is situated just at the edge of that large scope of level country called the Netherlands. Indeed a part of the city lies on the rising ground that

sets in here, and the road out to Waterloo crosses a very beautiful and undulating country.

The battle-field is now covered with wheat and rye and other crops. The growth is heavy, and the old men say that for twenty years after the battle, in the places where the greatest carnage was, the grain was very rank.

We visited the establishment where the Brussels point lace is made, and saw the women at work, of whom a thousand are employed, but most of them do the work at their own homes. After witnessing the tedious process I ceased to wonder why this elegant work should be so dear. The only wonder is that it is so cheap. The poor women work for wages that we would starve upon in St. Louis, and much of the lace that has adorned the necks of princesses has been wrought by weary fingers and aching eyes to feed hunger-bitten children. Even then, after twelve hours of such steady, taxing work, the food that had been earned scarce sufficed for the keen edge of the hunger that awaited it. *Twelve hours* is the day's work of these lace-makers. They get but little exercise in the open air and most of them look pale and wan.

After one day in Brussels we went on to Paris, through a country part of which is beautifully undulating; but much of it is quite level. It is a region of great fertility and for the most part under a high state of cultivation.

I am surprised to find it so cool here in Paris in mid-summer. I felt this morning almost as if a fire would be pleasant. But the weather is said to be quite unusual.

I scarcely know how to begin to write about Paris, which has been the scene of I know not how many revolutions in less than a hundred years, and which has been twice entered by hostile armies within the present century, and recently ravaged by the communists, but in spite of all continues to be the centre of fashion for Europe and America, and is the gayest city, and one of the most prosperous in the world. It has a population of nearly 2,000,000, which is almost four times as large as at the beginning of this century. It seems to have started into a new life after the revolution.

The river Seine divides the city into two parts, that on the north side being the larger. The general designation of the streets is Rue, as the Rue St. Honore, but many of the larger and finer ones are called Boulevards, and some Avenues. Many of the Boulevards were made by Napoleon III., through the heart of the city, the houses being removed to make way for them. They were projected on a uniform plan, and run in straight lines, while the plan of the old streets was, properly, *no plan* at all.

The most extensive galleries of statuary and painting in the world are here. The palace of the Louvre is all occupied as a museum of the fine arts. Just to go through it you must walk a mile and a half. Much of the sculpture is from the classic times, having been brought from time to time from Italy and Greece. Among the paintings are many works of first-rate merit. They are classified, having those of a certain school together in one room. Thus the English, the Italian, the Dutch, the German, the French, have each a separate apartment,

and those of one school may be seen and studied together.

In the palace of the Luxembourg there is a gallery where the paintings of living French artists are kept. Many of them impressed me very unfavorably. They betray an imagination at once grotesque and prurient.

The public grounds and monuments of the city constitute an important feature of it. I can mention only a few. The great palaces rather disappointed me at first, but grew upon me the more I contemplated them. The palace of the Tuileries, which was destroyed by the communists in the awful conflagration of 1871, is still in ruins, though I understand it is the purpose of the government to restore it. It is connected with the Louvre by a wing. Near by is the Palace Royal, which, however, was never used as a royal residence. The palace of the Luxembourg was the property of the Dukes of Luxembourg.

Connected with the Luxembourg and the Tuileries are beautiful gardens, which are, in fact, public parks. They are planted with shrubbery, and no expense is spared in the improvement and decoration of them. All the public grounds and streets here are kept, as you may say, perfectly clean.

The Champ d'Elysees is an extension westward of the Garden of the Tuileries. It is a parallelogram planted with trees and traversed by a broad avenue which terminates at the great Triumphal Arch erected by Napoleon I.

One of the most remarkable things about the city is the Tomb of Napoleon. It is in the church con-

nected with the Hotel des Invalides. You enter the church, approach a heavy circular railing, and looking down you see a circular balustrade with the Tomb in the centre of the circle. It is immediately under the lofty dome of the building. The sarcophagus is of the most elegant workmanship and the design very elegant. It is made of a stone different from any I ever saw, though at a little distance it resembles porphyry. The pedestal on which it rests is on a floor that is gorgeously decorated, while around it are the names of the principal battles of the hero. A number of life-size figures in white marble, intended to represent angels, surround it. Off on one side is an altar covered with a gilt canopy, which is supported by four spiral columns of a rare species of marble.

In different parts of the church are other tombs, some of them very magnificent, but there is nothing in the city, probably nothing in the world, that will compare with this. France still idolizes this man.

Even business houses have an artistic air here. The Bourse is massive, solid looking, yet elegant. Many banking and mercantile establishments are imposing structures. Some retail dry goods establishments are a marvel in their line, both for beauty and extent. One there is which is said to keep a hundred horses of the best blood employed in delivering packages, the carriages in use being costly and the drivers in livery. The shops—that is, the retail stores—look their best at night, with plate glass fronts and brilliant lights. The American ladies are said to be their best customers.

There is a church here that is commonly called

the Pantheon. It took that name during the Revolution. Atheism had possession of the city, the churches were desecrated, and this one was devoted to the memory of the distinguished men of French history. It was to contain a monument or an inscription to every man who should be considered worthy of such an honor. Even the church of Notre Dame, the great cathedral of the city, was converted into a Temple of Reason, an infamous woman being enthroned in it as the Goddess of Reason.

The church of the Madaline has had a similar history. The building was begun in the last century, the general design being in imitation of some old temple with a cella surrounded by a peristyle. Napoleon I. found it unfinished, and ordered the work to be resumed that it might be dedicated to the glory of France. He did not live to see it completed. It is now finished, however, and in use as a church. The interior is most unique and beautiful.

When the commune was defeated in 1871, three hundred of the insurgents took refuge in this church, and here they were shot. The recent history of no other city in Europe has such tragic passages as this.

An entire chapter might well be devoted to the geological, mineralogical, and zoological museums, the museum of comparative anatomy and the "Jardin des Plantes," or botanical garden, which are all in one enclosure.

Immense buildings are in course of construction in the Champs de Mars for the approaching exposition. The ground to be occupied will, indeed, be much larger than the Champs de Mars, extending over a

large space on the opposite side of the Seine, with which they will be connected by a magnificent bridge.

What shall I say of our visit to Versailles and the palace of palaces there? that stupendous piece of folly in which Louis XIV. laid the foundations of the Revolution. Palace and grounds are on a scale of magnificence beyond anything I have seen in any part of the world. The building is much visited for the splendor of it and the fine paintings that are in it, and in one wing of it the National Assembly holds its sittings. Of the fountains, lawns, forests, I cannot speak.

There are two other palaces at Versailles, the Great Trianon and the Petite Trianon. In the former are many souvenirs of the first Napoleon, who sometimes occupied it. In the stables near by are shown the state carriages of the later French Monarchs. One of them, made for the occasion of the coronation of the last of the Bourbons, cost 1,020,000 francs, or \$193,800.

We visited the factory of the Sevres porcelain, the property of the government. Of the beauty of this ware all the world knows. Some of the best artists in the country are employed in its decoration, and the masterpieces of the Louvre are copied upon it. Still more wonderful is the manufacture of Gobelin tapestry. It is all done by hand, and the most elaborate designs are wrought into the stuff. It is not woven, but done with the fingers. Many years are required to finish one piece. This manufacture is also in the hands of the government.

At every turn you are reminded of the Revolution

of 1789. I mention only two facts. The words *Libertie, Egalite, Fraternite*, are found inscribed on public buildings everywhere, even where you would least expect to see them. The other fact is that an imposing column stands on the spot once occupied by the Bastile, crowned by a colossal gilt statue of the Genius of Liberty. This column was erected by Louis Philippe in 1831, but it properly commemorates the earlier period.

The figure on the lofty summit is a work of genius and seems to me to represent Liberty as well as such a thing can be done by art. It is poised on tip-toe on the left foot, the right being thrown back and elevated, while the wings are spread, and a torch borne in the right hand.

No government does so much to gratify and amuse the people as the French. All the galleries and museums are open to the public without charge, as well as all the public grounds. The annual cost of all this must be very great.

On Sunday we attended service at the American Chapel in the morning, and at the Wesleyan in the evening.

We crossed over to England by the way of Dieppe and New Haven, reaching the latter place after night-fall. The next morning we were off by an early train for Brighton, where we spent two or three hours riding around town and visiting the aquarium. What is this my eyes see in England? A little wheeled vehicle drawn by one man, with a lady riding in it. Yes, and there are two or three others on the side of the street waiting for custom.

It is an unmistakable English jinrikisha! The

construction, however, is quite different from those in Japan.

By about noon we reached London—that great city. I had become so accustomed to seeing strange places that I had lost all that feeling of curiosity touched by a sense of awe which I used to feel on approaching a city I had never seen. But *London*—yes, I must confess it—the old feeling revived as we approached London.

It was Saturday. We could do little more than go to 2 Castle Street, City Road, get our mail, hear the church news, and read our letters. Sunday Dr. Punshon is to preach at City Road Chapel, before the Lord Mayor. The English have their own way of doing things. When a collection is needed for some charity, they invite the Lord Mayor of London to attend the service. He comes in state, in the fine official turn-out, with out-riders, in his official robes, bringing the insignia of office. This always brings a crowd.

Sunday morning we found it difficult to get in. We had no tickets. When the Lord Mayor goes the crowd will be so great that none can be admitted without a ticket, otherwise the rabble would crowd in and spoil the occasion. By dint of perseverance and management, however, we got a message to the pastor, who declared he was violating orders, but let us in. Soon the expected dignitary entered, in red robes, with his attendants, and we had a very well-considered and polished sermon—written.

A volume the size of this might be filled with the account of what we saw in London—even with what we saw in the British Museum, to say nothing of all

the other Museums. Then there is St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey, and Westminster Palace; the House of Commons—which is in Westminster Palace—the Zoological Garden, Hyde Park, the Thames and all its bridges, the Inns of Court, the underground railroad, and all the other railroads, and—everything. This city is at least twice as large as any other in the world. Next to it is Paris. We used to hear that China and Japan had the greatest cities. This might have been true two or three hundred years ago, but it is not so now. The *growth of London within about a century* would make Paris. It would make two Pekins or Cantons, or three Tokios. It is twenty miles across it. The population is 4,000,000.

The commerce of Great Britain has come literally to embrace the world, and on the great thoroughfares you can find no hotel where the English language is not spoken. English thought is diffusing itself everywhere. The Union Jack goes to all places where there is water sufficient to float a ship. This world-embracing commerce is concentrated at London.

## APPENDIX.

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### DEATH OF BISHOP MARVIN.

ON SUNDAY, November 19, 1877, Bishop Marvin addressed the members of one of the Sunday-schools in the city of St. Louis, and afterward preached a sermon. In the afternoon of the same day he went to Kirkwood, about thirteen miles west of the city, and preached a sermon and dedicated a church. Soon after he was taken with a slight chill, but was not seriously incommoded by it. He returned home the next morning, and during the remainder of that day and a part of the next he devoted himself to the work of finishing the manuscripts of the last chapter of his book.

He had completed the last chapter, but had not copied it, as he usually did, when he was taken with another and very severe chill, and was compelled to quit work and retire to bed. He never arose again, except to enter into the rest prepared for the good and faithful servants of the Lord. The disease was pleuro-pneumonia, and the skill of the physicians could not arrest its fatal progress.

Although suffering acutely, he continued the supervision of the proofs of his book until Friday night, when, at the earnest solicitation of the publishers and his family, who realized that his condition was critical, he abandoned it. The matter was then completed to the 300th page.

On Saturday and until in the afternoon of Sunday he seemed to be improving, and suffered comparatively little; but this was only the beginning of the end.

Sunday evening he began to suffer more pain, but the physicians were hopeful and assured the members of his family that they thought his symptoms were better. But his sufferings increased, and about eleven o'clock Dr. Newman, the family physician, was called in again. Soon after he entered the room, the sufferer addressed him and said, "I think you have cause to be alarmed, from the shortness of breathing." The symptoms were so much worse that other physicians were sent for, and upon their arrival a consultation was held. As they were retiring from the room he spoke to Dr. Newman and said, "Are you going to use prompt means for my relief? I can't stand this another night."

Those were his last words, uttered a few minutes before two o'clock.

The physicians left soon after, intending to return at eight in the morning for further consultation.

Left alone with his family, he became more quiet, and they supposed he was sleeping. At half after three he drank a little milk which his wife handed to him, but did not raise his head from the pillow, as he had done previously. At four o'clock they attempted to arouse him to give him his medicine, and found that he was dying. He could not speak, but apparently remained conscious and recognized the members of his family until the very last. He ceased breathing at fifteen minutes after four o'clock, and "fell asleep" without a struggle or a sigh, surrounded by his weeping wife and children, no person except the members of his family being present.

His last sickness and death were as remarkable as his career through life had been. He had just

returned from a voyage around the world, during which, like St. Paul, he had been in perils by the sea, in perils in the wilderness, in perils of robbers, and in perils by the heathen, to return home and die in the midst of his family.

He had *finished* his work, and the Master called him home.

"With such thoughts I bowed my head, and reined my horse northward on the Damascus road, following slowly after my companions, who had gone on. I shall never see this city again. Shall I see the Jerusalem above? God grant it in infinite mercy!"

The funeral services were performed in Centenary Church, St. Louis, on Thursday morning, November 29th—Thanksgiving day! If he had lived he would have preached the sermon in that church on that day. The coffin was conveyed to the church at an early hour in the morning, and hundreds of friends from both city and country availed themselves of the opportunity to look for the last time upon the beloved features. A constant stream of mourning friends filed by the coffin until the commencement of the funeral services. The features were as natural as in life, and he seemed to be sleeping peacefully. Every portion of the church was filled to overflowing, and many went away because they were unable to obtain standing room. A large arm-chair, draped in mourning, stood on the rostrum, with the letter "M" formed in evergreens, resting on the vacant seat. Tears involuntarily suffused hundreds of eyes as they rested upon this mute and pathetic reminder of the work of death.

The funeral services opened with Chopin's Funeral March on the church organ, by Prof. Kunkel, the organist.

Rev. J. W. Lewis then gave out the hymn commencing:

“What though the arm of conquering death  
Does God’s own house invade?”

The hymn was sung by the choir and congregation. Rev. T. M. Finney next read the nineteenth Psalm, after which Rev. Dr. Tudor read the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians. “The Land of Beulah,” commencing,

“My latest sun is sinking fast,  
My race is nearly run,”

was next sung by the choir and congregation.

The funeral sermon was preached by Bishop H. N. McTyeire, of Nashville, who gave a brief history of the life and work of the deceased. The sermon was full of interest and thought, and more than once the eyes of the old citizens present, who had known the Bishop for years, were filled with tears.

Rev. Dr. Kelley, of Nashville, read a series of resolutions passed on the death of Bishop Marvin by the Board of Missions at Nashville the previous Tuesday, and followed the reading with a few remarks eulogistic of the deceased, speaking of him first as a poet, then as a philosopher, and lastly as a Christian. Rev. E. M. Bounds, of St. Paul’s Church, read the resolutions adopted at the pastors’ meeting before the services. Rev. J. E. Godbey then gave out the hymn commencing:

“Thou art gone to the grave,  
But we will not deplore thee.”

Another prayer was offered, and the services closed with Beethoven’s funeral march on the organ. The congregation remained seated until the relatives, pall bearers, clergymen and officers of the several churches had passed out in the following order:

Bishop McTyeire, Revs. Drs. Lewis, Browning and Finney.

Ministers of the St. Louis Conference.

Pall bearers, Messrs. R. M. Scruggs, Samuel Cupples, Edward Nennstiel, C. C. Anderson, J. Boogher, Wm. C. Jamison, J. L. Ferguson and D. Jennings.

Members of deceased's family, Mrs. Marvin, Fielding Marvin, and Miss Marcia Marvin and her three younger sisters.

Ministers from abroad.

Members of the official board of the First M. E. Church, South, Centenary Church, St. John's Church, Chouteau Avenue Church, St. Paul's Church, and Marvin Mission.

The concluding services were performed at the grave, and all that was mortal of the beloved dead was committed to the earth to sleep until the day of the resurrection.

A Memorial Association has been formed, and an appropriate monument will be erected over the grave at some period in the near future.

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## THE CHOSEN VESSEL.

MEMORIAL DISCOURSE AT THE FUNERAL OF BISHOP  
MARVIN, DELIVERED IN CENTENARY CHURCH,  
ST. LOUIS, NOV. 29, 1877.

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BY BISHOP H. N. M'TYEIRE, D.D.

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"Go thy way: for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel."  
—ACTS IX: 15.

THESE words were spoken by the Lord concerning one who was to be a minister of the gospel; and very laborious, successful, and widely-extended that ministry was to be. The de-

vout, but timid, Ananias was thereby assured, and went to the man who was formerly a persecutor, but now penitent and praying, and hailed him "brother."

Afterward, as he stood before kings, Paul told his experience of conversion and a call to preach, and gave the terms of the commission he received of the Lord Jesus, who met him in the way :

"For I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee ; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee—to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified, by faith that is in me." Acts xxvi : 16-18.

Not the Apostles' Creed, but the Ministers' Creed, this may be called. Herein the duties of the ministry are itemized. The subject has a double aspect ; it looks to the people as well as to the preacher. They are interested in ascertaining the scope of the instructions of God's ambassador ; for what he is authorized to offer, they may expect to receive.

The work laid out here is such as every minister of Christ may do, and must do, if he make full proof of his ministry.

*To open their eyes.* The natural man is blind—he perceives not spiritual things. The carnal eye needs to be couched.

*To turn them from darkness to light.* The open eye must be stimulated by its proper element : light must be turned upon sinners. They love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. Men will sometimes count you their enemy because you tell them the truth. Ministerial fidelity has often paid this penalty. In this early stage of it persons

sometimes mistake their experience—for already experience—Christian experience—has begun. Under the hearing of the word, in reading, meditating, and praying, they feel that they are getting worse, instead of better. This is not what they had promised themselves in the use of the means of grace, and they are tempted to leave them off—they are going backward, and not forward. But this going backward is apparent, not real; they are moving forward, and in the right direction. A dark room may be thought to be clean, but let in a ray of light, and a thousand motes float upon a single beam. The light did not bring them in; motes were there before, and the light only reveals them. When the Spirit shines into the soul, self-righteousness is disturbed, and sin appears exceeding sinful. Some perverse turns may occur here in the awakened. I repeat it, Christian experience has begun, and the penitent have a right to all the means of grace. How to deal with those in such a case, the Apostle tells:

“And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will.” II. Tim. ii: 24-26.

*From the power of Satan unto God.* The understanding may be informed, but beyond speculation lies conflict. Now comes in a potential element—the power of Satan. This is no figure of speech. There is such a power. In Christ’s kingdom and in Paul’s preaching, Satan is no myth. There is such an adversary—he has “devices,” “wiles”; he seeks and avails his cause of all “advantages.” Never willingly and without struggle does he let go any

soul that would escape to peace, purity, liberty, and heaven. His captives know not the power, until they would break from it.

How sad our state by nature is,  
Our sin, how deep it stains,  
And Satan binds our captive souls  
Fast in his slavish chains.

But He that is for us is greater than he that is against us. Herein is hope—that Jesus Christ was manifested “to destroy the works of the devil.” Though the enemy should fortify his position in fallen man by evil habits, by wicked associations, by illicit business, or domestic complications—by every advantage—yet there is hope. Jesus, in anticipation of his triumph for every soul that cries to him for help, said: “When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace; but when a stronger man than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armor wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils.”

It is here that most fail, who do fail. They are enlightened, awakened—and following their convictions, they desire to be Christians, and set about it. Hearing, thinking, reflecting, must be followed by *acting*; something must be done. Resistance is encountered; the battle is joined with the foe, mighty, though invisible, and they fall back. “Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.” Who ever listened to the narrative of the humblest disciple, detailing the dealings of God with his soul, without having the pulse quicken at this passage of experience? This is felt to be the crisis. There was war in heaven when “Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought, and his angels, and prevailed not.” And there is war on every spot of earth where a soul is converted

"from the power of Satan unto God." Many an obscure conventicle, many a lonely place of wrestling prayer, has been the scene of sublimer conflict than the Iliad records. More was at stake—more was lost or won—mightier forces and destinies were involved, than in the grandest earthly epic.

*That they may receive forgiveness of sins.* After night comes the morning; after the conflict, peace. God never said to any, "Seek ye me in vain." His offer of salvation is genuine—not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. If you have received the grace of repentance, that is a pledge of the grace of pardon if you will follow on to know the Lord. Jesus commanded that "repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations." These two go together. He does not mock men with a discovery of their guilt and danger, and leave them in despair. If he means not to forgive any man, then that man is forewarned of his doom by finding no place for repentance. "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost."

*Forgiveness of sins.* There are many names for it in the Bible—pardon, blotting out transgressions, washing them out—casting our sins behind his back—remembering them no more—putting away iniquity. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," how great or how many soever. "Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Forgiveness is an act which takes place in the mind of God. Shall the soul which has been the object of this act of grace be kept in ignorance of it? Then that must be an unhappy soul still—fearful and miserable, though pardoned!

The work of mercy is not an imperfect scheme. Provision is made for our comfort as well as our safety. Hear the words of Paul: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. . . . For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." There is an inward impression on the soul whereby the Spirit of God immediately and directly witnesses: Thou art a child of God; Jesus hath loved *thee*, and given himself for *thee*; all thy sins are blotted out, and thou, even thou, art reconciled to God.

*An inheritance among them which are sanctified.* With forgiveness of sin comes the renewing of the heart by the Holy Ghost. The soul saved from the guilt of sin is not left under the power of it, and in love with it. It is changed, as well as pardoned. Justification is what God does for us, for the merit of his Son: sanctification is what he does in us, by the power of his Spirit. The fruit of the Spirit begins to appear—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. And this work of grace goes on "unto perfection"—this transformation, by the renewing of the mind, seeks its completeness in the likeness of Christ.

One of the initial forces of the great revival of the eighteenth century was the discovery, by John Wesley and some other young men reading the Greek Testament, that sanctification follows justification—not precedes it, as they had been taught. And so these two stand related in the text—the order of its parts, as I conceive, being of the essence of its teaching.

How complete is the gospel! It is no half-system

of salvation. See where it finds the sinner—blind and groping in darkness, guilty and condemned, and under malignant power. It opens his eyes, brings him into marvelous light, recovers him out of the snare of the devil; he is justified, washed, and advanced to an inheritance among the sanctified. Talk of development! There is more development here than in this boastful nineteenth century.

A slave of Satan, now becomes a child of God! Hell escaped, and heaven gained; what a wonder! From what depths of degradation to what heights of glory! There were six steps to Solomon's throne: there are but five to heaven. The gospel reaches down to the lowest estate of man: it lifts him to a level with angels. And all this—

*By faith that is in me.* If by works, we never could make it; if by merit, we never could win it. The God-man has undertaken for us, and therefore it can be done, and done now. "Such wonders power divine effects." To-day if you will hear his voice you may live, passing through every stage of this mighty process. It is possible, in the economy of grace, for a sinner who has entered the house this hour, blind and in darkness, if he will yield himself to the Spirit's influences, to go down to his house justified.

As there is no room for despair, neither is there any for pride here. The redeemed soul, looking down from the highest realm of glory "to the hole of the pit whence he was digged," must forever remember that he rose, every round of the ladder, by faith in Jesus's name. All is of grace; and by faith, that it may be of grace.

No minister, called of God to the office, has a partial commission. He may be instrumental in the whole salvation of a soul. When it is said of one that he excels as an awakening preacher—of another,

that he leads penitents to Christ—of another, that he deals with the deep things of the inner life—let not this be understood to the exclusion of any vital function of the Christian ministry. All of it is committed to each. The whole gamut of the gospel is here. He that preaches repentance is not called on to stop there. Neither is there one class preaching on justification, and another on sanctification. Such minute subdivision conduces not to wholesome teaching or to well-proportioned growth in the divine life. This is the legitimate scope and fruit of the ministry. Men are moved to it by the Holy Ghost, and sent forth—in all things approving themselves as the ministers of God; “as poor, yet making many rich.”

The highest blessing and welfare of the world is committed to their keeping. “But we have this treasure in earthen vessels”—

And the weak sons of mortal race,  
Th’ immortal gift convey.

Some of these vessels may well be called “chosen”—most fit and well-adapted—“vessels unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master’s use, and prepared unto every good work.”

Such was our brother, whose Memorial Service we hold this day. How fully, and faithfully, and successfully, he carried out all the parts of this ministry ye are witnesses, and the whole Church. By his preaching sinners were convicted, mourners comforted, believers edified, and much people was added unto the Lord. Whether in explaining the principles of the doctrine of Christ, or in dealing with its deepest problems—its mysteries—he was a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. It was hard to say whether he excelled in clearness of exegesis, or in the warmth and home-bearing force of exhortation. Children loved him, and he walked with wise men as their companion. He possessed the philoso-

phic faculty and poetical sensibility in high combination. He was grave without austerity, and genial without levity. He was mighty in prayer, and not denied the gift of song. In the power of drawing hearts to him, in personal magnetism, I have not known his superior among men. He was, indeed, "a chosen vessel." But now all broken it lies before us!

The watchful eye in darkness closed,  
And mute th' instructive tongue.

A few leading facts in his personal history and traits of character may fitly close this memorial of Bishop Marvin.

Under date of "15th April, 1635," an official English record shows that the Marvyn family were registered to "imbarque in the ship Increase, Robert Lea, Master, to New England." Matthew and Reinold Marvin, two brothers, were among the original settlers of Hartford, Conn. Reinold moved to Saybrook, and his will is recorded among the Colony Records, in which he directs that to each of his grandchildren "there be provided and given a Bible as soon as they are capable of using them." Of this family there were Church-deacons—captains and lieutenants in the Indian wars and in the Colonial army—and representatives in the General Court. They held good positions as intelligent and useful citizens, of fine social qualities. The great-grandson of this Reinold, Elisha Marvin, was born in Lyme, Conn., 1717, and died in 1801. He married Catharine Mather, daughter of Timothy, who was a member of the celebrated Cotton Mather family. Cotton Mather, D.D., surpassed even his father Increase in learning and industry. In one year he preached seventy-two sermons, kept sixty fasts and twenty vigils, and wrote fourteen books. His publications amount to three hundred and eighty-two—some of them voluminous. He died in 1728, with the reputa-

tion of having been the greatest scholar and author America had then produced. Enoch, son of Elisha Marvin, was born in 1747. He married Ruth Ely, and removed to Berkshire, Mass., where his son, Wells Ely, was born. In 1817 he came to Missouri with his son, and died in 1841. Wells Ely Marvin married a lady whose ancestors were Welsh, and had settled in Missouri the same year with himself. He made his home in Warren county, built a double-log cabin, after the best fashion of those times, and covered it with clapboards weighted down with poles. There Enoch Mather Marvin, his third child, was born, June 12, 1823.

Wells Ely Marvin was not a member of any Church. He died Dec. 30, 1856, and was buried in the family grave-yard, on the home-place. His wife was a devout woman, and a member of the Baptist Church. She instructed her children in the principles of Christianity from the earliest moment that they could comprehend her words. She taught school in a small house that was built for the purpose in the yard, and there she imparted to her own children, and the youth of the neighborhood, the elements of an English education. She died Jan. 1, 1858.

Enoch Mather joined the Methodist Church in August, 1839, as a seeker of religion, and not until December, 1840, was he satisfied that he had received forgiveness of sins. A tract on Baptism, by the Rev. Peter Doub, of North Carolina, had fallen into his hands, and determined his opinion on the questions between Immersionists and Pedobaptists.

How he valued his Church-membership may be gathered from a passage in one of his best sermons—"Christ and the Church:" "Soon after I had united with the Church I had an experience I am

sure I can never forget. I was in the saddle, on the Lord's day, on my way to a social meeting in the country. The aspects of the autumn scenery are as distinct in my memory as if it had been only yesterday; the warm sun lay upon the mottled foliage, and there seemed the hush of a hallowed peace upon the face of nature. All at once the thought came to me — 'I am in the Church, and it is in my power now, by my unholy living, to bring a blot on the Church, and to dishonor the Saviour.' For a time the reflection seemed insupportable; it was almost more than I could bear."

He was licensed to preach in 1841, and that year was admitted on trial into the Missouri Conference. In 1843 he was ordained deacon, and elder in 1845. This year he was married to her who, with her children, mourns their loss and ours. How much that event contributed to his happiness and to his ministerial success, read that unique and delicate tribute to his wife, in the Dedication of his late book of Sermons, and you will know. After doing mission, circuit, and station work, in 1852 he was made Presiding Elder of St. Charles District; in 1854, '55, was Agent for St. Charles College, and succeeded in raising a helpful endowment fund, which is one of the very few of that date that survives among us. He was next appointed to the pastoral charge of this Church, and afterward to others in St. Louis, until 1862.

During this pastorate of Centenary Church occurred an event which drew upon him public attention beyond the circle of his Conference. His ordination vow obliged him to "be ready, with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines, contrary to God's word." In the autumn of 1859 a priest of the Roman Church commenced in the city a course of lectures on ques-

tions at issue between Romanism and Protestantism. These lectures were widely circulated by means of their publication in the *Missouri Republican*. The propriety of meeting the attack was felt, and the pastor of Centenary Church began a series of replies, which ran into twenty-three lectures. They had a crowded hearing, and, through the columns of the *Republican*, a wide reading. Protestants welcomed, with increasing applause to the last lecture, his able defense of the faith; and the public verdict would have been flattering to an older polemic. Thus came his first book, *Marvin's Lectures*, a 12mo, of 333 pages. His book on *The Work of Christ*, issued a few years ago, deals in the highest reaches of Christian thought. A biographical tribute to a true yoke-fellow and colaborer, *Life of Caples*, gave occasion for utterance of some of his best thoughts, unconsciously revealing himself to us, as well as the friend who was the theme of his book. The Church has lately given hearty welcome to a volume of his *Sermons*—now in the second edition—the more prized because we shall hear him no more. His *Addresses and Sermons* before Annual Conferences and on other occasions, have more than once been called for in print; and a few have appeared. The last literary work he did was to prepare for the press his *Letters of Travel Round the World*.

The wonder is, where he got his learning, and how. Such minds *will* have knowledge—it cannot be denied to them. He had studied our theological standards thoroughly; was well read in general history; he had tasted of scientific books—touched on metaphysics—gone a little into Latin, and got enough of Greek to conduct him through a criticism. His style, both in speaking and writing, was exceptionally fluent and perspicuous, often rising into elegance and eloquence. One is tempted to say, as

Jeffrey did to Macaulay, when acknowledging the receipt of the manuscript of his first Essay for the *Edinburg Review*, "The more I think, the less I can conceive, where you picked up that style."

A turning point of life was his leaving St. Louis early in 1862. In the war between the States he was with the South, and it was necessary for him to leave. He acted as chaplain to armies in Arkansas and Texas, preaching to the soldiers in camp and on the march, and ministering to them in hospitals. Many conversions took place under his preaching, and he became more widely known as a preacher and a man than otherwise he would have been. About the close of the war he was put in pastoral charge of the Church in Marshall, Texas, and there, after long separation, he was rejoined by his family. The power and unction of his preaching, and his social excellence, caused him to be known and spoken of favorably; and long before the General Conference met at New Orleans, in the spring of 1866, the preachers and people of the South-west and the Transmississippi Department had made up their minds that when new Bishops were made this Missourian must be one. He was elected on the first ballot, receiving 73 out of 144 votes. Not being a member of the body, he was not present. He delayed his coming until the election of Bishops was over—for he knew he had been talked of in that connection, and was sensitive about even the appearance of personal influence.

Of the manner in which he has discharged the duties of the Episcopal Office the bereaved Church, in tears this day from Oregon to Florida, testifies. I was visiting the Memphis Conference last Monday when the telegram was received announcing Bishop Marvin's death. That large body was in earnest session, and an eminent speaker was on the floor.

Instantly the crowded house was turned into a Bochim—a place of weeping. In labors abundant, he knew but one limit of endeavor—the Pauline measure—“As much as in me is.” If ever he showed brusqueness of manner, to my knowledge, it was on being expostulated with for overworking. Sometimes he seemed to *lift* his words in preaching, so exhausted was he. Nor was it in mere labor and travel that he was eminent: he planned, he enterprised, for the Church. His first Episcopal tour took in the Indian Nation. The Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Creek Indians, had been impoverished more than any other people. Both armies had preyed on them, and their attitude had not made the Federal Government propitious. The people were near starvation; and as for our Indian preachers—the case seemed hopeless. Could the organization of the Conference be kept up? Some suggested disbanding. The Missionary Board, burdened with debt, had not been able to make them any appropriation. He met the emergency. The Conference was held, and the preachers appointed to their circuits. He then drew on himself for \$5,000, in quarterly installments, to support them—and when his routine of official work was done, he spent the winter traveling through the Church at large, pleading the cause of the Indians, and putting money into the empty treasury to meet his drafts. He saved our Indian Mission Conference—and this act signalized his first year in the Episcopacy.

Before the overland railroad was completed, the Pacific work fell to him. He went out by the Isthmus, held two sessions of the Conferences there, and returned by the completed railroad to his home in St. Louis, after seventeen months' absence. In two visitations to our farthest West I have been able to find few places where Bishop Marvin had not been.

Many paths he alone has traveled. Everywhere his name was as ointment poured forth.

The General Conference instructed the College of Bishops to send out one of their number to ordain our native preachers in China, and to set in order our Mission there; and besides this, the need of a general *reconnaissance* of the missionary-field of the East was felt, as a guide for missionary operations. "Here am I; send me!" was the response of our brother, when the question came up in the College of Bishops, last May a year ago. How well he discharged that trust is known and read of all. After holding the Conferences in Colorado and California he was met at San Francisco, in October, by a congenial fellow-traveler—the Rev. E. R. Hendrix, of Missouri—and being recommended by the brethren, in a farewell-meeting, unto the grace of God, they departed. Going out through the gates of the West, he returned through the gates of the East—having made a tour round the world. His letters, penned on junk and shipboard, or, at the end of a day's ride, in his tent, have made an epoch in the missionary-spirit of the Church. Doubtless his thoughtful and well-detailed outline of plan, and scheme, and occupation of heathen outposts, will guide the operations of our Board for years to come. With his *compagnon de voyage*, he represented Southern Methodism most worthily before that venerable assembly, the British Wesleyan Conference, in its one hundred and forty-fourth session, July and August last, at Bristol.

That circuit of the globe gave a fitting period to his labor; it rounded off his life well. It was a survey in the cause of his Master and for the extension of his kingdom. The bed of his mind was deepened by it; his heart was enlarged; the fervor of his spirit was increased. To the uttermost parts of the earth he measured the promised inheritance, and

instead of being appalled at its extent and difficulties, he encouraged the Church that we are fully able to possess it. More than ever the world redeemed was on his heart—he took it all in, and claimed it for Christ. He realized intensely the necessity and possibility of its conversion to God. As he went he preached—on the Pacific seas, in Japan, in China, in India, in Egypt, in Jerusalem, in Athens, on the Red Sea, on the Mediterranean, on the Atlantic.

To him, as to a “chosen vessel,” it was permitted to bear the name of the Master to the crowded cities and popular centers of the Atlantic and Gulf States, and Mississippi Valley—to the red man and to the black—to the scattered settlers on the Western plains and Territories, and finally to every continent. And *that* name was the burden of his message. He delighted to dwell on the nature and offices of Christ—his atonement and intercession—his glorified humanity, and the future state where his people should see him as he is, and be like him. With variety of expression and wealth of illustration, he showed the work of Christ. No matter what the text—especially of late years—his mind gravitated to this theme. Jesus was the name high over all.

A year from the day he left home for his great tour he returned, and was happy again in the bosom of his family. An accumulated correspondence having been disposed of, he began his round of Annual Conferences the last week in August. His colleagues, in apportioning their work (that he might be near home), had assigned him the Episcopal District which included the Missouri and bordering Conferences. In their plan a rest had been laid in the midst of the sessions; but for reasons doubtless in themselves good, brethren desired a change in time, and to this, unselfishly but unwisely, he con-

sented. After holding the Western, at Atchison, he came back and held the St. Louis Conference; then on to Fulton, presiding over the Missouri Conference. The last days of its session were very heavy to him on account of the death of his only brother. Though but a day's journey distant, he had not time to look upon the dead face—hurrying on to the Choctaw Nation, for the Indian Mission Conference; that over, he went to Independence, to preside over the Southwest Missouri Conference. Five Annual Conferences in five weeks. Too much, even for a strong man. At the close of this tour his nervous system was prostrate.

I know not another assembly the presidency over which is so exhausting as an Annual Conference. The Bishop in the chair, during the day, is not burdened; but when the Conference adjourns he meets the Presiding Elders, to map out the work and consult on the Appointments. The wants of people and preachers are canvassed, and more than wants—fitnesses and possible arrangements for the greatest good to the greatest number. The "Cabinet" adjourns, sometimes at a late hour, but there is no pause for him. He lies down and rises up with this care of all the Churches—the tension is continuous. Nor is relief always brought by the announcement of Appointments and adjournment *sine die*. The hardest things to bear sometimes follow after—the dissatisfaction of some who take hasty and partial views of the work done.

At home again, he may recuperate; for not until Dec. 5 does his next and last Conference convene—the Mississippi. He is writing, or revising, final chapters of his book. Churches are to be dedicated, and his services are in demand for other meetings. Sunday, a week ago, he preached in this pulpit. You remember the text:—

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

Before sermon he met with the Sunday-school, and made an address to the children. Taking a hasty lunch after preaching, he was off to Kirkwood to dedicate the new church at three o'clock—preaching on, "And I saw no temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it"—the line of thought going to show why we need temples of worship here, and of what use they are to the Church in the world; though, in that better country where all is consecrated ground, there is none.

It was his last sermon. That night he had a slight chill, but returned home Monday morning, and made no mention of it to his family. Monday evening, with his wife, was spent at a friend's house, and he was even more cheerful than usual. Tuesday morning he made an engagement to visit the Orphan Asylum, and talk to the inmates. That night a heavy chill came on. He told them he had not suffered so for years. The pain in the side soon involved the lungs. Domestic treatment availing not, he consented for the family physician to be called. Thursday he had some proof-sheets read to him. Coming in, on this, his physician positively interdicted all work. Saturday he dictated to his daughter notes to Bishop Keener and myself about attending his Conference. He complained of his breathing. A consultation was called, and the case was thought not so bad if there were any thing to build upon. Sunday morning he inquired of his wife, "Is not this the Lord's-day?" Upon being answered in the affirmative—"Have the children gone to Sunday-school?" That evening he said to the Doctor, "I think you have cause to be alarmed; I cannot go through another such night." His physicians were

with him at midnight. His wife observed he was breathing heavily; but that was not unusual with him when lying on his back, and hoping he would get some rest in sleep, she did not interrupt him. At four o'clock she offered him the prestribed medicine. He could not be aroused! She called her son and the family, but he waked to consciousness no more. In fifteen minutes he was dead.

There were no last words, no messages, no allusions at any time to his departure as being at hand. We must take his life for that. "And Enoch walked with God and he was not; for God took him."

- Dividing the years of his life into three parts, just two-thirds were spent in direct effort for the salvation of mankind. By every token he was still growing in grace, and in polish, and in power—and we looked for his social intercourse, his pulpit ministrations, and his official counsels, to be more than ever enriched by his late opportunities. His plans, and ours, for greater usefulness, were projected upon the future—when suddenly he is taken off. God, by similar providences, is teaching bereaved families resignation; and he calls on the Church to learn that lesson now. It is a grace as becoming and as necessary to our completeness as the joy of gratitude and hope that was kindled by our brother's living ministry.

He was at his prime—never so useful, so widely known, and so much beloved; and just then suddenly removed. Do you exclaim, Mysterious Providence! It is something for the Church to have a clear impression of Christian and ministerial excellence, in which the ideal and the real nearly approach each other—a picture to be hung up in the heart of the people. Old age hath its infirmities, and sometimes the blunders of later life mar the work that was done before. By quick and sudden movement the seal is taken up, and the clean-cut lines and out-

lines are left without a blur. We like pictures of our friends taken when in health and at their best condition. So will the Church think of Bishop Marvin, and look up to that standard, long after the days of her mourning are ended.

The disciples of John, after burying him, "went and told Jesus." So let us do. The "residue of the Spirit" is with him; and he can call and qualify and send forth other laborers, who shall suit our times and wants, as this servant of God has done. For this, let prayer be made to the Lord of the harvest.

Bishop Marvin's preaching and living produced a deep impression. May we inquire into the secret of his power? In addition to the general qualities already spoken of, as making up a well-rounded character, we see in him an ability to learn much from original sources—communing with God, with himself, with men and nature. He drew largely from his *experience*; and this imparted a characteristic freshness and variety to his ministrations.

Courage, firmness, and aggressiveness, were not wanting in him; but these were veiled under a physical form of weakness, much-enduring and uncomplaining—a benevolent eye, a conciliating voice. All the natural forces that were excited drew to sympathy, and not to antagonism or antipathy. Beyond the "offense of the cross" there was no incidental offense to discount his influence. The mob that stoned Whitefield, would have fought for Summerfield.

It was a privilege to counsel with him. His mental uprightness, his candor and charity, gave meaning to those words: "We took sweet counsel together."

His love for his brethren "was wonderful." He showed it, and did not mind saying it outright, "*I love you.*"

He was not given to judging his fellow-men, but he judged himself severely. He dealt closely with his own conscience; and thus it came that he reached

and searched the consciences of others. As an instance of this habitual self-scrutiny, take a paragraph from his last Preface :

“It is needless for me to profess a good motive in preparing these discourses for the press, for every Christian man is supposed to act upon good motives; yet, truth to tell, I have never been quite as well satisfied with my own motives as I would like to be; for while I trust that the ‘love of Christ constraineth me,’ still, upon any deep introspection, I have occasion to suspect the presence of a subtle selfishness and vanity, from which I find no resort but in Atoning Mercy. I can only pray God that if there be the taint of any such thing in the publication of this volume, the all-saving Blood may put it away, and that the Holy Spirit may make my poor work the instrument of salvation to some who are in sin, and of edification to those who are already in Christ.”

Those sermons had been prayed over before. With *that end* constantly in view, his less elaborate productions had been honored with the demonstration of the Spirit. Prevailing with God, he prevailed with men, and had an unction from the Holy One.

His traveling companion gave me this incident: They had gone from Shanghai into the interior of China, and seen many strange things, about which, on their return, he was indulging some humorous remarks. Suddenly he checked himself in poignant sorrow, and penitent prayer—“What! God’s servant in the presence of paganism, in this valley of dry bones, indulging merriment! Sorrow is better than laughter here.”

He was consecrated. His love-feast expression was, that if there was any thing pertaining to him which had not been consecrated to God, he prayed to know what it was, that he might lay it also on the altar.

Brethren, this is Thanksgiving-day, and by appointment, which he had accepted, Bishop Marvin

was to have preached in this pulpit at this hour. Can we not, even with the drapery of death about us, follow the apostolic injunction, "In every thing give thanks." Can we not, with the Psalmist, "sing of mercy and judgment?"

Let the Church give thanks that God vouchsafed to her this "chosen vessel," and you of Missouri, especially—for "he was a burning and a shining light," and it was your privilege, for a season, to rejoice in his light.

Can his family give thanks? Already it has been fitly done, and without premeditation. Soon after he breathed his last, and the sad, unexpected tidings stole abroad in darkness, friends hastened to comfort them. The widowed wife met the first that reached the door, with a face of chastened peace, exclaiming, "Isn't God good to me?—*he died at home!*" She and her children were not strangers to the fear that he might die of sickness among strangers, or by some accident in his journeyings on land or sea. Living and laboring abroad, to them and him it was granted that he should die at home.

And for *him* we render thanks. "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." This soldier of Christ has put off his harness; his conflicts are ended; his work is done; he rests in peace. "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Servant of God, well done!

Rest from thy loved employ;

The battle fought, the vict'ry won,

Enter thy Master's joy.

And now, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

THE END.



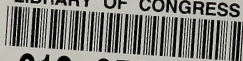








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